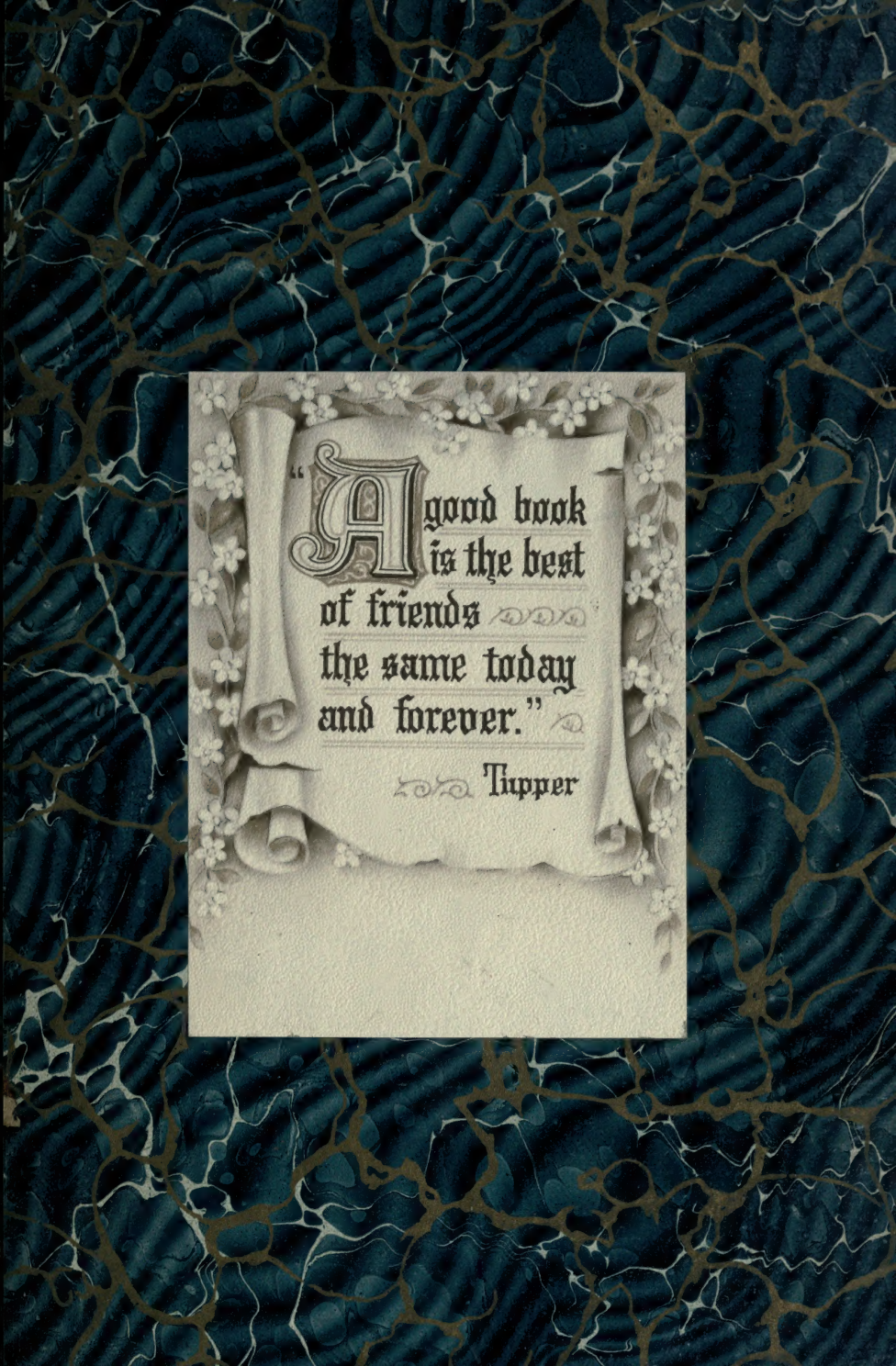






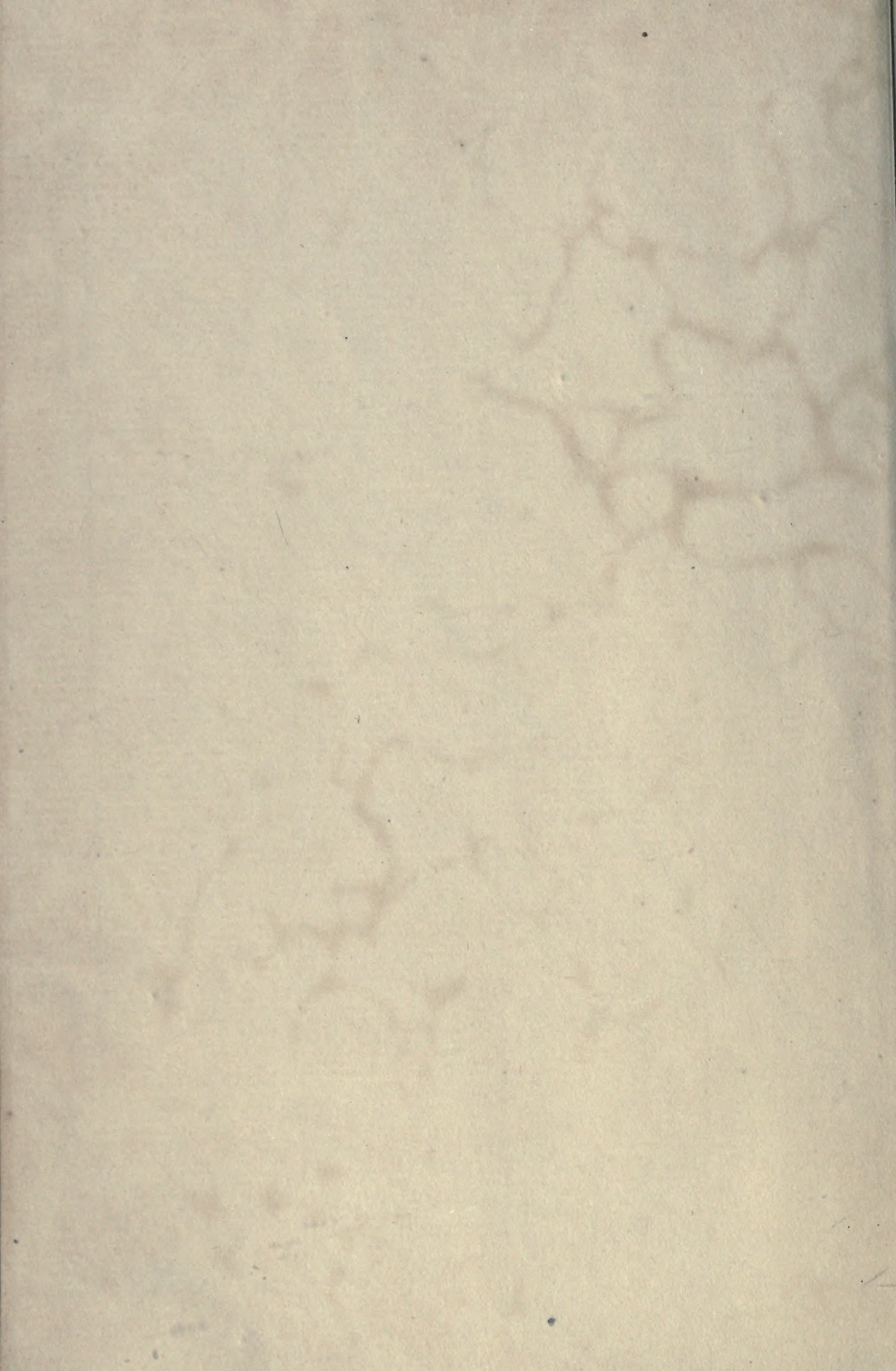
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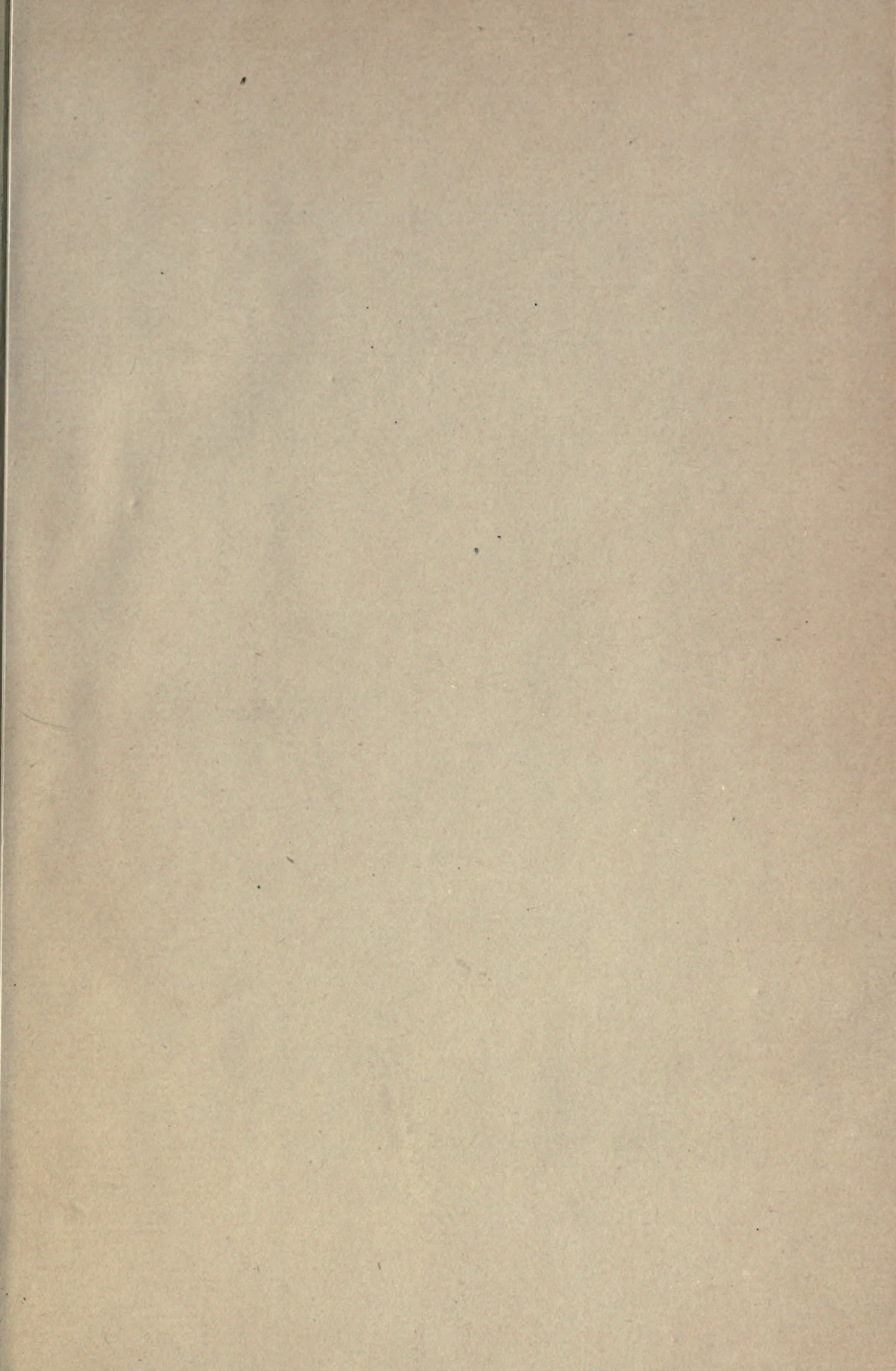
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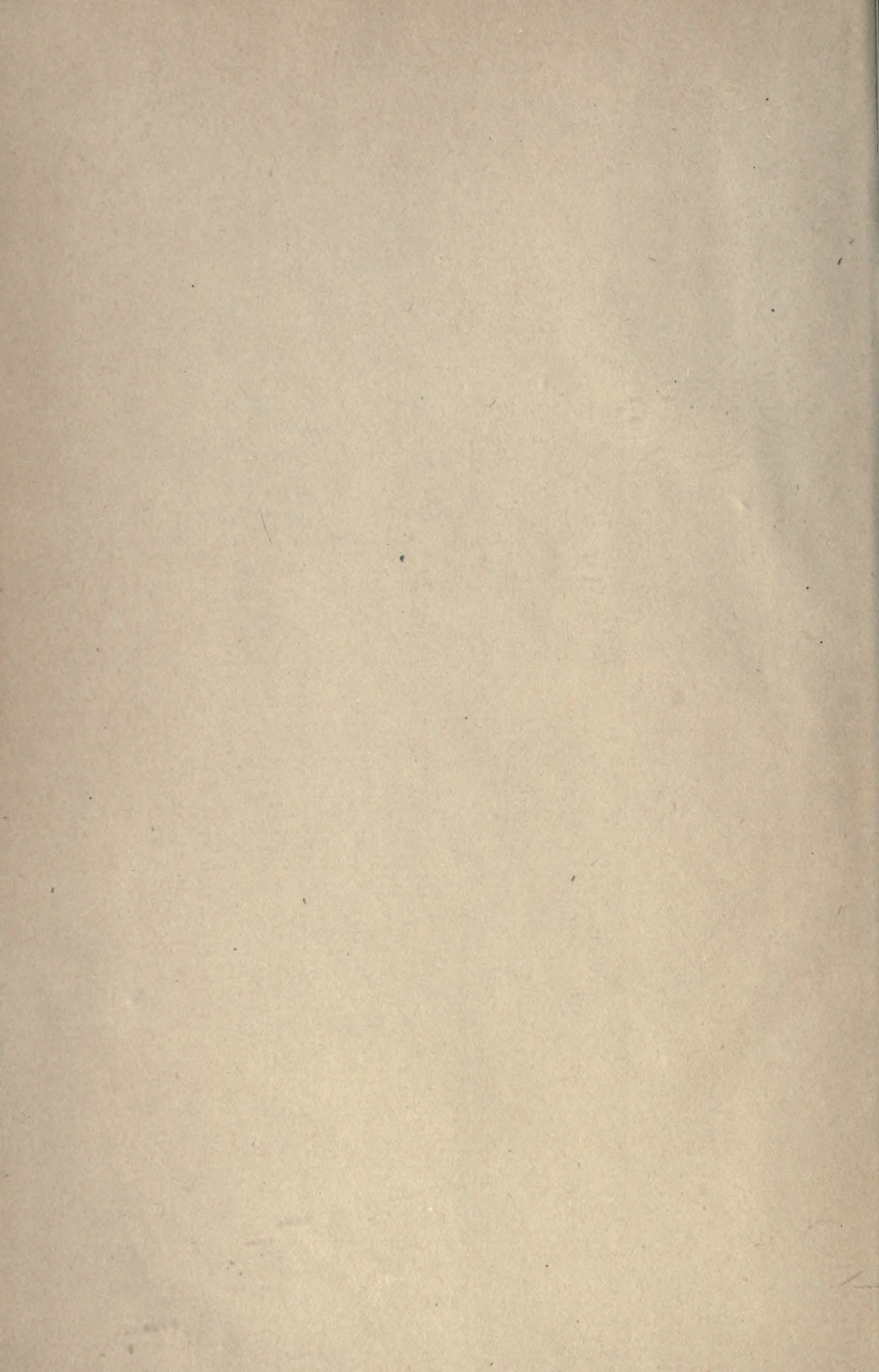


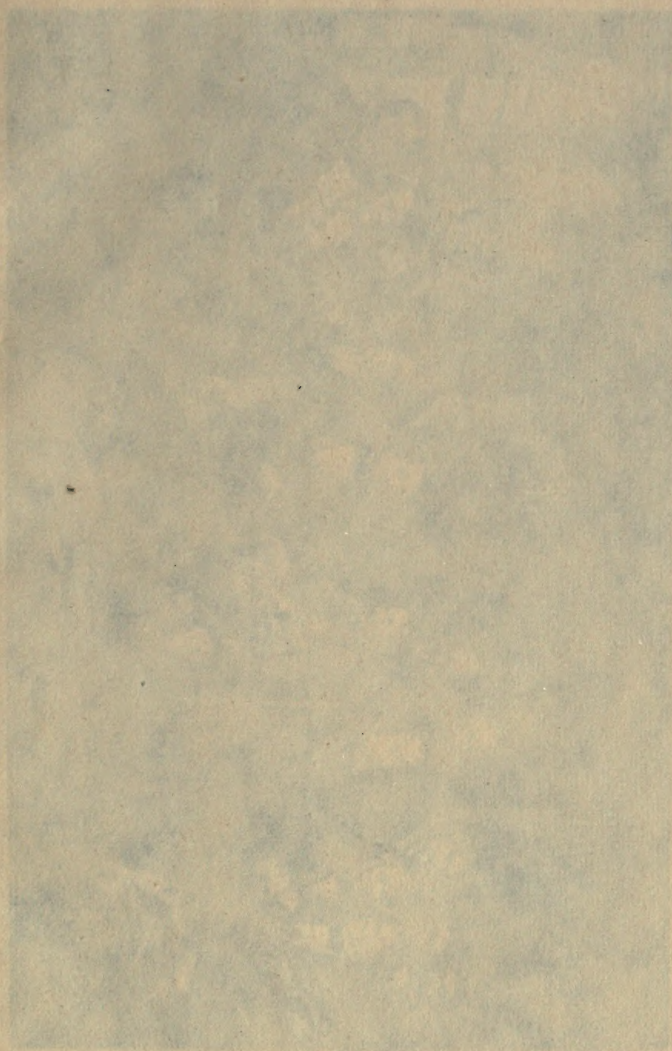
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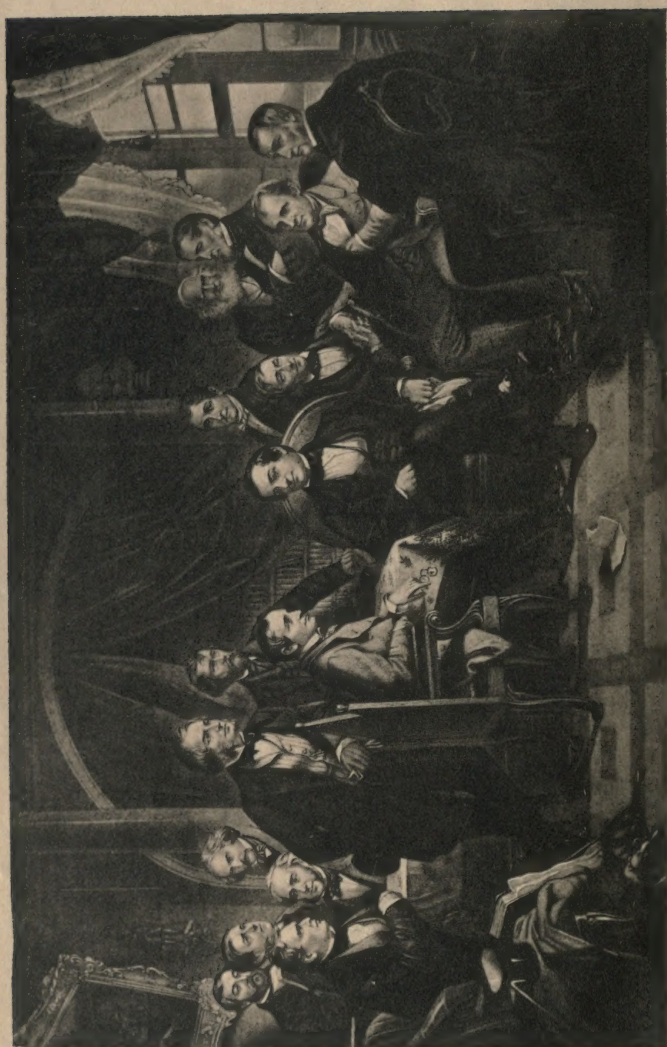
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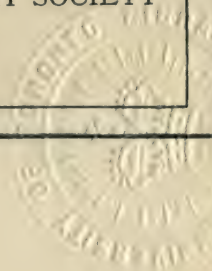


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VOL. XIV.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ã as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
á as in ask, fast, ant.
ã as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
é as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
í as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.*
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ā as in prelate, courage.
ē as in ablegate, episcopal.
ō as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ū as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

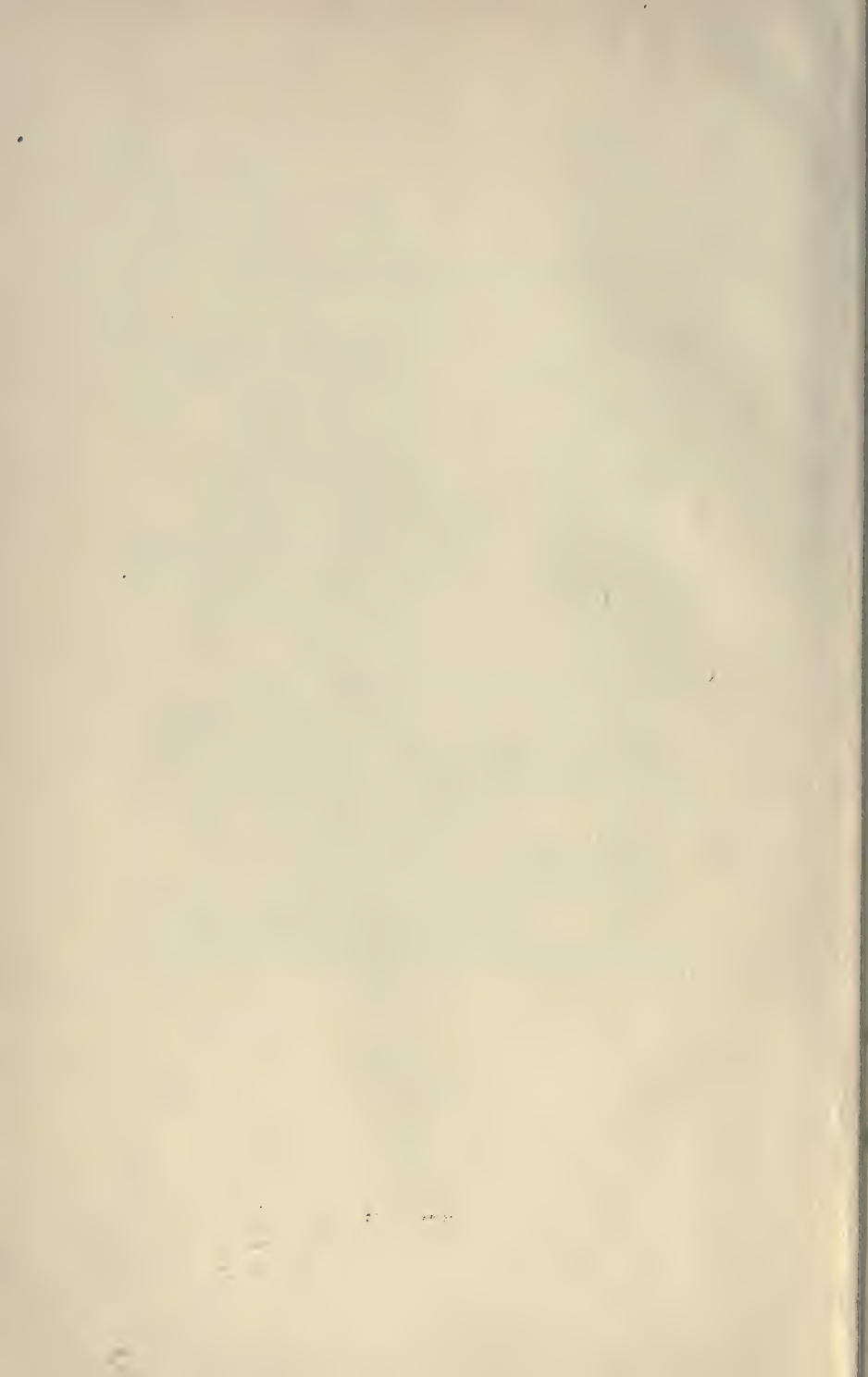
sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *a* sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ā as in errant, republican.
ē as in prudent, difference.
ī as in charity, density.
ō as in valor, actor, idiot.
ū as in Persia, peninsula.
ē as in *the* book.
ū as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t, d, s, z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch, j, sh, zh*. Thus:

t as in nature, adventure.
d as in arduous, education.
s as in pressure.
z as in seizure.
y as in yet.
ɸ Spanish b (medial).
ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
g as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
ɣ Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ɫ final s in Portuguese (soft).
ʔ as in then.
D = ʔH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)



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 Joubert (zhō bār'), Joseph.
 Jovellanos (hō vel yā'nōs), Gaspar Mel-chor de.
 Jowett (jou'et), Benjamin.
 Julianus (jō lyān'us), Flavius Claudius.



HOOD, EDWIN PAXTON, an English clergyman and biographer, born in 1820; died in 1885. He was the son of a sailor, who served under Nelson in the *Téméraire*. For many years he was pastor of an Independent Chapel in London. He was also a popular lecturer on literary and social subjects. He edited the *Eclectic Review* for years, and afterward the *Preacher's Lantern*. Among his works are *Wordsworth, a Biography*; *The Age and Its Architects*; *A Life of Swedenborg*; *The Peerage of Poverty*; *Dream Land and Ghost Land*; *Genius and Industry*; *Mental and Moral Philosophy of Laughter*; *The Uses of Biography, Romantic, Philosophic, and Didactic*; *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*, lectures on the preacher's vocation; *Blind Amos*; *Life of the Rev. Thomas Binney*; *Oliver Cromwell: his Life, Times, Battle-fields, and Contemporaries* (1882); *Scottish Characteristics* (1883), and an *Exposition of the Life and Genius of Thomas Carlyle*. He also edited *The World of Anecdote*, and *The World of Religious Anecdote*.

Hood was throughout life a prolific writer of popular books. As an illustration of the vagaries of criticism, we may mention that his biography of Wordsworth, which Leslie Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography* says was "in its day the best book on Wordsworth," was, upon its appearance in 1856, almost hissed off the literary stage by no less an authority than the London *Athenæum*.

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

The orders of the Scots were to extinguish their matches, to cower under the shocks of corn, and seek some imperfect shelter and sleep; to-morrow night, for most of them, the sleep will be perfect enough, whatever the shelter may be. The order to the English was, to stand to their arms, or to lie within reach of them all night. Some waking soldiers in the English army were holding prayer-meetings too. By moonlight, as the gray heavy morning broke over St. Abb's Head its first faint streak, the first peal of the trumpets ran along the Scottish host. But how unprepared were they then for the loud reply of the English host, and for the thunder of their cannons upon their lines. Terrible was the awakening of the Scottish soldiers; and their matches all out: the battle cry rushed along the line—"The Covenant!" "The Covenant!"—but it soon became more and more feeble, while yet high and strong, amid the war of the trumpets and the musketry, arose the watchword of Cromwell: "The Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" The battle cry of Luther was in that hour the charging word of the English Puritans.

Terrible! but short as terrible! A thick fog had embarrassed their movements. But now over St. Abb's Head the sun suddenly appeared, crimsoning the sea, scattering the fogs away. The Scottish army were seen flying in all directions—flying, and so brief a fight! "They run!" said Cromwell; "I protest they run!" and catching inspiration, doubtless, from the bright shining of the daybeam—"inspired," says Mr. Forster, "by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless, his voice was again heard, 'Now let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!'" It was a wonderful victory; wonderful even among wonderful triumphs! To hear the shout sent up by the united English army; to see the general make a halt, and sing the 117th Psalm upon the field. Wonderful that that immense army should thus be scattered—10,000 prisoners taken, 3,000 slain, 200 colors, 15,000 stand of arms, and all the artillery!—and that Cromwell should not have lost of his army twenty men.—*Oliver Cromwell.*



HOOD, THOMAS, an English poet and humorist, born in London, May 23, 1799; died there, May 3, 1845. After the death of his father, a bookseller, he was in his fifteenth year apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and acquired some facility as a comic draughtsman. He wrote verses for periodicals while a mere boy. In 1822 the *London Magazine* passed into the hands of publishers with whom Hood was acquainted, and who made him their sub-editor. This position brought him into connection with De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, Proctor, Talfourd, and other contributors to the magazine. In 1824 he married, and in conjunction with his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, published a small volume of *Odes and Addresses to Great People*. In 1826 he put forth the first series of *Whims and Oddities*, illustrated by himself. In 1827 he published *National Tales*, and a volume of *Poems*, among which were *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, *Nero and Leander*, and *Lycus, the Centaur*, all of a serious character. He edited the annual called *The Gem* for 1829, in which appeared *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. In 1829 he brought out a second series of *Whims and Oddities*. In 1830 he began the publication of the *Comic Annual*, of which eleven volumes appeared, the last being in 1842. In 1831 he wrote *Tilney Hall*, his only novel. Pecuniary difficulties and impaired health induced him in 1837 to take up his

residence on the Continent, where he remained three years, writing *Up the Rhine*. Returning to England in 1841, he became for two years the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He then started *Hood's Magazine*, which he kept up until close upon his death. He was also a contributor to *Punch*, in which appeared in 1844 *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*, both composed upon a sick-bed from which he never rose. Hood's broken health during the three or four later years of his life rendered his pecuniary condition an embarrassed one; but he accepted the situation bravely and uncomplainingly. In 1841 the members of the "Literary Fund" offered him a present of £50, which he declined in the following letter:

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

The adverse circumstances to which allusion is made are unfortunately too well known from the public announcement in the *Athenæum* by my precocious executor and officious assignee. But I beg most emphatically to repeat that the disclosures so drawn from me were never intended to bespeak the world's pity or assistance. Sickness is too common to humanity, and poverty too old a companion of my order, to justify such an appeal. The revelation was merely meant to show, when taunted with "my creditors," that I had been striving in humble imitation of an illustrious literary example, to satisfy all claims upon me, and to account for my imperfect success. I am too proud of my profession to grudge it some suffering. I love it still—as Cowper loved England—"with all its faults," and I should hardly feel as one of the fraternity, if I had not my portion of the calamities of authors. More fortunate than many, I have succeeded not only in getting into print, but occasionally in getting out of it; and surely a man who has overcome such formidable difficulties may hope and expect to get over the commonplace ones of procuring bread-and-cheese.

I am writing seriously, gentlemen, although in a cheerful tone, partly natural and partly intended to relieve you of some of your kindly concern on my account. Indeed, my position at present is an easy one compared with that of some eight months ago, when out of heart, and out of health, helpless, spiritless, sleepless, childless. I have now a home in my own country, and my little ones sit at my hearth. I smile sometimes, and even laugh. For the same benign Providence that gifted me with the power of amusing others has not denied me the ability of entertaining myself. Moreover, to mere worldly losses I profess a cheerful philosophy, which can jest "though china fall," and for graver troubles a Christian faith that consoles and supports me even in walking through something like the valley and the shadow of Death.

My embarrassment and bad health are of such standing, that I am become as it were seasoned. For the last six years I have been engaged in the same struggle, without seeking, receiving, or requiring any pecuniary assistance whatever. My pen and pencil procured not only enough for my own wants, but to form a surplus besides—a sort of "literary fund" of my own, which at this moment is "doing good by stealth." To provide for similar wants there are the same means and resources—and may it only last long enough! In short, the same crazy vessel for the same foul weather; but I have not yet thought of hanging my ensign upside down.

Fortunately, since manhood I have been dependent solely on my own exertions—a condition which has exposed and enured me to vicissitude, whilst it has nourished a pride which will fight on, and has yet some retrenchments to make ere its surrender. Your welcome sympathy is valued in proportion to the very great comfort and encouragement it affords me. Your kind wishes for my better health—my greatest want—I accept and thank you for with my whole heart; but I must not and cannot retain your money. I really do not feel myself to be yet a proper object for your bounty; and should I ever become so, I fear that such a crisis will find me looking elsewhere: to the earth beneath me for final rest, and to the heaven above me for final justice.

The respite from his pulmonary disease was only temporary. A year before his death his straitened circumstances were brought to the notice of Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, through whom a pension of £100 a year was awarded to Hood, and afterward continued to his wife. His daughter, in a letter to Mr. S. C. Hall, describes his dying hour: "He called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said: 'Remember, Jane I forgive them all—*all!*'" He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross and follow me!'" Perhaps the last poem by Hood is the following, composed a few weeks before his death:

FAREWELL AND HAIL TO LIFE.

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows:—
I feel the mould above the rose.

Welcome life! The spirit strives;
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold:—
I smell the rose above the mould.

A LAMENT FOR THE DECADENCE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
 All chivalrous romantic work
 Is ended now and past !
 That iron age, which some have thought
 Of metal overwrought,
 Is now all overcast.

Ay ! where are those heroic knights
 Of old—those armadillo wights
 Who wore the plated vest ?
 Great Charlemagne and all his Peers
 Are cold—enjoying, with their spears,
 An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound ;
 So sleep his Knights who gave that Round
 Old Table such *éclat* !
 Oh ! Time has plucked that plummy brow ;
 And none engage at tourneys now
 But those that go to law.

Where are those old and feudal clans,
 Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
 Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?
 A battle was a battle then,
 A breathing piece of work ; but men
 Fight now with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !
 The good old cross-bow bends to Fate ;
 'Tis gone the archer's craft ;
 No tough arm bends the springing yew,
 And jolly draymen ride—in lieu
 Of Death—upon the shaft.

In cavils when will cavaliers
 Set ringing helmets by the ears,
 And scatter plumes about ?
 Or blood—if they are in the vein ?
 That tap will never run again :
 Alas ! the casque is out !

No iron crackling now is scored,
 By dint of battle-axe and sword,
 To find a vital place :
 Though certain doctors still pretend,
 Awhile before they kill a friend,
 To labor through his case !

Farewell, then, ancient men of might—
 Crusader, errant squire, and knight !
 Our coats and customs, soften.
 To rise would only make you weep :
 Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
 As in a safety coffin !

MISS KILMANSEGG'S ADVENT.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,
 To the very root of the family tree,
 Were a task as rash as ridiculous :
 Though antediluvian mists as thick
 As a London fog such a line to pick
 Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
 Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
 To trace the Kil-man, perchance to Cain ;
 But waiving all such digressions,
 Suffice it, according to family lore,
 A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore
 Who was famed for his great possessions.

Gold ! and gold ! and gold without end !
 He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
 Gold to give and gold to lend,
 And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
 In wealth the family revelled and rolled,
 Himself and wife and sons so bold ;
 And his daughters sang to their harps of gold,
 O bella era del' oro ! . . .

What different dooms our birthdays bring !
 For instance, one little manikin thing !
 Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;

While death forbids another to wake,
And a son that took nine moons to make
Expires without even a twinkle.

One is littered under a roof—
Neither wind nor water-proof—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robbins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of a "mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
To a prospect all bright and burnished :
No tenant he for life's back slums,
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul repose,
Poor Peggy hawks nose-gays from street to street—
She hates the smell of roses !

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg !
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches ;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few,
To fill their insides with stitches.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle :
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rocked the cradle.

At her *début* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,

With a damask canopy over ;
 For although by the vulgar popular saw,
 All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
 Some children are born in clover. . . .

Like other babes, at her birth she cried ;
 Which made a sensation far and wide,
 Ay, for twenty miles around her ;
 For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
 Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
 Of a fifty thousand pounder ;
 It shook the next heir
 In his library chair,
 And made him cry, " Confound her ! " . . .

O, happy hope of the Kilmanseggs !
 Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,
 That her parents had such full pockets !
 For had she been born of want and thrift
 For care and nursing all adrift,
 It is ten to one she had had to make shift
 With rickets instead of rockets ! . . .

And when she took to squall and kick—
 For pain will wring and pins will prick
 Even the wealthiest nabob's daughter—
 They gave her no vulgar Dally or gin,
 But liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
 And drest in the best from the very first,
 To please the genteelest censor ;
 And then, as soon as strength would allow,
 Was vaccinated, as babies are now,
 With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
 Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spenser.

AN IDEAL HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold—
 Her fickle temper has oft been told,
 Now shady, now bright and sunny ;

But, of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon—so called—of honey !

To some a full-grown orb revealed,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted ;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender ;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant-bush or gooseberry-clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present :
Love that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face ;
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant.

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding ;
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an emperor's match
To dance at a penny wedding !

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers !
'Tis theirs in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers.

THE MORAL OF MISS KILMANSEGG'S STORY.

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !—
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled ;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold ;
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
 To the very verge of the church-yard mould ;
 Price of many a crime untold :
 Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
 Good or bad a thousand-fold !
 How widely its agencies vary
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

—*Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg.*

NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon—
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no “other side the way”—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em—
 No travelling at all—no locomotion—
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “No go” by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
 No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no trees—
 November!

MY WIFE, DAUGHTER, AND SON ASLEEP TOGETHER.

And has the earth lost its spacious round,
 The sky its blue circumference above
 That in this little chamber there is found
 Both earth and heaven—my universe of love !
 All that my God can give me or remove,
 Here, sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
 Sweet that in this small compass I behoove
 To live their living, and to breathe their breath !
 Almost I wish that with one common sigh
 We might resign all mundane care and strife,
 And seek together that transcendent sky
 Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,
 Together pant in everlasting life !

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

 So silently we seemed to speak,
 So softly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers,
 To eke her living out.

 Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied :
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

 For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed ; she had
 Another morn than ours.

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe ! a pickaxe or a bill !
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye
 will :

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And here's a ready hand to ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough, by lessons rough, in Labor's rugged
school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch, to lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swath on the sultry field, or plough the stub-
born lea ;
The harvest stack to bind, the wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find the tinder or the
match. . . .

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe ! a pickaxe or a bill !
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye
will :
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash, the market-
team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover-side, and leave the
game alive.

Ay, only give me work and then you need not fear
That I shall snare his Worship's hare, or kite his
Grace's deer ;
Break into his Lordship's house, to steal the plate so
rich ;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse to welter in the
ditch.

My only claim is this, with labor stiff and stark
By lawful turn my living to earn, between the light and
dark ;
My daily bread and nightly bed, my bacon, and drop
of beer :
But all from the man that holds the land, and none from
the overseer !

No parish money or loaf, no pauper badges for me ;—
A son of the soil by right of toil entitled to my
fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task ; here are the arm,
the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man, to work and not to
beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs, though doomed by chance
 of birth
 To dress so mean, and to eat the lean instead of the fat
 of the earth ;
 To make such humble meals as honest labor can—
 A bone and a crust, with a grace to God, and little
 thanks to man !

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe ! a pickaxe or a bill !
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye
 will :—
 Whatever the tool to ply, here is a willing drudge,
 With muscle and limb—and woe to him who does their
 pay begrudge !

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags ;
 Plying her needle and thread.—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the Song of the Shirt :—

Work ! work ! work !
 While the cock is crowing aloof !
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof !
 It's O ! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save
 If this is Christian work !

Work—work—work !
 Till the brain begins to swim !
 Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream !

O men, with sisters dear !
O men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt !

But why do I talk of Death ?
That phantom of grizzly bone ;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own :
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;—
O God ! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap !

Work—work—work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are the wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags !
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime ;
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work !
In the dull December light !
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright ;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their pretty backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

O ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet ;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

O ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !—

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich—
She sang this Song of the Shirt !

HOOD, THOMAS, the only son of the preceding, was born in 1835, and died in 1874. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and made literature his profession. He contributed to periodicals, edited various collections of the works of his father, to some of which he furnished illustrations, and in 1865 became editor of the comic periodical *Fun*. He wrote several works in prose and verse, taking his father as his model. FRANCES FREELING (BRODERICK), the daughter of Thomas Hood the elder, was also the author of several works, and in conjunction with her brother prepared a Memorial of their father.



HOOFT, PIETER CORNELISZOOM, a Dutch poet, dramatist, and historian, born at Amsterdam, March 16, 1581; died at The Hague, May 21, 1647. His father was a burgomaster, and was well known throughout Holland as a patron of literature. At the age of seventeen Hooft became a member of the Eglantine Chamber of Rhetoric and produced his *Achilles and Polyxena*. The same year he left home on an extensive tour of France, Italy, and Germany; during which he sent to the Eglantine a metrical *Letter*, dated July, 1600, which marks an epoch in the development of the poetry of the Netherlands. Returning home in 1601, he produced his tragedy of *Ariadne* (1602), and finished his drama of *Granida* (1605). In 1606 he began the study of law at Leyden; and three years later he took up his final residence at Muiden, under the patronage of the Prince of Orange, who made him Lord of Weesp. In 1610 he married Christina van Erp, the celebrated botanist. During the following eight years he produced his *Geeraerdt van Velsen* (1612), a national tragedy of the time of Count Floris V.; *Ware-nar* (1614), a comedy after Plautus; *Baeto, or The Origin of the Dutch* (1618). In 1618 he turned his attention to the writing of history, and published thereafter his *History of Henry the Great* (1626); *Miseries of the Princes of the House of Medici* (1638), and *Dutch History* (1642).

Hooft is considered one of the most influential

writers in the history of Dutch literature ; after Vondel, perhaps he is the brightest literary figure that Holland has produced. The criticism of Edmund Gosse is valuable as being at the same time just and free from fulsome adulation : " He desired to be a severe purist in style, and to a great extent he succeeded ; but, like most of the writers of his age, he permitted himself too many Latinisms. In his poetry, especially in the lyrical and pastoral verse of his youth, he is full of Italian reminiscences both of style and matter ; in his noble prose works he has set himself to be a disciple of Tacitus. Motley has spoken of him as one of the greatest historians, not merely of Holland, but of Europe. His influence in purifying the language of his country, and in enlarging its sphere of experience, can hardly be overrated."

Hooft's verses describing the way in which his friend Tesselschade Visscher, the most renowned of Dutch poetesses, spent her time while visiting him at Muiden, are in his happiest vein.

TESSELSCHADE AT MUIDEN.

Love-god, stern of sovereignty,
Mark the maiden of the Y,
Who in her proud youth and story
Robs thy mother of her glory ;
Blushing cheek, and winsome guile.
And a lovely artless smile !

What employs her leisure so ?
Thoughts are working, fingers go :
Busy are her eyes, drooped sweetly.
Throat and lips are warbling featly .
Youth and joy can have no fence
'Gainst such dangerous diligence.

Now she makes the diamond pass
 O'er the dumb face of the glass ;
 Now with golden thread she lingers,
 Painting cloth with nimble fingers ;
 Now the pencil bears, and pen,
 Kindly charming idle men.

See, she curves her slender throat's
 Outline up and down the notes !
 Or to words her eyes she's liming,
 All her soul gone out in rhyming !
 Or she bends her gracious tongue
 To the French or Roman song !

—*Translated by* EDMUND GOSSE.

ANACREONTIC.

Three long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
 Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness :
 Sorrow he banished—for sorrow is dreary ;
 Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
 In my heart I perceive the day breaking ;
 I cannot resist its waking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
 And bright is its glance o'er my prison ;
 Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
 Flowingly shines it within and without me :
 Why, why should dejection disarm me—
 My fears or my fancies alarm me ?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
 Of thy forehead is virtue engraven ;
 Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
 To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting ;
 Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
 Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes, then the beauties have bound them,
 And scattered their shadows around them ;
 Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
 Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high places,
 But the brightest of stars is but twilight,
 Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth—all the flowers Spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing ;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it :
What marvel, then, if in its kisses,
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses ?

O how blest, how divine the employment !
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment !
Delicate lips, and soft, amorous glances,—
Kindling, and quenching, and fanning sweet fancies,—
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing,—
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye !
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle ?
O no ! all resistance is idle.

Ah ! my soul—ah ! my soul is submitted ;
Thy lips,—thy sweet lips,—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection :
And, sure, never triumph was purer ;
And, sure, never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly ;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind,
too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to :
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tightest.

—BOWRING'S *Translation*.





HOOK, THEODORE EDWARD, an English wit and novelist, born in London, September 22, 1788; died there, August 24, 1841. He was educated at Harrow. His mother died when he was fourteen years old. His father, a musical composer, delighted in exhibiting the boy's extraordinary talent for improvisation and mimicry. In 1805 he produced a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, which instantly became popular. *Catch Him Who Can*, a musical farce (1806), completed his conquest of the public. His brother, a clergyman, endeavored to induce him to quit the stage for college, and had him entered as a student at Oxford; but vainly looked for him there. For ten years he gave himself to the pleasures of London life, and was the wonder of the town. His power of improvising witty verses, applicable to everyone he met, never failed. His practical jokes were inexhaustible. In 1812 the Prince Regent appointed him Accountant-General and Treasurer of the Colony of Mauritius, with a salary of £2,000 a year. In 1817 his accounts were examined, and a deficiency of £12,000 being discovered, Hook was arrested, and sent home. It was found that a deputy-official was guilty of the theft; but as it was the result of Hook's neglect of duty, he was held responsible. He immediately began to write for periodicals. In 1820 he issued the first number of the Tory paper, *The John Bull*, which attained a

wide circulation, and brought him a large income. But as he made no attempt to repay his debt to the Government, he was again arrested, and was imprisoned for several months. Between 1824 and 1841 he published thirty-eight volumes, edited *The John Bull* weekly, and for some years *The New Monthly Magazine*. He died worn out with dissipation. Among his farces, melodramas, and comedies are *The Invisible Girl* (1806); *Trial by Jury* and *Darkness Visible* (1811); *Exchange no Robbery* and *Tentamen* (1820). Some of his other publications are *Sayings and Doings*, three series (1824-28); *Maxwell*, regarded as his best novel (1830); *The Parson's Daughter* (1833); *Gilbert Gurney* (1835); *Jack Brag* (1837); *Gurney Married* (1839); *Cousin Geoffrey, the Old Bachelor* (1840); *Father and Sons* (1841).

It was as a witty improvisatore that Hook was at his best. "His writings," said a learned boon companion, "fail to impress one in any way commensurate with his society." Lord William Lenox, in an account of a short drive with him, describes the discharge of his witticisms as a regular running fire. "Pun, anecdote, song, improviso; jests a century old disinterred as good as new; venerable Joe Millers revived and decked out in modern fashionable attire; jokes, manufactured on the spot, of every conceivable variety and pattern, some bad enough to take rank with the best. So far from recounting them, I despair of conveying an idea of their profusion." "No description," writes Barham—of *Ingoldsby Legend* fame—"can convey even a faint idea of the brilliancy of his conversational powers, of the inexhaustible prod-

igality with which he showered around puns, bon-mots, apt quotations, and every variety of anecdote; throwing life and humor into all by the exquisite adaptation of eye, tone, and gesture to his subject." The stories of his best impromptus represent him as sitting at the piano among a few select friends, reeling off extempore song, tune, and recitativo by the hour. It is said that when Stephen Price heard the following off-hand song, he offered Hook £40 a night to appear at Drury Lane.

IMPROMPTU SONG ON PRICE THE MANAGER.

Come, fill your glasses up, while I sing a song of
prices,
 And show men's market-value at the date of last ad-
 vices;
 For since 'tis pretty clear, you know, that ev'ry man
 has *his* price,
 'Tis well to make inquiries before the terms are *viz*,
 Price.

Some shabby rogues there are, that are knocked down
 at a low price,
 Some blockheads so superlative, they can't be sold at
 no price;
 Some, free of soul in youth, sell in middle life at half-
 price,
 And some go when they're old—why the devil don't
 you laugh, Price?

The world is but an Auction;—if to-day we fetch a shy
 price,
 To-morrow turns the lot about, and shows us worth a
 high price;
 You want to know what Learning's worth—you ask me
 what is Wit's price?
 I answer, "Push the claret here, whatever may be *its*
 price!"

The shortest actors now contrive to get a rather long
price,
And singers, too, although sometimes they're hardly
worth a song, Price ;
With fiddlers, dancers, fresh from France, well liking a
John Bull price,
Though some, when they get nothing, may be said to
fetch their full price.

Where'er you sell, whate'er you sell, when selling seek
a higher price ;
But times are changed, I need not say, when you be-
come the buyer, Price ;
For then this truth should in your mind be uppermost
and clear, Price,
There are some things and persons that at nothing
would be dear, Price.

Don't buy a politician, don't have him at a loan, Price ;
Nor lawyers, when they tell you you may take them at
your own price ;
Nor doctors, who, if fashionable, always fetch an even
price ;
And clear of these, the "de'il himsell" shall never fetch
a Stephen Price.

Your sneaking, sour, insidious knaves—I hope you won't
find many, Price,—
Your Cantwells on the stage of life, don't buy 'em in at
any price ;
Go, sell your brains, if brains you have, and sell 'em at
a fair price ;
But *give* your hearts away, my boys—don't sell *them* at
whate'er price.

And be men's prices what they may, I now shall just
make bold, Price,
To sing it in your presence,—there is nothing like the
Old Price ;
As each man has his own, since the days of Madam
Eve, Price,
Why, we have *ours*.—and here he is!—Your health, my
jolly STEPH. PRICE !

—Reported by LORD WILLIAM LENOX.

GETTING READY FOR COMPANY.

In a family like Mr. Palmer's the non-arrival of the "company" would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything "nice and comfortable;" she kept her own carriage, her men-servants, and all that; and, therefore, they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for *her*, and so Mr. Palmer the night before had a white basin of hot water up into the parlor to bleach almonds, with which to stick a "tipsy cake," after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly-glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane-whisk to put on their tops like shining lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper and curled them with the scissors to put round the "wax ends" in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece: and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables all in honor of the approaching *fête*.

Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself; when the drawing-room chimney smoked, and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbot, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighborhood—not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the

disagreeable discovery just made that the lamps on the staircase would not burn ; the slight inebriation of the cook bringing into full play a latent animosity toward the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighboring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the male Pomona of the neighborhood, had just stepped out to the public house to fetch "the porter." The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out ; at the same instant the back-kitchen door was blown to with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlor, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the "heads" of the porter-pots into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise ; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the every-day routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks' trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company and the porter at the same time had occasioned. Nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double-knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn,

who followed the beer (which, as Shakespeare has it, "was at the door") as gravely and methodically as an undertaker.

Up the precipitous and narrow staircase were the Major and Mrs. Overall ushered, she having been divested of her shawl and boa by the housemaid, who threw her "things" into a dark hole yclept the back-parlor, where boots and umbrellas, a washing-stand, the canvas bag of the drawing-room lamp, the table covers and "master's" great-coats, were all huddled in one grand miscellany. Just as the little procession was on the point of climbing, Hollingsworth, the waiter, coming in, feeling the absolute necessity of announcing all the company himself, sets down the porter-pots upon the mats in the passage, nearly pushes down the housemaid, who was about to usurp his place, and who in her anxiety to please Mr. Crackenthorpe (who was what she called a "nice gentleman"), abandons her position at the staircase, and flies to the door for the purpose of admitting him. In her zeal and activity to achieve this feat, she unfortunately upsets one of the porter-pots and inundates the little passage, miscalled the hall, with a sweeping flood of the afore-mentioned mixture of Messrs. Meux and Co.

Miss Engelhart of Bernard Street, Russell Square, who had been invited to meet the smart folks, because she was a smart person herself, arrived shortly after; indeed, so rapid did she, like Rugby, follow Mr. Crackenthorpe's heels, that he had but just time to deposit his great-coat and goloshes (in which he had walked from chambers) in the black hole where everything was thrust, before the lovely Charlotte made her appearance. Here, then, at length, was the snug little party assembled, and dinner was forthwith ordered.—*Maxwell.*





HOOKER, JOSEPH DALTON, an English botanist, born in Suffolk in 1817. He was the son of Sir William Jackson Hooker, Regius Professor of Botany in Glasgow University, and later Director of the Kew Gardens. He was educated in the High School and University of Glasgow, and in 1839 received the degree of M.D. He then accompanied the Antarctic expedition commanded by Sir James Ross, for the investigation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism near the South Pole. In 1846 he was appointed botanist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain. The next year he set out for the Himalayas, to investigate the plants of tropical countries. This expedition occupied nearly four years. In 1855 he became Assistant Director of the Kew Gardens, and ten years afterward succeeded his father as director. He travelled in Syria, Morocco, and the United States, and in 1878 published a *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas*. His other works are *Botany of the Antarctic Voyage* (6 vols., 1847-60); *Rhododendrons of the Sikkim-Himalaya* (1849-51); *Himalayan Journals* (1854); *Genera Plantarum* (1862); *The Student's Flora of the British Isles* (1870), and *The Flora of British India* (1874).

THE MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM.

The East India Company grant licenses for the cultivation of the poppy, and contract for all the produce at certain rates varying with the quality. No opium

can be grown without this license, and an advance equal to about two-thirds of the value of the produce is made to the grower. This produce is made over to district collectors, who approximately fix the worth of the contents of each jar, and forward it to Patna, where rewards are given for the best samples, and the worst are condemned without payment ; but all is turned to some account in the reduction of the drug to a fit state for the market.

The poppy flowers in the end of January and beginning of February, and the capsules are sliced in February and March with a little instrument like a saw, made of three iron plates with jagged edges tied together. The cultivation is very carefully conducted, nor are there any very apparent means of improving this branch of commerce and revenue. During the north-west or dry winds, the best opium is procured, the worst during the moist, or east and northeast, when the drug imbibes moisture, and a watery bad solution of opium collects in cavities of its substance, and is called *passewa*, according to the absence of which the opium is generally prized.

At the end of March the opium-jars arrive at the stores by water and by land, and continue accumulating for some weeks. Every jar is labelled and stowed in a proper place, separately tested with extreme accuracy, and valued. When the whole quantity has been received, the contents of all the jars are thrown into great vats, occupying a very large building, whence the mass is distributed, to be made up into balls for the markets. This operation is carried on in a long paved room, where every man is ticketed, and many overseers are stationed to see that the work is properly conducted. Each workman sits on a stool, with a double stage and a tray before him. On the top stage is a tin basin, containing opium enough for three balls ; in the lower another basin, holding water ; in the tray stands a brass hemispherical cup, in which the ball is worked. To the man's right hand is another tray with two compartments, one containing thin "pancakes" of poppy-petals pressed together, the other a cupful of sticky opium-water, made from refuse opium. The man takes the brass cup, and places a pancake at the bottom, smears it with opium-

water, and with many piles of the pancakes makes a coat for the opium. Of this he takes about one-third of the mass before him, puts it inside the petals, and agglutinates many other coats over it: the balls are then again weighed, and reduced or increased to a certain weight if necessary. At the day's end, each man takes his work to a rack with numbered compartments, and deposits it in that which answers to its own number; thence the balls (each being put in a clay cup) are carried to an enormous drying-room, where they are exposed in tiers, and constantly examined and turned, to prevent their being attacked by weevils, which are very prevalent during moist winds, little boys creeping along the racks all day long for this purpose. When dry, the balls are packed in two layers of six each in chests, with the stalks, dried leaves, and capsules of the plant, and sent down to Calcutta. A little opium is prepared of very fine quality for the Government Hospitals, and some for general sale in India; but the proportion is trifling, and such is made up into square cakes. A good workman will prepare from thirty to fifty balls in a day, the total produce being 10,000 to 12,000 a day; during one working season 1,335,000 balls are manufactured for the Chinese market alone.

The poppy-petal pancakes, each about a foot radius, are made in the fields by women, by the simple operation of pressing the fresh petals together. They are brought in large baskets, and purchased at the commencement of the season. The liquor with which the pancakes are agglutinated together by the ball-maker, and worked into the ball, is merely inspissated opium-water, the opium for which is derived from the condemned opium (*passewa*), the washing of the utensils and of the workmen, every one of whom is nightly laved before he leaves the establishment, and the water is inspissated. Thus not a particle of opium is lost. To encourage the farmers, the refuse stalks, leaves, and heads are bought up to pack the balls with; but this is far from an economical plan; for it is difficult to keep the refuse from damp and insects.—*Himalayan Journals*



HOOKER, RICHARD, an English divine, born at Havitree, Exeter, about 1553; died at Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, in 1600. He became a Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1573, a Fellow and Master of Arts in 1577, and Deputy Professor of Hebrew in 1579. He married a woman who turned out to be a great shrew, resigned his Fellowship in the College, and was in 1584 presented to a living in Buckinghamshire. In 1585 he received the Mastership of the Temple in London. His colleague was Walter Travers, who tended toward Arminianism, while he held to the Calvinistic theory. In order to "unbeguile and win over Mr. Travers's judgment," Hooker designed to write a treatise of the Church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them as upon her children." To gain the requisite leisure for the preparation of this work, he requested to be transferred to some country parsonage; and in 1591 was presented to the rectorage of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, and in the following year to that of Bishopsbourne. The first four books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* were published in 1594; the last four books were published at intervals, three of them after Hooker's death. The sixth book is lost—that which passes for it not being genuine; and the eighth book appears to be incomplete.

THE NATURE AND MAJESTY OF LAW.

That which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is, notwithstanding, itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable: and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grows better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

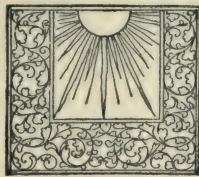
And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general. All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God : "God said, let there be light ; let there be a firmament ; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place ; let the earth bring forth ; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain or labor ? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him ; secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural ?

And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto ; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world : since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labor hath been to do His will. "He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea, that the water should not pass His commandment." Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws ; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have ; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself ; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen ; if the prince of

the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself ; if the moon should wander from her beaten way ; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture ; the winds breathe out their last gasp ; the clouds yield no rain ; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence ; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief ; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve ? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world ? . . .

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God ; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—*Ecclesiastical Polity.*





HOOKER, THOMAS, an Anglo-American clergyman, born at Markfield, Leicestershire, England, in 1586; died at Hartford, Conn., July 7, 1647. He graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, took orders, preached in London, and in 1626 was chosen lecturer at Chelmsford. Having been silenced by Laud for non-conformity, he established a grammar-school, in which John Eliot, afterward known as "the Apostle of the Indians," was an usher. Being still harassed by the ecclesiastical courts, he went in 1630 to Holland, where he preached at Delft and Rotterdam. In 1633 he came to New England with John Cotton and Samuel Stone, and was settled, with the latter, at what is now Cambridge. In 1636 he removed to what is now Hartford, Conn., in company with a hundred others, among whom was Stone, the two being the first pastors of the church at Hartford. Hooker was a voluminous author, his most important separate work being *A Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline*, written in conjunction with Cotton (1848). Some two hundred of his *Sermons* were transcribed by John Higginson, and sent to London, where about half of them were published. A *Memoir of Hooker* was published in 1849. Among the most characteristic sermons of Hooker is that entitled "The Soul's Humiliation," from which the following extract is taken:

THE DOOM OF THE UNCONVERTED.

Do you think to outbrave the Almighty? Dost thou think to go to heaven thus bolt-upright? The Lord cannot endure thee here, and will he suffer thee to dwell with himself forever in heaven? What, thou to heaven upon these terms? Nay. How did the Lord deal with Lucifer and all those glorious spirits? He sent them all down to hell for their pride. The Lord comes out in battle array against a proud person, and singles him out from all the rest, and saith, Let that drunkard and that swearer alone awhile, but let me destroy that proud heart forever. You shall submit, in spite of your teeth, when the great God of heaven and earth shall come to execute vengeance. There must be subjection or else confusion. Will you out-brave the Almighty to his face, and will you dare damnation? As proud as you have been crushed and humbled. Where are all those Nimrods and Pharaohs, and all those mighty monarchs of the world? The Lord hath thrown them flat upon their backs, and they are in hell to this day. Judge of the torments of hell by some little beginning of it, and the dregs of the Lord's vengeance by some little sips of it; and judge how unable thou art to bear the whole, by thy inability to bear a little of it. When God lays the flashes of hell-fire upon thy soul, thou canst not endure it. When the Lord hath let in a little horror of heart into the soul of a poor sinful creature, how he is transported with an unsupportable burden, roaring and yelling as if he were in hell already. If the drops are so heavy, what will the sea of God's vengeance be? Thou art dead in trespasses and sins. What is that? A man is wholly possessed with a body of corruption, and the spawn of abomination hath overspread the whole man. All noisome lusts abound in the soul, and take possession of it, and rule in it, and are fed there. No carrion in a ditch smells more loathsomely in the nostrils of man, than a natural man's works do in the nostrils of the Almighty. Alas, the devil hath power over you. As it is with a dead sheep, all the carrion-crows in the country come to prey upon it, and all base vermin

breed and creep there ; so it is with every poor, natural, carnal creature under heaven. A company of devils, like so many carrion-crows, prey upon the heart, and all base lusts crawl and feed and are maintained in such a wretched heart. . . .

If you say your bucket shall help you, you may starve for thirst if you let it not down into the well for water. So, though you brag of your praying, and hearing, and fasting, and of your alms, and building of hospitals, and your good deeds, if none of these things bring you to Christ, you shall die for thirst. I do not dishonor these ordinances, but I curse all carnal confidence in them. Hell is full of hearers and dissemblers, and carnal wretches that never had hearts to seek unto Christ in these duties, and to see the value of a Saviour in them. Dost thou think that a few faint prayers, and lazy wishes, and a little horror of heart, can pluck a dead man from the grave of his sins, and a damned soul from the pit of hell, and change the nature of a devil to be a saint? No, it is not possible. We are as able to make worlds, and to pull hell in pieces as to pull a poor soul from the paws of the devil.





HOOKER, WORTHINGTON, an American scientist, physician, and educator, was born at Springfield, Mass., March 3, 1809; died at New Haven, Conn., November 6, 1867. He was educated at Yale, from which he graduated in 1825. He afterward studied medicine at Harvard; and in 1829 he settled as a physician at Norwich, Conn. Here he wrote several works on medicine, including a little book entitled *Physician and Patient* (1849)—“a valuable addition,” said the *Medical Examiner*, “to our medical literature.” This was followed by *The Medical Profession and the Community; Lessons from the History of Medical Delusions*; and *Homœopathy, an Examination of its Doctrines and Evidences*, the latter being a prize essay published in 1852. In this year he became Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Yale; which position he occupied until his death. During the first six years of his professorship he published a number of medical books and scientific books for the young, including a *First Book in Physiology* (1854); *Human Physiology for Colleges and Schools* (1854), which has been used very extensively in American seminaries; *Rational Therapeutics* (1857), a prize essay; and two children's books, entitled *The Child's Book of Nature* (1857), and *The Child's Book of Common Things* (1858). In 1864 he became vice-president of the American Medical Association.

THE CURATIVE POWER OF NATURE.

This tendency in the system, the existence of which is equally recognized by the professional and the non-professional observer, has received a variety of names. It is the *Phusis* of Hippocrates, the *Archeus* of Van Helmont, the *Anima* of Stahl, and the *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ* of Cullen. It has given rise to many erroneous ideas, and doctrines, and theories. The doctrine of Hippocrates was that disease is a violent effort of nature for the benefit of the constitution to expel a morbid cause. And to this doctrine Sydenham, who has been sometimes called the English Hippocrates, gave his assent. This idea in regard to the operation of the curative power of nature, it is curious to observe, was for the most part practically rejected by both of these eminent men at the bedside of the sick; for both made use of such active means as bleeding, emetics, and purgatives, in counteracting some of the operations of disease. Want of knowledge and skill on this point is continually leading physicians to thwart the salutary operations of nature, on the one hand, and to neglect, on the other, to modify or control the movements of disease.

The idea of Stahl was that the curative power of nature is an immaterial principle, added to matter, and thus imparting life to what is otherwise passive and inert. This principle, he taught, superintends all the operations of the body. I need not stop to expose the fallacy of this once popular theory. All that has as yet been proved is the bare fact that there is in the system a tendency to spontaneous restoration in case of injury or disease; and this tendency may be, and probably is, the result of various powers combined instead of one alone. That such a tendency exists is indisputable, and it is convenient to have a name for it, which shall not be regarded as explanatory of the nature or cause of the fact indicated, just as the term gravitation is merely expressive of a general fact, without regard to its nature or cause.—*Medical Delusions.*



HOOPER, LUCY, an American poetess, born at Newburyport, Mass., February 4, 1816; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., August 1, 1841. She received a good education under the careful personal supervision of her father. He died while she was still young; and about 1831 she removed with the family to Brooklyn, where her earlier poems appeared in the *Long Island Star* under the initials "L. H." Her *Essay on Domestic Happiness* was published in 1840; and during her last illness she prepared her *Lady's Book of Poetry and Flowers*. In 1842 the *Literary Remains of Miss Hooper* was published, with a memoir.

"There have been in our literary history," says her biographer, "few more interesting characters than Lucy Hooper. She died at an early age, but not until her acquaintances had seen developed in her a nature that was all truth and gentleness, nor until the world had recognized in her writings the signs of a rare and delicate genius, that wrought in modesty, but in repose, in the garden of affections and in the light of religion."

OSCEOLA.

[Suggested by a picture of the Chief as he appeared in the American camp, after having been treacherously made captive in 1838.]

Not on the battle-field,
As when thy thousand warriors joyed to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die—
Not thus, not thus, we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
Lonely amidst thy foes,
Thine arrows spent,
Thy bow unbent—
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief ! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
The green and flower-crowned banks it wanders by ;

While in this golden sun
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight ;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern,
Thou of the deep low tone,
For whose rich music gone,
Kindred and friends alike may vainly yearn ?

Woe for the trusting hour !
Oh, kindly stag ! no hand hath brought thee down,
'Twas with a patriot's heart,
Where fear usurped no part,
Thou' camest, a noble offering, and alone.

Woe for thy hapless fate !
Woe for thine evil times and lot, brave chief !
Thy sadly closing story,
Thy short and mournful glory,
Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief !

Woe for the bitter stain
That from our country's banner may not part !
Woe for the captive, woe
For burning pains, and slow,
Are his who dieth of the fevered heart.

Oh ! in that spirit-land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath passed,
Chief, by those sparkling streams,
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last.



HOOPER, LUCY HAMILTON, an American poet, novelist, journalist, and dramatist, born in Philadelphia, January 20, 1835; died in Paris, France, August 31, 1893. Her father, B. Muse Jones, was a well-known merchant of Philadelphia. In 1854 she was married to Robert M. Hooper, afterward Vice-Consul-General at Paris. In 1864, in connection with Charles G. Leland, she edited the daily paper of the Philadelphia sanitary fair; and in the same year she published a collection of original *Poems*, many of which had appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book*. Four years later, when *Lippincott's Magazine* was founded, she became one of its regular contributors; and was its assistant editor until her removal to France in 1870. She now became also the regular Paris correspondent of several American papers, including the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, the *Baltimore Gazette*, the *Art Journal*, *Appleton's Journal*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Her translation of Daudet's *Nabob* was published by agreement with that author in 1879; and in 1880 she issued an original novel entitled *Under the Tricolor*. *Helen's Inheritance*, a four-act drama, was acted in Paris in 1888, and in New York in 1889. Mrs. Hooper was a constant contributor of prose and poetry to leading periodicals for more than a quarter of a century.

KING FREDERICK'S RIDE.

Above the city of Berlin shines forth the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout the school-boys at
their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates unclasp their portals
wide,
And forth into the sunshine see a single horseman ride.

A bent old man in plain attire ; no glittering courtiers
wait,
No armed guards attend the steps of Frederick the
Great !

The boys have spied him, and with shouts the summer
breezes ring,
The merry urchins haste to greet their well-belovèd
king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread, presses the joyous
train ;
And Prussia's despot frowns his best, and shakes his
stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone, are feigned, full well
they know ;
They do not fear his stick—that hand ne'er struck a
coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries. "Ho! ho!"
the laughers say,
"A pretty king you, not to know we've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day, those children at his
side,
The symbol of his nation's love, did royal Frederick
ride.

O Kings! your thrones are tottering now! dark frowns
the brow of fate!
When did you ride as rode that day King Frederick the
Great?



HOPE, THOMAS, an English novelist and antiquarian, born in London about 1770; died there, February 3, 1831. His great riches enabled him to travel in Europe, Asia, and Africa, studying ancient and mediæval architecture, and collecting statuary, paintings, and bric-à-brac. On his return to England he bought a house in London, and one near Dorking, and stored them with his treasures, and became a liberal patron of the fine arts. Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was indebted to him for the early recognition of his genius. Chantry, who painted the portraits of so many notables of the early part of the nineteenth century, owed much to Thomas Hope for the direction of his taste, and Flaxman, whose work has been favorably compared with that of Phidias and Raphael, received much encouragement from him. In 1807 he published *Household Furniture and External Decorations*, which produced a marked change in the furnishing of houses in England. *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809), embellished with three hundred and twenty-one plates, and *Designs of Modern Costume* (1812), was followed in 1819 by a novel, *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, which was at first attributed to Lord Byron, who is said to have declared that he would give two of his most approved poems to be its author. *An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man* (1831), and a *Historical Essay on Architecture* (1837), were published after his death.

THE CEMETERIES OF SCUTARI.

The merit of the new design I had conceived ; the wisdom of thus founding the whole fabric of my earthly happiness on my gratification, still continued the ruling theme of my self-applauding thoughts, when I began to discover Scutari, and in the neighborhood of that city—harshly edging the horizon—the black streak of cypresses that mark its immense cemeteries, the last resting-place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may some day be disturbed, if laid in the unhallowed ground of Europe.

A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapors ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts ; and as he enters them an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys : already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end ; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower-beds of graves.—*Anastasius.*



HOPKINS, JOHN HENRY, an American clergyman, lawyer, and theologian, born in Dublin, Ireland, January 30, 1792; died at Rock Point, Vt., January 9, 1868. He came to the United States when he was eight years old. He was educated in Philadelphia, and entered on the practice of law in Pittsburg. In 1823 he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preached in Pittsburg and in Boston, and in 1832 was made Bishop of Vermont. He was an active worker in educational affairs, and a vigorous defender of Church doctrines. Among his works are *Christianity Vindicated: The Primitive Creed Examined and Explained* (1834); *The Primitive Church Compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Present Day* (1835); *Essay on Gothic Architecture* (1836); *Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles, and Results of the British Reformation* (1844); *The End of Controversy Controverted* (1854); *Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery* (1864); *The American Citizen: His Rights and Duties According to the Spirit of the Constitution*; *The Law of Ritualism* (1868), and numerous *Sermons*.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

So simple, yet so strong, is the basis for this practice of the Primitive Christian Church, that even the yearnings of the natural heart are compelled to do it homage. For we know how powerfully it operates on the worldly mind itself. Can anyone fail to see that the longing

for posthumous veneration forms one of the highest incentives to the acquisition of fame? Can anyone doubt that the patriots of the Revolution, for example, derived a true and intense satisfaction from the knowledge that when the people, in after ages, should come together to celebrate the national independence, their names would be commemorated with grateful triumph, and thanks and praises in their honor would be uttered from the lips of thousands of orators in every quarter of the land for which they toiled and bled? And has not the same feeling animated the breasts and nerved the efforts of heroes and sages, since the world began?

Thus loudly does nature herself plead in behalf of this universal feeling. It is the instinct of love. It is the witness of immortality, written on the heart, and no effort of false philosophy can overcome it altogether. But the Christian faith explains it, sanctifies it, ennobles it, and gives it the only true and proper elevation. For here we learn that death is no real separation to the children of God. Here we imbibe the spiritual love that lasts forever. Here we enter into the grand society which shall be united before the eternal throne. Why should the departed saint be supposed to forget that Church, for which he toiled and prayed, and in which were formed by the grace of the Holy Spirit, the principles and the character of holiness? Why should the Church on earth be supposed to forget him who is an everlasting member of their own body? And therefore, when they meet together, they *take comfort* in knowing that he is still united to them in soul. And he *takes comfort* in knowing that they never fail to commemorate him in these precious words: "And we also bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace to follow their good examples, that with them, we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."

Surely then, we have here a rational foundation for the custom of the primitive Christians, and the sentiments of the early fathers, without being in any sense obliged to connect the consolation taken by the departed with the horrible idea of Purgatory.—*The End of Controversy Controverted.*



HOPKINS, MARK, an American educator and philosopher, born at Stockbridge, Mass., February 4, 1802; died at Williamstown, Mass., June 17, 1887. He was educated at Williams College, graduating in 1824; was tutor there for two years, then studied medicine, and began practice in New York. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric at Williams, and in 1836 President of the college. He resigned the presidency in 1872, but continued to teach mental and moral philosophy in the college until his death. He was a prominent educator of his time, and drew students from all parts of the country. In 1846 he published *Evidences of Christianity*, a course of the Lowell Lectures, delivered the preceding year. He also published a volume of *Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses* (1847); *Lectures on Moral Science* (1862); *Baccalaureate Sermons and Occasional Discourses* (1863); *The Law of Love, and Love as a Law*, and *The Outline Study of Man* (1873); *Strength and Beauty* (1874), and *The Scriptural Idea of Man* (1883).

THE BIBLE COINCIDENT WITH NATURE.

The Bible is coincident with Nature, as now known, in its teachings respecting the natural attributes of God. The New Testament seldom dwells upon the natural attributes of God; but when it does to any extent, as in the ascription of Paul, "To the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God," it plainly recognizes and

adopts the doctrines of the Old, and they may, therefore, for this purpose, be fairly taken together. Let us go back, then, to those ancient prophets. If we exclude this idea of revelation, nothing can be more surprising than the ideas of God expressed by them. These ideas, of themselves, are sufficient to give the stamp of divinity to their writings. Even now, when Science has brought her report from the depths of infinite space, and told us of the suns and systems that glow and circle there, how can we better express our emotions than to adopt the language of Isaiah, and say, "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things. He calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might; for that he is strong in power, not one faileth." And when Science has turned her glance in another direction, and discovered in the teeming drop wonders scarcely less than those in the heavens; when she has analyzed matter; when she has disentangled the rays of light, and shown the colors of which its white web is woven; when the amazing structure of vegetable and animal bodies is laid open; what can we say of Him who worketh all this, but that He is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working!" "There is no searching of His understanding."

And when, again, we can look back over near three thousand years more, in which the earth has rolled on in its appointed way, and the mighty energies by which all things are moved have been sustained, what can we do but to ask, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" With them we find no tendency, as among the ancient philosophers, to ascribe eternity to matter.

Now that men undistinguished from others around them by learning in an age of prevalent polytheism and idolatry, and of great ignorance of physical science, should adopt such doctrines respecting the natural attributes of God, as to require no modification when science has been revolutionized and expanded as it were into a new universe, does seem to me no slight evidence that they were inspired by that God whose attributes they set forth.—*Evidences of Christianity.*



HOPKINSON, FRANCIS, an American jurist and political and humorous writer, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, born at Philadelphia, September 21, 1737; died there, May 9, 1791. He graduated at the College of Pennsylvania, studied law, and after a stay of two years in England, took up his residence at Bordentown, N. J. In 1776 he was sent to the American Congress as one of the representatives from New Jersey. In 1779 he was appointed a Judge of Admiralty of Pennsylvania, holding the office until the formation of the Federal Government of the United States in 1789, when he was appointed by Washington District Judge for Pennsylvania. His political writings were very effective during the War of the Revolution. Among them is *The Battle of the Kegs*, a humorous ballad, and *The New Roof*, a song for Federal mechanics. A collection of his *Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings*, in three volumes, appeared in 1792. Many of his satirical and humorous writings have been frequently reprinted.

A CASE LEGALLY ADJUDGED.

This was an action on the statute called "The Statute of Nails," which prohibits all subjects within the realm from cutting or paring their nails on a Friday, under the penalty of twenty shillings for every offence, to be recovered by the overseers of the poor of the county in which the offence should be committed. The over-

seers of the poor for the county brought their action, under the statute, against the defendant. And it was in proof that the defendant had pared his thumb-nails and his great-toe-nails on Friday, to wit, the — day of —, at twelve o'clock in the night of the same day.

Counsel for the defendant demurred to the facts, observing that, as this was a penal law, it ought to be strictly construed; and thereupon took three points of defence, viz: *first*, it was urged that night is not *day*, and the statute expressly says *Fri-day*, and not *Fri-night*; and proof is that the cutting was at night. *Secondly*, it was contended that twelve o'clock on Friday night is, in fact, the beginning of Saturday morning, and therefore not within the statute. And, *thirdly*, that the words of the statute are "*Ungues Digitorum*"—Anglice, "the nails of the fingers," and the testimony only affects thumbs and great-toes.

The jury gave in a special verdict; whereupon, after long advisement, the judges were of unanimous opinion, on the first point, that, in construction of law, day is night and night is day; because a day consists of twenty-four hours, and the law will not allow a fraction of a day:—" *De minimus non curat lex*;" in English, "the law don't stand upon trifles." On the second point, that twelve o'clock at night, being the precise line of division between Friday night and Saturday morning, is a portion or point of time which may be considered as belonging to both, or to either, or to neither, at the discretion of the Court. And *thirdly*, that, in the construction of law, fingers are thumbs and thumbs are fingers, and thumbs and fingers are great-toes and little-toes, and great-toes and little-toes are thumbs and fingers: And so judgment for the plaintiff.





HOPKINSON, JOSEPH, an American jurist, son of Francis Hopkinson, born at Philadelphia, November 12, 1770; died there, January 15, 1842. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, studied law in Philadelphia, where he attained a high rank in his profession. He was the leading counsel for Dr. Rush in his famous libel suit against William Cobbett in 1799, and was also employed in the trials under the alien and sedition laws before Judge Chase in 1800, and in the impeachment of the latter on charges of misdemeanor in connection with those trials before the United States Senate in 1805. From 1815 to 1819 he was a Member of the United States House of Representatives, where he distinguished himself as a speaker, particularly in opposition to the United States Bank and on the Seminole War. In 1828 he was appointed Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, which position he held until his death. As an author he is known almost solely by his national song, *Hail Columbia*, written in 1798 for the benefit of an actor named Fox.

Richardson, in his *American Literature*, speaking of Hopkinson's *Hail Columbia*, Key's *Star-Spangled Banner*, and *Yankee Doodle*, says: "They are so inseparably connected with certain airs and so closely enshrined in the patriotic heart that no one stops to think of their literary poverty. The young

American nation, however, in the early dawn of its liberty had no such singers as those who voiced the stirring hopes of Germany in the days of Napoleon's attempted abduction and murder of a continent."

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia ! happy land !
 Hail ye heroes ! heaven-born band !
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause.
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
 Let Independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost ;
 Ever grateful for the prize ;
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty ;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots ! rise once more ;
 Defend your right ; defend your shore.
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just
 In heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame !
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause.
 Let every clime to Freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear !
 With equal skill and godlike power
 He governed in the fearful hour

Of horrid war ; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat ;
But armed in virtue firm and true
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day
His steady mind from changes free
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.





HORACE (QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS), a Roman poet, born at Venusia, about two hundred miles southwest of Rome, in 65 B.C.; died at Rome in 8 B.C. His father was a freedman, who appears to have been a *servus publicus*, or bondman of the community, who took his distinctive name from the Horatian tribe to which the community belonged. After his manumission he was made a *coactor*, a term designating a collector of the revenue and an auctioneer at public sales. The elder Horace appears to have exercised both these functions, and acquired a moderate competency, including a small farm, upon which his son was born. When the boy was about twelve his father took him to Rome, his means being sufficient to give him the education of a gentleman. It does not appear that either father or son ever revisited their former home. Of this slave-born father, Horace, as will be seen, speaks in terms of the highest admiration and veneration. At about eighteen Horace was sent by his father to Athens to complete his education. For some four years he devoted himself to the study of philosophy. After the assassination of Julius Cæsar (44 B.C.), Brutus arrived at Athens on his way to the Eastern provinces, to the command of which he had been assigned, in conjunction with Cassius. Brutus remained some time at Athens, ostensibly engaged in philosophical studies, but really recruiting of-



HORACE.

ficers for his army from the young Romans who were studying there. Among those whom he enlisted was Horace, who was made a military tribune, and placed in command of a legion, at the head of which he took part in the battle of Philippi (42 B.C.). Believing that there was no hope of continuing the struggle, Horace "threw away his shield," and made his way back to Rome. The general amnesty which had been proclaimed assured him personal safety. But as he himself says:

"Bated in spirit, and with pinions clipped,
Of all the means my father left me stripped,
Want stared me in the face, so then and there
I took to scribbling verse in sheer despair."

His first productions were lampoons, of which he soon became thoroughly ashamed, designating them as "smart and scurrilous lines," most of which he succeeded in suppressing. But one poem, written in 40 B.C., when he was in his twenty-fourth year, and addressed to "The Roman People," is pitched on a loftier key than anything else which he ever wrote. The civil war was raging with more fierceness than ever, and there was reason to apprehend that Rome itself would be taken and sacked by the hostile faction. Horace urged all worthy citizens to flee from the doomed city, and take ship and sail for those Islands of the Blest which were fabled to lie far out in the unknown Western Ocean.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Another age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and
overborne :—

That Rome the Marcians could not crush, who border
on the lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etrus-
can bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus
the stern,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth
yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled not with
ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and abhorred,
We shall destroy with ruthless hands imbued in broth-
ers' gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native
land once more.
A foreign foe, alas ! shall tread the City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of
renown ;
And the bones of great Quirinius, now religiously en-
shrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and
the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives un-
worthily—
No better counsel I can urge than that which erst in-
spired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed city they
retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines sur-
rendering as a prey
To the wild boar and ravening wolf : so we in our
dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us
should go,
Or where'er across the sea the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then ? If better course none offer, why
should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea ?
The circling ocean waits us : then away, where Nature
smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and
happy isles,

Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land
with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of
all her leaves ;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er
untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the trees that graffshoot
never knew ;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and
crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-
dividing hills ?—
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a mas-
ter's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the
friendly herd ;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl
doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder
and the snake ;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any
star,
With fury of remorseless heat, the sweltering herds
doth mar.
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty
clods—
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the
gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never
gained,
Nor the wily She of Colchis with step unchased pro-
faned ;
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that
strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses's toil-worn band ;
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age al-
loyed,
That region set apart by the good to be enjoyed ;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared ; but
ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise, arise and
follow me.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The fortunes of Horace began to mend. His books sold—for there were booksellers and publishers in those days; so that there must have been a considerable class of book-buyers. Horace was enabled to get an appointment to some official position, the emoluments of which were sufficient to maintain him. He also made the acquaintance of the rising men of letters, among whom were Varius, of whom we know little more than that Quintilian said that his tragedy of *Thyestes* was not unworthy to be ranked with the best tragedies of Greece; and Virgil, some five years older than Horace. These two took him to the house of the wealthy Mæcenas, whose name has come to be the synonym for an enlightened patron of letters and art. A few years afterward, Horace, addressing Mæcenas, recalls the incidents of their first acquaintanceship, which ripened into a lifelong friendship.

HORACE TO MÆCENAS.

Lucky I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards,
But Virgil first—that best of men and bards;
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance) I did not profess
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate
On a Satureian barb; but what and who
I was, as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then—
Some nine months after—summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place;
And proud I feel that thus I won your grace;

Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
 But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.
 —*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

To this period evidently belongs the picture which Horace gives of his daily routine of life at Rome: evidently that of a bachelor in comfortable but by no means in affluent circumstances; yet quite contented with his condition and surroundings:

DAILY ROUTINE.

I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
 Inquire the price of pot-herbs and of bread,
 The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun,
 The forum too, at times near set of sun;
 With other fools there do I stand and gape
 Round fortune-tellers' stalls; thence home escape
 To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse and pease;
 Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
 Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
 A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand
 A common ewer, patera, and bowl:
 Compania's potteries produced the whole.
 To sleep then I. . . .

I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
 Or having read or writ what may beguile
 A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
 With oil—not such as filthy Natta skims
 From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
 And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
 Warn me to quit the field and hand-ball play,
 The bath takes all my weariness away.
 Then having lightly dined just to appease
 The sense of emptiness—I take mine ease,
 Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
 This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
 By stern ambition's miserable weight,
 So placed, I own, with gratitude, my state
 Is sweeter, aye, than though a quæstor's power
 From sire and grandsires had been my dower.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace had often wished for a place in the country to which he might retire from time to time, and especially during the hot summer months; and in a poem which is altogether autobiographical, he pictures the kind of place which he would like :

“My prayers with this I used to charge—
A piece of land not very large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.”

One day, about four years after their first acquaintance, when Horace was about thirty-two, the munificent Mæcenæ presented him with just such an estate as he had desiderated. This estate, which he modestly designates as his “Sabine farm,” was situated on high land about thirty miles from Rome; so that he had but to mount his “bob-tailed ambling mule,” and an easy day’s ride would take him from the city to the farm or from the farm to the city. Of the extent of this farm we can form an approximate estimate. It consisted of arable land, meadow land, and woodland; was cultivated under the superintendence of a bailiff, by five families of free *coloni*, consisting presumably of about a score of individuals, besides which was the domestic establishment of eight slaves. Here Horace built a modest villa, the site of which is still shown; and there is a piece of massive pavement which is credibly asserted to have been a part of the villa of Horace. This is lightly covered over with earth, and the peasants make many an honest penny by shovelling away the soil

so as to show the pavement to frequent tourists. Within a few hundred yards from the villa site, and probably within the bounds of what was once the Sabine farm, there is still a copious spring of cold water, which can scarcely be other than the "Fountain of Bandusia," which the poet has immortalized.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,
 O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow !
 To-morrow shall be thine
 A kid, whose crescent brow
 Is sprouting, all for love and victory,
 In vain ; his warm red blood, so early stirred,
 Thy gelid stream shall dye,
 Child of the wanton herd.
 Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
 Forbears to touch ; sweet cool thy waters yield
 To ox with ploughing tired,
 And flocks that range afield.
 Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
 'Mid honored founts, while I the ilex sing
 Crowning the cavern, whence
 Thy babbling waters spring.

—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

Horace, in one of his *Epistles*, written some time after he had taken up his residence there, thus describes this Sabine farm :

THE SABINE FARM.

About my farm, dear Quinctius : You would know
 What sort of produce for its lord 'twill grow ;
 Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
 For apples, vine-clad elms, or oil ?—
 So (but you'll think me garrulous) I'll write
 A full description of its form and site :

In long continuous lines the mountains run,
 Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun—
 Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams;
 Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
 You'd praise the climate; well, and what d'ye say
 To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray?
 What to the oak and ilex which afford
 Fruit to the cattle, shelter to the lord?
 What, but rich Tarentum must have been
 Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green?
 Then there's a fountain, of sufficient size
 To name the river that there takes its rise:
 Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
 Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.
 This sweet retirement—nay, 'tis more than sweet—
 Insures my health even in September's heat.

—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

The "cattle" who fed upon the acorns were, of course, swine; and, as appears over and over again, "bacon and greens" was a favorite dish of Horace, who lived mainly on fruit and vegetables of one kind or another. In his Ode written for the opening of the Temple of Apollo, erected by Augustus, he puts up this petition in his own behalf:

HORACE'S PETITION TO APOLLO.

Let olives, endive, mallows light,
 Be all my fare: and health
 Give thou, Apollo, so I might
 Enjoy my present wealth!
 Give me but these, I ask no more:
 These, and a mind entire;
 An old age not unhonored, nor
 Unsolaced by the lyre.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

At one time, while at Rome, he gives expression of his longing to get back to his Sabine farm, and describes his way of life there.

HORACE AT HOME.

When, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green—oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
And bacon—not too fat—embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When with the friends I love I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!

No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! If not he's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
But not about our neighbors' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought
That Lepus dances well or not?
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand:
Whether by wealth or worth 'tis plain
That men to happiness attain?
By what we're led to choose our friends
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?
And then friend Cervius will strike in
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus
If someone have cried up to us
Avellius's wealth, forgetting how
Much care it costs him, "Look you now,
Once on a time," he will begin,
"A country mouse received within

His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another."

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

And here follows the well-known parable of "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse." Even upon extraordinary occasions Horace seems to have made no attempts at unusual display. Upon one occasion (it was the anniversary of the birthday of Mæcenas), he thus invites Phyllis—a brisk young woman who belonged to the better sort of that class whom the Greeks and Romans called *hetairæ*, which may be fairly represented by "women of pleasure"—to visit him at his farm, and describes the preparations which had been made for her entertainment.

INVITATION TO PHYLLIS.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more.
In my gardens, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
Grows the brightest of yellow parsley in plentiful
store ;

There's ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair :
My plate, newly burnished, enlivens my rooms,
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there
Enwreathed with chaste vervain and choicest of
blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
And hither and thither boys bustle and girls ;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.
Let the joys of the revel be parted between us !
'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-spring Venus—
A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning—
My own natal day not more hallowed or dear ;

For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morn-
ing

The life which has swelled to a lustrous career.
So come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure—

For ne'er for another this bosom shall long—
And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the
measure,

How to charm away care with the magic of song.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

At another time he invites the magnificent
Mæcenas to come out and take pot-luck with him
at that Sabine farm for which he was indebted to
his expected guest.

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

Our common Sabine wine shall be
The only drink I'll give to thee.
In modest goblets too ;
'Twas stored in crock of Grecian dell,
Dear knight Mæcenas, by myself,
That very day when through
The theatre thy plaudits rang,
And sportive echo caught the clang,
And answered from the banks
Of thine own dear paternal stream,
Whilst Vatican renewed the theme
Of homage and of thanks !
Old Cæcuban, the very best,
And juice in vats Falerian pressed,
You drink at home, I know.
My cups no choice Falerian fills,
Nor unto them do Formiæ's hills
Impart a tempered glow.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

To Mæcenas he promises, if he will come out
to the farm, " simple dinners neatly dressed ; " and
in inviting another wealthy friend he says he
must be content with vegetables and homely
crockery ; but everything shall be nicely served.

the napery shall be clean and neatly ironed, and the cups and platters polished so that one could see his face in them; the wine should be good of its kind, though not of any of the famous growths. These "little dinners" of Horace must have been very enjoyable affairs, if Horace himself fairly answered to his idea of what a host should be.

A MODEL HOST.

The proper thing is to be cleanly and nice,
And yet so as not to be over-precise;
To be neither constantly scolding your slaves,
Like that old prig Albutus, as losels and knaves,
Nor, like Nævius, in such things who's rather too easy,
To the guests at your board present water that's greasy.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace was fond of sneering in his quiet way at rare and costly dishes which were greatly in vogue among the great folks at Rome. Thus he puts into the mouth of Ofellus, a stout old yeoman from the Apulian hills, such moralizing as this:

A LECTURE ON GASTRONOMY.

When your butler's away and the weather's so bad
That there's not a morsel of fish to be had,
A crust with some salt will soothe not amiss
The ravening stomach. You ask, "How is this?"
Because for delight, at the best, you must look
To yourself, and not to your wealth or your cook.
Work till you perspire: of all sauces 'tis best.
The man that's with over-indulgence opprest,
White-livered and palsy, can relish no dish,
Be it ortolans, oysters, or finest of fish.
Still I scarcely can hope, if before you there were
A peacock and capon, you would not prefer
With the peacock to tickle your palate, you're so
Completely the dupes of mere semblance and show.

For to buy the rare bird only gold will avail,
 And he makes a rare show with his fine painted tail,
 As if this had to do with the matter the least !
 Can you make of the feathers you prize so a feast ?
 And when the bird's cooked, what becomes of its
 splendor ?

Is his flesh than the capon's more juicy or tender ?
 Mere appearance, not substance, then, clearly it is
 Which bamboozles your judgment so much, then, for this.
 So were anyone now to assure us a treat
 In cormorants roasted, as tender and sweet,
 The young men of Rome are so prone to what's wrong,
 They'd eat cormorants all to a man before long.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace, from early manhood an intimate in the best society of Rome, loved by Virgil and Varius, honored and loved by Mæcenas, liked and admired even by the great Augustus—was never ashamed of his humble origin. In one of his poems addressed to Mæcenas, shortly after the beginning of their intimacy, he thus speaks of his slave-born father ; and it would be hardly possible to find a nobler tribute paid by a son to a father.

HORACE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER.

If pure and innocent I live, and dear
 To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
 All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
 Lord of some few acres, and no more,
 Was loath to send me to the village school,
 Where the sons of men of mark and rule—
 Centurions and the like—were wont to swarm,
 With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
 And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
 The starveling teacher on the quarter-day :
 But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
 There to be taught all arts that grace the home
 Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
 And slaves attending, you'd have thought no less

Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
 Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
 When with my tutors, he would still be by,
 Nor ever let me wander from his eye ;
 And, in a word, he kept me chaste (and this
 Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss.
 Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
 Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
 No dread had he that men might taunt or jeer,
 Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
 Or, like himself, as tax-collector, seek
 With petty fees my humble means to eke.
 Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know
 More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
 Reason must fail me ere I cease to own
 With pride that I have such a father known.
 Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
 By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
 That I was not of noble lineage sprung :
 Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
 For now should Nature bid all living men
 Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
 Each culling, as his inclination bent,
 His parents for himself—with mine content,
 I would not choose whom men endow, as great,
 With the insignia and seats of state ;
 And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
 Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise
 In thus refusing to assume the care
 Of irksome state I was unused to bear.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

PATERNAL ADMONITIONS.

Should then my humorous vein run wild, some latitude
 allow.
 I learned the habit from the best of fathers, who em-
 ployed
 Some living type to stamp the vice he wished me to
 avoid.
 Thus temperate and frugal when exhorting me to be,
 And with the competence content which he had stored
 for me,

"Look, boy," he'd say, "at Albius's son—observe his
 sorry plight!
 And Barrus, that poor beggar there! Say, are not
 these a sight
 To warn a man from squandering his patrimonial
 means?
 The reasons why this should be shunned, and that be
 sought
 The sages will explain. Enough for me if I uphold
 The faith and morals handed down from our good sires
 of old;
 And while you need a guardian, keep your life pure, and
 your name.
 When years have hardened, as they will, your judgment
 and your frame,
 You'll swim without a float."
 And so, with talk like this, he won
 And moulded me while yet a boy. Was something to be
 done,
 Hard it might be—"for this," he'd say, "good warrant
 you can quote."
 And then as model pointed to some public man of
 note.
 Or was there something to be shunned, then he would
 urge, "can you
 One moment doubt that acts like these are base and
 futile too,
 Which have to him and his such dire disgrace and trou-
 ble bred?"
 And as a neighbor's death appals the sick, and by the
 dread
 Of dying forces them to put upon their lusts restraint,
 So tender minds are oft deterred from vices by the
 taint
 They see them bring on others' names; 'tis thus that I
 from those
 Am all exempt, which bring with them a train of shame
 and woes.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The poems of Horace were published by him
 under the respective heads of *Satires*, *Odes*, and
Epistles. But only a small part of the first class

are "Satires," in our usual acceptation of the word. The poem in which his father is so tenderly spoken of, appears among the *Satires*, as does also the one in which he describes his daily life at his Sabine farm. In the latter poem, however, there are several purely satirical passages. The cleverest of these is where Davus, his servant, to whom he is no hero, ridicules his master for sundry foibles.

HORACE'S SATIRE UPON HIMSELF.

[DAVUS *loquitur*.]

You're praising up incessantly
The habits, manners, likings, ways,
Of people in the good old days ;
Yet, should some god this moment give
To you the power like them to live,
You're just the man to say, "I won't !"
Because in them you either don't
Believe, or else the courage lack
The truth through thick and thin to back ;
And rather than its heights aspire,
Will go on sticking in the mire.

At Rome, you for the country sigh ;
When in the country, to the sky
You—flighty as the thistle's down—
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh, then the *pot-au-feu's* divine !
You "go out on compulsion only—"
'Tis so delightful to be lonely ;
And drinking bumpers is a bore
You shrink from daily more and more."

But only let Mæcenæ send
Command for you "to meet a friend ;"
Although the message comes so late
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
"Where's my pomade ? Look sharp !" you shout ;
"Heavens ! is there nobody about ?
Are you all deaf ?" And storming high
At all the household, off you fly.

When Milvius, and that set, anon
 Arrive to dine, and find you gone,
 With vigorous curses they retreat—
 Which I had rather not repeat.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

A "Satire," in Horace's use of the word, is a picture of Men and Manners, as he saw them from time to time. Sometimes he lashes great crimes and criminals with a severity hardly less indignant than that of Juvenal. But as a rule he flies at lower game—at the foibles and weaknesses of society—at fops, fools, and bores, and the like.

A WOULD-BE LITERARY BORE.

It chanced that I, the other day
 Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
 And musing, as my habit is,
 Some trivial random fantasies,
 When there comes rushing up a wight
 Whom only by his name I knew.
 "Ha ! my dear fellow, how d'ye do ?"
 Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
 As times go, pretty well," said I ;
 "And you, I trust, can say the same."
 But after me as still he came,
 "Sir, is there anything," I cried,
 "You want of me ?" "Oh," he replied,
 "I'm just the man you ought to know :
 A scholar, author !" "Is it so ?
 For this I'll like you all the more !"
 Then, writhing to escape the bore,
 I'll quicken now my pace, now stop,
 And in my servant's ear let drop
 Some words ; and all the while I feel
 Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel
 "Oh, for a touch," I moaned in pain,
 "Bolanus, of thy madcap vein,
 To put this incubus to rout !"
 As he went chattering on about
 Whatever he describes or meets—

The city's growth, it's splendor, size.

"You're dying to be off," he cries :

(For all the while I'd been stock dumb) ;

"I've seen it this half-hour. But come,

Let's clearly understand each other ;

It's no use making all this pother.

My mind's made up to stick by you ;

So where you go, there I go too."

"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,

So very far out of your way.

I'm on the road to see a friend

Whom you don't know, that's near his end,

Away beyond the Tiber far,

Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."

"I've nothing in the world to do,

And what's a paltry mile or two ?

I like it ; so I'll follow you !"

Down dropped my ears on hearing this

Just like a vicious jackass's,

That's loaded heavier than he likes,

But off anew my torment strikes :

"If well I know myself, you'll end

With making of me more a friend

Than Viscus, ay, or Varius ; for

Of verses who can run off more,

Or run them off at such a pace ?

Who dance with such distinguished grace ?

And as for singing, zounds !" says he,

"Hermogenes might envy me !"

Here was an opening to break in :

"Have you a mother, father, kin,

To whom your life is precious ?" "None ;

I've closed the eyes of every one."

Oh, happy they, I inly groan ;

Now I am left, and I alone.

Quick, quick despatch me where I stand ;

Now is the direful doom at hand,

Which erst the Sabine beldam old,

Shaking her magic urn, foretold

In days when I was yet a boy :

"Him shall no poison fell destroy,

Nor hostile sword in shock of war,

Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.

In fulness of time his thread
 Shall by a prate-apace be shred ;
 So let him, when he's twenty-one,
 If he be wise, all babblers shun."

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The *Odes* of Horace cover a great variety of topics, grave and gay. Many of them are love-songs ostensibly addressed to several of his "attachments," though it is not altogether certain that Barine, Chloe, Glycera, Lalage, Leuconoe, Lydia, Phyllis, Pyrrha, Tyndaris, and the others were all of them real personages. But it is certain that he formed intimacies, of more or less duration, with not a few of the *hetairæ*, who were, after all, about the only intelligent women with whom a middle-aged Roman bachelor would be likely to come in contact. None of these love-poems are gross, and in few of them is there displayed any great depth of passion. One of the most characteristic of these poems is the following colloquy in which "He" is supposed to represent Horace himself, and the "She" the charming, though not over-constant, Lydia.

HE AND SHE.

He.

Whilst I was dear, and thou wert kind,
 And I—and I alone—might lie
 Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
 Not Persia's king so blest as I.

She.

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
 Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,
 Renowned in ode or madrigal,
 Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

He.

I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
 With hand and voice that charm the air
 For whom even death itself I'd brave,
 So Fate the darling girl would spare.

She.

I dote on Calais; and I
 Am all his passion, all his care,
 For whom a double death I'd die,
 So Fate the darling boy would spare.

He.

What if our ancient love return,
 And bind us with a closer tie,
 If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
 And, as of old, for Lydia sigh?

She.

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
 And lighter thou than cork—ah, why?
 More churlish too than Adria's sea,
 With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Many of the *Odes* of Horace can hardly be considered lyrical, but are rather grave ethical reproofs. The following is directed against the two great vices which threatened the existence of the Roman State—the luxury and avarice of the rich, and the turbulence of the lower classes.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

Though India's virgin mine,
 And wealth of Araby be thine;
 Though thy wave-circled palaces
 Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas,
 When on thy devoted head
 The iron hand of Fate has laid
 The symbols of eternal doom,

What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happy the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
 Happier the Gætan horde
 To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free :
 For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
 And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe : no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
 The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or, if dishonored, die.

Breathes there a patriot, brave and strong,
Would right his erring country's wrong,
 Would heal her wounds and quell her rage :
Let him, with noble daring, first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst,
 So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand,
 The Father of his Native Land.
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

 Cease idle wail !
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail ?
 How weak the laws by man ordained
 If Virtue's law be unsustained.
A second sin is thine ! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate regions of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice :
He hears ; he feels no toil, nor sword nor sea,
Shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
 Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold,
 Into the seas or temple fling
 Thy vile, unprofitable gold.
 Roman, repent, and from within
 Eradicate thy darling sin;
 Repent, and from thy bosom tear
 The sordid shame that festers there.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
 In rougher schools a lesson stern.
 The high-born youth, mature in vice,
 Pursues his vain and reckless course,
 Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
 But shuns and dreads the horse.
 His perjured sire, with jealous care
 Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
 Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
 Cheating his partner, friend, and guest,
 Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill;
 But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

—*Translation of* SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Once upon a time Horace had come to Rome as the honored guest of Mæcenæ, had stayed there rather longer than he liked, and wished to get away. By way of apology to his wealthy and munificent friend and patron he frames the following apologue:

THE LIVELY CIT TURNED FARMER.

Philip, the famous counsel, on a day
 (A burly man, and wilful in his way)
 From court returning, somewhere about two,
 And grumbling—for his years were far from few—
 That his home in Ship-Street was so distant, though
 But from the Forum half a mile or so,
 Descried a fellow in a barber's booth
 All by himself, his chin shaved fresh and smooth,
 Trimming his nails, and with the easy air
 Of one uncumbered by a wish or care,

"Demetrius !" ('twas his page, a boy of tact,
In comprehension swift, and swift of act,)
"Go ascertain his rank, name, fortune ; track
His father, patron !" In a trice he's back.

"An auction-crier, Volteius Mena, sir,
Means poor enough, no spot on character ;
Good or to work or idle, get or spend,
Has his own house, delights to see a friend.
Fond of the play, and sure, when work is done,
Of those who crowd the campus to make one."

"I'd like to hear all from himself. Away !
Bid him come dine with me—at once—to-day !"
Mena some trick in the request divines,
Turns it all ways, then civilly declines.
"What ! says me nay ?" "'Tis, even so, sir, why,
Can't say. Dislikes you, or, more likely, shy."

Next morning Philip searches Mena out,
And finds him vending to a rabble rout
Old crazy lumber, frippery of the worst,
And with all courtesy salutes him first.
Mena pleads occupation, ties of trade,
His services else he would by dawn have paid
At Philip's house ; was grieved to think that how
He should have failed to notice him till now.
"On one condition I accept your plea.
You come this afternoon and dine with me."
"Yours to command." "Be there, then, sharp at four.
Now go, work hard, and make your little more !"

At dinner Mena rattled on, expressed
Whate'er came uppermost, then home to rest.
The hook was baited craftily, and when
The fish came nibbling ever and again,
At morn a client, and when asked to dine,
Not now at all in humor to decline.

Philip himself one holiday drove him down
To see his villa some few miles from town.
Mena keeps praising up the whole way there
The Sabine country and the Sabine air,
So Philip sees his fish is fairly caught,
And smiles with inward triumph at the thought ;
Resolved at any price to have his whim,
For that is best of all repose to him.
Several hundred pounds he gives him there and then,

Proffers on easy terms as much again ;
 And so persuades him that, with tastes like his,
 He ought to buy a farm. So bought it is.
 Not to detain you longer than enough
 The dapper cit becomes a farmer bluff.
 Talks drains and subsoils, ever on the strain,
 Grows lean, and ages with the lust of gain.
 But when his sheep are stolen, when murrains smite
 His goats, and his best crops are killed with blight,
 When at the plough his oxen drop down dead,
 Stung with his losses, up one night from bed
 He springs, and on a cart-horse makes his way
 All wrath to Philip's house, by break of day.
 "How's this?" cries Philip, seeing him unshorn
 And shabby. "Why, Volteius, you look worn.
 You work, methinks, too long upon the stretch."
 "Oh, that's not it, my patron. Call me wretch ;
 That is the only fitting name for me.
 Oh by the Genius, by the gods that be
 Thy hearth's protectors, I beseech, implore,
 Give me, oh, give me back my life of yore !"

If for the worse you find you've changed your place,
 Pause not to think, but straight your steps retrace.
 In every state the maxim still is true,
 On your own last take care to fit your shoe.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The health of Horace was always delicate, and he began to age rapidly. At forty-four his black hair had turned to gray. We find him anxiously inquiring for the healthiest and most comfortable places to visit.

A VALETUDINARIAN'S INQUIRIES.

Which place is best supplied with corn, d'ye think ?
 Have they rain water or fresh springs to drink ?
 Their wings I care not for ; when at my farm,
 I can drink any sort without much harm ;
 But at the sea I need a generous kind
 To warm my veins and pass into my mind,
 Enrich me with new hopes, choice words supply
 And make me comely in a lady's eye.

Which tract is best for game ? On which sea-coast
 Urchins and other fish abound the most ?
 That so, when I return my friends may see
 A sleek Phæacian come to life in me :
 These things you needs must tell me, Vala dear,
 And I no less must act on what I hear.

—*Translation of* CONINGTON

THE COMMON LOT.

Let not the frowns of fate
 Disquiet thee, my friend,
 Nor when she smiles on thee, do thou elate
 With vanishing thoughts ascend
 Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
 For Dellius thou must die, become a clod of earth.

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
 Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
 Thy lawns washed by the Tiber's yellow tide,
 Each favorite retreat,
 Thou must leave us all—all, and thine heir shall run
 In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won

One road, and to one bourne
 We all are goaded. Late
 Or soon will issue from the urn
 Of unrelenting Fate
 The lot, that in yon bark exiles us all,
 To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

A PRAYER FOR HEALTH AND CONTENT.

For me, when freshened by my spring's pure cold,
 Which makes my villagers look pinched and old,
 What prayers are mine ? "Oh, may I yet possess
 The goods I have, or, if heaven pleases, less."

Let the few years that Fate may grant me still
 Be all my own, not held at others' will !
 Let me have books, and stores for one year hence,
 Nor make my life one flutter of suspense.

You're not a miser : has all other vice
 Departed in the train of avarice?
 Or do ambitious longings, angry fret,
 The terror of the grave torment you yet?

Do you count up your birthdays by the year,
 And thank the gods with gladness and good cheer,
 O'erlook the failings of your friends, and grow
 Gentler and better as your sands run low?

But I forbear ; sufficient 'tis to pray
 To Jove for what he gives and takes away ;
 Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I'll find
 That best of blessings, a contented mind.

—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

The longest and one of the latest of the poems of Horace is the Epistle to the Pisos, generally known as the *Ars Poetica*, of which the summation is:

Of writing well, be sure the secret lies
 In wisdom : therefore study to be wise.

Not long after the *Ars Poetica* was published, Mæcenâs died at the age of about sixty-five. Almost with his parting breath he commended his friend to the kindly remembrance of Augustus: "*Horati Flacci ut mei esto memor*"—Let Horatius Flaccus be borne in memory as myself. Mæcenâs died at midsummer. Before the year ended Horace also passed into the Hereafter. He had neither kith nor kin, and left what modest means he possessed to Augustus Cæsar. He was buried on the slope of the Esquiline, hard by the tomb of his friend Mæcenâs. The marble tomb has long since crumbled to dust ; but the poet had built for himself a monument which will outlast all marble or bronze.

HORACE'S MONUMENT.

I've reared a monument—my own—
More durable than brass ;
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute,
Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through future time.

Where howls loud Aufidus and came
Parched Daunus erst, a horde
Of mystic boors to sway, my name
Shall be a household word.

As one who rose from mean estate,
The first with poet's fire,
Æolic song to modulate
To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels, duly won,
Bind thou upon my hair.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.



HORNE, GEORGE, an English clergyman and theological writer, born at Otham, Kent, November 1, 1730; died at Bath, January 17, 1792. He was educated at Oxford, was made a Fellow of Magdalen College at the age of nineteen, and its President at the age of thirty-eight. In 1776 he became Vice-Chancellor of the University. In 1781 he was appointed Dean of Canterbury, and in 1790 Bishop of Norwich. His earliest works were of a controversial character, intended to support the views of Hutchinson, who regarded Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy as contradictory to the Scriptures. His most important work is *A Commentary on the Book of Psalms* (1776). The Commentary was the result of twenty years' labor. He also published numerous *Sermons*, and a volume of *Letters on Infidelity* (1784).

Horne early attained great popularity as a preacher, and his reputation was enhanced by several clever, though perhaps wrong-headed, publications, including a satirical pamphlet on *The Theology and Philosophy of Cicero's Somnium Scipionis* (1751). His *Commentary on the Psalms* is frequently republished with an essay by James Montgomery or Edward Irving.

THE PSALMS ADAPTED TO CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,

When learning arose, as it were, from the dead, in the sixteenth century, and the study of primitive theology by that means revived, the spiritual interpretation

of the Scriptures revived with it. It was adopted at that time, by one admirably qualified to do it justice, and to recommend it again to the world by every charm of genius, and every ornament of language. I mean the accomplished Erasmus, who omitteth no opportunity of insisting on the usefulness and even the necessity of it for the right understanding of the Scriptures; for the attainment of the wisdom which they teach, and that holiness which they prescribe. He considers a Psalm as it may relate to Christ, either suffering or triumphant; as it may concern the Church, whether consisting of Jews or Gentiles, whether in adversity or prosperity, through the several stages and periods of its existence; and as it may be applicable to the different states and circumstances of individuals, during the trials and temptations which they meet with in the course of their Christian pilgrimage.

It is obvious that every part of the Psalter when explicated according to this Scriptural and primitive method, is rendered universally "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" and the propriety immediately appears of its having always been used in the devotional way, both by the Jewish and the Christian Church. With regard to the Jews, Bishop Chandler pertinently remarks, that "they must have understood David, their prince, to have been a figure of Messias. They would not otherwise have made his Psalms part of their daily worship; nor would David have delivered them to the Church to be so employed, were it not to instruct and support them in the knowledge and belief of this fundamental article. Was the Messias not concerned in the Psalms, it were absurd to celebrate, twice a day in their public devotions, the events of one man's life, who was deceased so long ago as to have no relation now to the Jews, and the circumstances of their affairs; or to transcribe whole passages from them, into their prayers for the coming of the Messiah." Upon the same principle it is easily seen, that the objections which may seem to lie against the use of Jewish services in Christian congregations cease at once. Thus, it may be said: Are we concerned with the affairs of David and of Israel? Have we anything to do with the ark and the temple?

They are no more. Are we to go up to Jerusalem, and to worship on Sion? They are desolated, and trodden under foot by the Turks. Are we to sacrifice young bullocks, according to the law? The law is abolished, never to be observed again. Do we pray for victory over Moab, Edom, and Philistia; or for deliverance from Babylon? There are no such nations, no such places in the world. What then do we mean, when taking such expressions into our mouths, we utter them in our own persons, as parts of our devotions before God? Assuredly we must mean a spiritual Jerusalem and Sion; a spiritual ark and temple; a spiritual law; spiritual sacrifices; and spiritual victories over spiritual enemies; all described under the old names, which are still retained, though "old things are passed away, and all things are new." By substituting Messiah for David, the Gospel for the saw, the Church Christian for that of Israel, and the enemies of the one for those of the other, the Psalms are made our own. Nay, they are, with more fulness and propriety, applied now to the substances, than they were of old to the "shadow of good things to come." And therefore, ever since the commencement of the Christian era, the Church hath chosen to celebrate the Gospel mysteries in the words of these ancient hymns, rather than to compose for that purpose new ones of her own. . . .

The Psalms, thus applied, have advantages which no fresh compositions, however finely executed, can possibly have; since besides their incomparable fitness to express our sentiments, they are, at the same time, memorials of, and appeals to, former mercies and deliverances; they are acknowledgments of prophecies accomplished; they point the connection between the old and new dispensations, thereby teaching us to admire and adore the wisdom of God displayed in both, and furnishing, while we read or sing them, an inexhaustible variety of the noblest matter that can engage the contemplations of man.—*Preface to A Commentary on the Psalms.*



HORNE, RICHARD HENGIST, an English dramatist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, born in London, January 1, 1803; died at Margate, March 13, 1884. He was educated at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, served in the Mexican army during the war between Mexico and Spain, travelled in the United States and Canada, and on his return to England devoted himself to literature. In 1837-38 he published three tragedies: *Cosmio de Medici*, *The Death of Marlowe*, and *The Death Fetch*. These were followed by *The Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers Excluding Men of Genius from the Public* (1838); *Gregory the Seventh, a Tragedy* (1840); *Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play* (1840); *The Life of Napoleon* (1841); *Orion, an Epic Poem* (1843), first sold at a farthing a copy—the author's way of expressing his sense of the low estimation in which epic poetry was held; *The New Spirit of the Age* (1844); *Ballads and Romances*, and *The Spirit of Peers and People*, a tragic-comedy (1846); *The Poor Artist, or Seven Eyesights and One Object* (1850); *The Dreamer and the Worker*, a novel (1851); *The Good-Natured Bear*, a story for children; and *Prometheus the Fire Bringer*, a lyrical drama. In 1852 he went to Australia, where he lived for twelve years. After his return to England he published *Laura Diblazo*, a tragedy; *John the Baptist, or the Valor of a Soul*, and *The Apocryphal Book of Job's Wife*.

THE ASCENT OF ORION.

The cloud expanded darkly o'er the heavens,
 Which, like a vault preparing to give back
 The heroic dead, yawned with its sacred gloom,
 And iron-crowned Night her black breath poured around,
 To meet the clouds that from Olympus rolled
 Billows of darkness with a dirging roar,
 Which by gradations of high harmony
 Merged in triumphal strains. Their earnest eyes
 Filled with the darkness, and their hands still clasped,
 Kneeling the Goddesses' bright rays perceived,
 Reflected, glance before them. Mute they rose
 With tender consciousness; and, hand in hand,
 Turning, they saw slow rising from the sea
 The luminous Giant clad in blazing stars,
 New-born and trembling from their Maker's breath—
 Divine, refulgent effluence of Love.
 With pale gold shield, like a translucent Moon
 Through which the Morning with ascending cheek
 Sheds a soft blush, warming cerulean veins;—
 With radiant belt of glory, typical
 Of happy change that o'er the zodiac round
 Of the world's monstrous phantasies shall come;
 And in his hand a sword of peaceful power,
 Streaming like a meteor to direct the earth
 To victory over life's distress, and show
 The future path whose light runs through death's
 glooms;—

In grandeur, like the birth of Motion, rose
 The glorious Giant, tow'rd his place in heaven;
 And, while ascending, thus his Spirit sang:

“I came into the world a mortal creature,
 Lights flitting upward through my unwrought clay,
 Not knowing what they were, nor whither tending,
 But of some goodness conscious in my soul.
 With earth's rude elements my first endeavor
 I made; attained rare mastery, and was proud.
 Then felt strange longings in the grassy woodlands,
 And hunted shadows under the slant sun. . . .

“Thou Earth, whom I have left, and all my brothers!
 Followers of Time through steep and thorny ways;

Wrestlers with strong calamity, and falling
 Forever, as with generations new
 Ye carry on the strife—deem it no loss
 That in full vigor of his fresh designs,
 Your Worker and your Builder hath been called
 To rest thus undesired. Though for himself
 Too soon, and not enough of labor done
 For high desires ; sufficient yet to give
 The impulse ye are fitted to receive :
 More, were a vain ambition. Therefore strive,
 My course without its blindness to pursue,
 So that ye may through night, as ye behold me,
 And also through the day by faithful hope,
 Ascend to me ; and he who faints half-way,
 Gains yet a noble eminence o'er those
 Whose feet still plod the earth with hearts o'er-dusted.

"Then with aspiring love behold Orion !
 Not for his need, but for thine own behoof :
 He loved thy race, and calls thee to his side.
 That substance-bearing Shadow, if with a soul
 That to an absolute unadulterate truth
 Aspires, and would make active through the world,
 He hath resolved to plant for future years.
 And thus, in the end, each soul may to itself,
 With truth before it as its polar guide,
 Become both Time and Nature, whose fixt paths
 Are spiral, and when lost will find new stars,
 Beyond man's unconceived infinities,
 And in the Universal Movement join."

The song ceased, and at once a chorus burst
 From all the stars in heaven, which now shone forth !
 The moon ascends in her rapt loveliness ;
 The ocean swells to her forgivingly :
 Bright comes the dawn, and Eos hides her faces,
 Glowing with tears divine, within the bosom
 Of great Poseidon, in his rocking car
 Standing erect to gaze upon his son,
 Installed midst golden fires, which ever melt
 In Eos's breath and beauty ; rising still
 With nightly brilliance, merging in the dawn—
 And circling onward in eternal youth.

—Orion.



HORNE, THOMAS HARTWELL, an English clergyman and biblical scholar, born in London, October 20, 1780; died there, January 27, 1862. He began his education in Christ Hospital School, but his father's death compelled him, when fifteen years old, to quit school, in order to assist in supporting his younger brothers and sisters. During eight years of employment as a barrister's clerk, he devoted his leisure to study and to writing. His first work, *A Brief View of the Necessity and Truth of the Christian Religion*, published in 1800, passed through several editions. The necessity which he felt for aid in his study of the Scriptures led him to the composition of his great work, *Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, which appeared in 1818. The next year he was admitted to the ministry of the Anglican Church. In 1833 he was given a rectorship in London. Forty-five volumes were published by him, on commerce, law, theology, and art. Of some he was editor, of others translator, of others author. Among them are *The Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland*; *The Works of William Hogarth Elucidated by Descriptions, Critical, Moral, and Historical*; *A Protestant Memorial*; *Mariolatry*; *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity, Deism Refuted*; *A History of the Mohammedan Empire in Spain*, and *A Manual of Biblical Biography*.

THE MORAL TEACHINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

From the ignorance and uncertainty, which prevailed among some of the greatest teachers of antiquity, concerning those fundamental truths which are the great barriers of virtue and religion, it is evident that the heathens had no perfect scheme of moral rules for piety and good manners. Thus, with the exception of two or three philosophers, they never inculcated the duty of loving our enemies and of forgiving injuries; but, on the contrary, they accounted revenge to be not only lawful, but commendable. Pride and the love of popular applause (the subduing of which is the first principle of true virtue) were esteemed the best and greatest incentives to virtue and noble actions; suicide was regarded as the strongest mark of heroism; and the perpetrators of it, instead of being branded with infamy, were commended and celebrated as men of noble minds. But the interior acts of the soul—the adultery of the eye and the murder of the heart were little regarded. On the contrary, the philosophers countenanced both by arguments and example, the most flagitious practices. Thus theft, as is well known, was permitted in Egypt and in Sparta. The exposure of infants, and the putting to death of children who were weak or imperfect in form, was allowed at Sparta by Lycurgus. At Athens, the great seat and nursery of philosophers, the women were treated and disposed of as slaves, and it was enacted that “infants which appeared to be maimed should either be killed or exposed;” and that “the Athenians might lawfully invade and enslave any people, who in their opinion were fit to be made slaves.”

Corresponding with such principles was the moral conduct of the ancients—the most distinguished philosophers and heroes not excepted—whose lives are recorded by Plutarch in a manner the most favorable to their reputation. Many of them, it is true, entertained a high sense of honor, and possessed a large portion of patriotism. But these were not *morality*, if by that term we are to understand such dispositions of the mind as are right, fit and amiable. Their sense of honor was

not of that kind which made them scorn to do evil ; but, like the false honor of modern duellists, consisted merely in a dread of disgrace. Hence many of them not only pleaded for self-murder (as Cicero, Seneca, and others) but carried about with them the means of destruction, of which they made use rather than fall into the hands of their adversaries, as Demosthenes, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and others did. And their patriotism, generally speaking, operated not merely in the preservation of their country, but in endeavors to extend and aggrandize it at the expense of other nations. It was a patriotism inconsistent with justice and goodwill to mankind. Truth was but of small account among many, even of the best heathens ; for they taught that, on many occasions, a lie was to be preferred to the truth itself. To which we may add, that the unlimited gratification of their sensual appetites, and the commission of the most unnatural crimes, was common even among the most distinguished teachers of philosophy.—*Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.*

THE PRECEPTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Admirably as the doctrines of the New Testament are adapted to the actual condition and wants of mankind, the moral precepts which it enjoins are not less calculated to promote their happiness and well-being, both collectively and individually. In it the best descriptions of virtue are to be found : and the whole volume is replete with piety, and with devotional virtues, which were utterly unknown to the ancient heathen moralists. Indeed, the view of human duty, exhibited by them, was not only radically defective and materially erroneous ; but the manner of its exhibition was little calculated to impress the mind, affect the heart, or influence the conduct. Abstruse reasonings upon the fitness of things—general declarations concerning the beauty of virtue—cold and inanimate precepts of conduct, if not contradicted, yet imperfectly exemplified in their own behavior—might in some degree exercise their pupils' faculties of reasoning and memory, and render them subtle disputants, and pompous declaimers ; but they had little tendency to enlighten their minds in

the knowledge of moral truth, and to imbue their hearts with the love of moral excellence. It is far otherwise with the morality of the Scriptures, and especially of the New Testament. While the system of moral truth which they evolve is incomparably more pure than that of the heathen moralist, it is not, like his, couched in cold generalities or in abstract uninteresting language. It is pure and rational, alike remote from the overstrained precepts of superstition and enthusiasm, and the loose compliant maxims of worldly policy. It comes home to men's business and bosoms. It is deeply impressive, and it is perfectly intelligible. It is calculated for every rank and order of society, and speaks with equal strictness and authority to the rich and honorable, to the poor and ignoble. All other systems of morals prohibit actions but not thoughts, and therefore are necessarily ineffectual. But the moral system of Christianity, infinitely superior to all the defective systems of men, pervades every thought of the heart ; teaches us to refer all our actions to the will of our Creator ; and corrects all selfishness in the human character, by teaching us to have in view the happiness of all around us, and enforcing the most enlarged and diffusive benevolence
—*Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.*





HORSLEY, SAMUEL, an English clergyman, philologist, mathematician, and controversialist, born in London, September 15, 1733; died at Brighton, October 4, 1806. He was the son of a clergyman; was educated in Westminster School and at Cambridge University; entered the Church, and was first his father's curate at Newington Butts, and afterward succeeded him as rector. In 1767 he was made a member of the Royal Society, and its Secretary in 1773. After several ecclesiastical promotions, he became Bishop of St. David's in 1788, of Rochester in 1793, and of St. Asaph's in 1802. In 1783-84 his controversy with Dr. Priestley on Unitarianism took place, in the course of which he published two volumes of *Letters in reply to Doctor Priestley*, and *Remarks on Dr. Priestley's Second Letter*. Besides these volumes of controversy, he published works on mathematics, language, and theology. Among them are *Remarks on the Observations made in the late Voyage towards the North Pole, for determining the Acceleration of the Pendulum in lat. 79° 51'* (1774); *On the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages* (1796), and *Critical Disquisitions on the Eighteenth Chapter of Isaiah* (1796). He also published a complete edition of the works of Sir Isaac Newton (1771-85). After his death appeared three volumes of his *Sermons*, which are regarded as among the finest in the language.

OUR LORD'S SECOND COMING.

I shall now venture to conclude that, notwithstanding the great authorities which incline the other way, that the phrase of "our Lord's coming," wherever it occurs in His prediction of the Jewish war, as well as in most other passages of the New Testament, is to be taken in its literal meaning, as denoting His coming in person, in visible pomp and glory, to the general judgment. Nor is the belief of that coming, so explicitly foretold, an article of little moment in the Christian's creed, however some who call themselves Christians may affect to slight it. It is true, that the expectation of a future retribution is what ought, in the nature of the thing, to be a sufficient restraint upon a wise man's conduct, though we were uninformed of the manner in which the thing will be brought about, and were at liberty to suppose that every individual's lot would be silently determined, without any public entry of the Almighty Judge, and without the formality of a public trial.

But our merciful God, who knows how feebly the allurements of the present world are resisted by our reason, unless imagination can be engaged on reason's side, to paint the prospect of future good, and display the terror of future suffering, hath been pleased to ordain that the business shall be so conducted, and the method of the business so clearly foretold, as to strike the profane with awe, and animate the humble and the timid. He has warned us—and let them who dare to extenuate the warning, ponder the dreadful curse with which the Book of Prophecy is sealed: "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life." God hath warned us that the inquiry into every man's conduct will be public—Christ himself the Judge—the whole race of man, and the whole angelic host, spectators of the awful scene. Before that assembly, every man's good deeds will be declared, and his most secret sins disclosed. As no elevation of rank will then give a title to respect, no obscurity of condition shall exclude the just from public honor, or screen

the guilty from public shame. Opulence will find itself no longer powerful—poverty will be no longer weak; birth will no longer be distinguished, meanness will no longer pass unnoticed. The rich and poor will indeed strangely meet together; when all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear, and the conqueror and his captive, the monarch and his subject, the lord and his vassal, the statesman and the peasant, the philosopher and the unlettered hind, shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions.

The characters and the actions of the greatest and the meanest have in truth been equally important, and equally public; while the eye of the omniscient God hath been equally upon them all, while all are at least equally brought to answer to their common judge, and the angels stand around spectators, equally interested in the dooms of all. The sentence of every man will be pronounced by Him who cannot be merciful to those who shall have willingly sold themselves to that abject bondage from which He died to purchase their redemption—who, nevertheless, having felt the power of temptation, knows to pity them that have been tempted; by Him on whose mercy contrite frailty may rely, whose anger hardened impenitence must dread. To heighten the solemnity and terror of the business, the Judge will visibly descend from heaven—the shout of the arch-angels and the trumpet of the Lord will thunder through the deep—the dead will awake—the glorified saints will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; while the wicked will in vain call upon the mountains and the rocks to cover them. Of the day and hour when these things shall be knoweth no man; but the day and hour for these things are fixed in the eternal Father's counsels. Our Lord will come—He will come unlooked-for, and may come sooner than we think.—
Sermons.



HOUSSAYE, ARSÈNE, a French novelist and critic, born at Bruyères, near Laon, France, March 28, 1815 ; died in Paris, February 26, 1896. When he was sixteen years of age he served in the army. On his return he found life on the farm and in the mill distasteful, and gave himself to writing verses. At length he resolved to seek his fortune in Paris. He arrived in Paris almost penniless, and in a cholera season. His first resource was the composition of extravagant romances for wandering minstrels. He at length made the acquaintance of Théophile Gautier, who introduced him to Gerard de Nerval and other literary men, and he became one of a company of poets, artists, and litterateurs, who inhabited a large house in the Rue Doyenne, made celebrated by Gautier and others. He wrote novels, poems, and sketches of art, literature, and society. Among his early productions are *La Couronne de Bluets*, *Le Serpent sous l'Herbe*, *Les Revenants*, *Mademoiselle de Vaudeuil*, and *Mademoiselle de Krouart*. In 1843 he bought the journal of *L'Artiste*, of which he assumed the editorship. From 1849 to 1856 he was director of the *Comédie Française*, and in 1856 he was appointed Inspector-General of the works of art and the museums. Among his writings are two volumes of poems: *Les Sentiers Perdus* (1841), and *Poésie dans les Bois* (1845). Other works: *Galerie de Portraits du*

XVIII^{me} Siècle (1844), translated under title of *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century, Philosophers et Comédiennes* (1850); *Romans, Contes, et Voyages* (1846); *Le Pantoufle de Cendrillon* and *Le Voyage à ma Fenêtre* (1851); *Les Femmes sous la Régence et sous la Terreur* (1852); *Le Violon de Franjolé* (1856); *Le Roi Voltaire* (1858); *Histoire de l'Art Français* (1860); *Notre Dame de Thermidor* (1865); *Nos Grandes Dames* (1868); *Les Parisiennes* (1869-70); *Les Confessions: Souvenirs d'un Demi-Siècle 1830-1880* (1885); *Cleopatra* (translated by A. F. L., 1890); *Love and Fears* (1892); *Mlle. de la Vallière et Mme. de Montespan* (1895); *Bianca* (1895); *Les Charm-eresses* (1895).

THE ELDER CRÉBILLON AND HIS WIFE.

True wisdom does not inhabit the world in which we live. Crébillon collected all the superfluities of luxury about him. In vain did his wife strive with both hands to restrain him on the brink of ruin; in vain she reminded him of the frugal repasts and plain furniture of their small house in the Place Maubert, "so gay on sunny days."—"True," said he, "and if we are forced to return to it, I shall not complain; what matter if the wine is not so good, if you still pour it out for me?"

Happily, Crébillon in the same year secured victory after victory; the representations of *Electre* were given, which gained the suffrages of all, and astonished even the critics. Crébillon had softened down his brutalities, and preserving all his grandeur, had shown himself more natural and more true. *Electre* was followed by *Rhadamiste*, which passed then for a powerful and boldly drawn masterpiece. There is a certain savage grandeur in the style, which is the true characteristic of Crébillon's genius. It was this tragedy that gave Voltaire the idea that it was better on the stage to strike a strong, than a well-directed blow. All the spectators enthusiastically decided that Crébillon delineated hate

as Racine did love. The aged Boileau, who was near his end, and would have been glad to have had French literature terminate with himself, said that this success was scandalous. "I have lived too long!" he cried, in violent ill-humor. "To what Visigoth do I leave the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we have so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these." Boileau had some resemblance to old Nestor in the *Iliad*, who said to the Greek kings, "I counsel you to listen to me, for I formerly associated with men who were better than yourselves."

The parterre avenged Crébillon for Boileau's bitter critique, for in eight days two editions of *Rhadamiste* were exhausted. Nor was this all; the piece, when played at Versailles was applauded to the echo. During the rehearsals of *Rhadamiste*, Crébillon told his friends that he was going to surprise the public by a master-stroke. He was anything but modest, and spoke of his genius as another man would of his wine or his horse. Nevertheless, at the end of the second act he trembled for his success, for if the spectators were surprised, it was that they did not understand what was going on. But at last, when the curtain fell, Crébillon's name was received with acclamation. The vigorous beauties of his pencil had triumphed over his faults of style and composition. . . .

The poet was not long, however, in exhausting all his resources. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the Providence of Literature under the regency; he sold his copyright of a tragedy to a usurer before it was written, wishing to put off as far as possible the moment when he should be forced to change his mode of living. He calculated on the success of *Xercès*, but that tragedy was hissed. Crébillon was a man of heart and courage. He entered his house with a calm and smiling countenance. "Well?" asked Madame Crébillon, who had been anxiously awaiting his return. "Well, they have hissed my piece. Tomorrow we will resume our old habits."

The next day Crébillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he found small apartments near his father-in-law's, who in evil days could still offer his son a corner of his table. Out of all his splendid establishment, Cré-

billon only reserved a dozen dogs and cats. As D'Alembert says, "he passed without an effort, like Alcibiades of old, from the luxuries of Persia to the austerities of Sparta, and found himself, as Alcibiades doubtless did not, happier in his latter estate than in his former."

Charlotte Péaget carried to her retreat the same manner she had shown in society. Not once did she repine. Perhaps she appeared still more charming to the hissed and penniless poet. The poor woman concealed their wretchedness from him with touching delicacy. She spread such a charm over the gloomy house, that he believed himself almost rich; like King Midas, she had the art of changing everything she touched to gold; that is to say, of giving everything life and gayety by her adorable grace. Blessed are the poets who, like Crébillon, have learned that charms and beauty are an inexhaustible fortune. Madame Crébillon never complained; she was proud of the poet's glory, she ever encouraged him in his lofty character, she listened with pious resignation to all his dreams of triumph; she knew the right moment to throw herself in his arms, when he declared that he had nothing more to expect from the world. For all this, she ventured one day when there was no money in the house, on seeing him come in with a dog under each arm, to say, "Take care, Monsieur de Crébillon; we have eight dogs, we have fifteen cats."—"Well, Madame, don't I know it? But see what a pitiful air these two dogs have? Could I leave them to die of hunger in the streets?"—"Do you not foresee, Monsieur de Crébillon, that they will die of hunger here? I appreciate your love and pity for the poor animals, but it will not do to make your house an hospital for lost dogs."—"Why do you despair? God does not abandon genius and beauty. There is a report that I am to be admitted a member of the Academy."—"I do not think you will," said Madame de Crébillon, "Fontenelle and La Motte, who are only wits, would not permit a man like you to sit beside themselves, for if you were in the Academy, would you not be its king?" Crébillon made his application for membership in the Academy; but, as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in excluding him.

Although Crébillon hated libels and satire, he could

not restrain himself one day when in good spirits from rhyming off, in marotic verse, a fable, very bitter in its application against La Motte, Dauchet and Fontenelle. La Motte was designated under the name of a mole ; he had already become blind. Dauchet, who was a Hercules in stature, was painted as a camel ; Fontenelle, in allusion to his finesse, wore a fox's skin. The satire ran all over Paris. The three comrades no longer contented themselves in closing the avenues of the Academy to Crébillon, but sought to ruin him in public estimation. They had no trouble at the Court in succeeding in this odious design. Apropos to this I find these lines in D'Alembert : "It is well to remark as a trial worthy of preservation in the history of human follies, that the enemies of Crébillon, not being able to bring any charge against the man, set to work to find in his plays proofs of the perversity of his character. None but a black-hearted man, according to them, could choose the subjects he did."

All these literary thorns only gave the greater charm to Crébillon's home, but we are opening the most touching page of his life. One evening, on returning after a discussion more noisy than literary at the Café Procope, Crébillon found his wife very much agitated, pressing to her bosom their sleeping infant. "Charlotte, what has happened?"—"I am afraid," she said, shuddering and looking toward the bed.—"What folly ! you are afraid of shadows like a child."—"Yes, I am afraid of shadows : a little while ago I was about retiring : you see, I am but half-dressed. In drawing aside the curtain I saw a spectre glide past the foot of the bed ; I almost fainted, and scarcely had strength enough to reach the child's cradle."—"You are a child yourself, you saw only the shadow of the curtain."—"No, no," said the young wife, seizing the poet's hand, "it was Death ; I recognized him, for it is not the first time he has approached me. Ah, my friend, with what grief and terror I shall lay me down beneath the ground ! If you love me as I do you, do not quit me any more for an instant : help me to die. If you are near me, I shall think that I am but going to sleep."

Crébillon, pale and shuddering, took his son and laid him in his cradle. He returned to his wife, embraced her, and in vain sought for words to divert her atten-

tion, and lead her to less sombre thoughts. He persuaded her, with difficulty, to go to rest ; she slept but little. He remained silent before the bed, praying in his soul, for he believed, perhaps more than Charlotte, in presentiments. Finding that she was at last asleep, he lay down himself. When he awoke in the morning, he found Charlotte, in a partially raised posture, watching his sleep. He was terrified at her worn, pale look, and the supernatural brilliancy of her eyes. As easily moved as an infant, he could not restrain his tears. She threw herself despairingly into his arms, and covered him with tears and kisses. "It is over," she said in a broken voice, "see, my heart beats too violently to beat long. But I shall die uncomplaining ; for I see well, by your tears, that you will remember me."

Crébillon rose, and ran for his father-in-law. "Alas !" said the poor apothecary, "the mother, who was as good and fair as the daughter, died at twenty-six. It was the heart that killed the mother, and it will kill the daughter."

All the celebrated physicians were called in ; but before they had agreed on a course of treatment, Marie Charlotte Péaget quietly expired at eleven o'clock the following evening. Crébillon, inconsolable, was not afraid of ridicule in weeping for his wife ; he mourned for her for half a century, that is to say, until the end of his life. For the space of two years he was scarcely to be seen at the Comédie Française. He had the air of a man of another age, so much did he seem a stranger to all that was passing about him. It might be said that he still lived with his divine Charlotte. The beloved dead live in our hearts ; he saw and conversed with her incessantly. After fifteen years of mourning, he was surprised in his solitude talking aloud to Charlotte, relating to her his vexations, reminding her of their happy days. "Ah, Charlotte, they all talk to me of my fame, but I think only of thee."—*Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century.*



HOWE, JOHN, an English theologian, born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, May 17, 1630; died in London, April 2, 1705. He graduated at Christ College, became pastor of a Non-Conformist congregation, and in 1657 became domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector. After the restoration of Charles II. he resided in many places, always engaged in ministerial duties. In 1687, when James II. put forth his "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience," Howe returned to England, where the remainder of his life was passed. He was a very voluminous writer upon theological and devotional topics, and has been, not inaptly, styled "the Platonic Puritan."

Robert Hall was wont to say that he had learned more from Howe than from any other author he had ever read. Doddridge says of him: "He seems to have understood the Gospel as well as any uninspired writer, and to have imbibed as much of its spirit. He has a vast number and variety of uncommon thoughts, and is, on the whole, one of the most valuable writers in our language, or, I believe, in the world."

The complete works of Howe were reprinted, in 1724, with a Memoir by Dr. Edward Calamy, and in 1848, in three volumes, with a Life by the Rev. J. P. Hewlett. His most notable works are *The Living Temple*, *Delighting in God*, *The Blessed-*

ness of the Righteous, The Vanity of Man as Mortal, On the Divine Presence, and The Redeemer's Presence over the Invisible World. Mr. Henry Roger, who in 1836 put forth a *Life of Howe* with an *Analysis of his Writings*, thus represents his position and views when officiating as domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF AT CROMWELL'S COURT.

It was a very prevalent opinion in Cromwell's court, and seems to have been entertained by Cromwell himself, that whenever the "special favorites" of Heaven offered up their supplications for themselves or others, secret intimations were conveyed to the mind that the particular blessings they implored would be certainly bestowed, and even indications afforded of the particular method in which their wishes would be accomplished. Howe himself confessed to Calamy, in a private conversation on this subject, that the prevalence of the notion at Whitehall, at the time he lived there, was too notorious to be denied; that great pains were taken to cherish and diffuse it; and that he himself had heard "a person of note" preach a sermon with the avowed design of maintaining and defending it. To point out the pernicious consequences of such an opinion would be superfluous. Of course, there could be no lack of "special favorites of Heaven" in an age and court like those of Cromwell; and all the dangerous illusions which a fanatical imagination might inspire, and all the consequent horrors to which a fanatical zeal could prompt, would of course plead the sanction of an express revelation.

"Perhaps it may be considered as no unfair test of intellectual and spiritual excellence," wrote Bogue and Bennett in their *History of Dissenters*, "that a person can relish the writings of John Howe; if he does not, he may have reason to suspect that something in his head or heart is wrong.

A young minister who wishes to attain eminence in his profession, if he has not the works of John Howe, let him sell his coat and buy them; and if that will not suffice, let him sell his bed and lie on the floor."

CONTENTIOUS JANGLING.

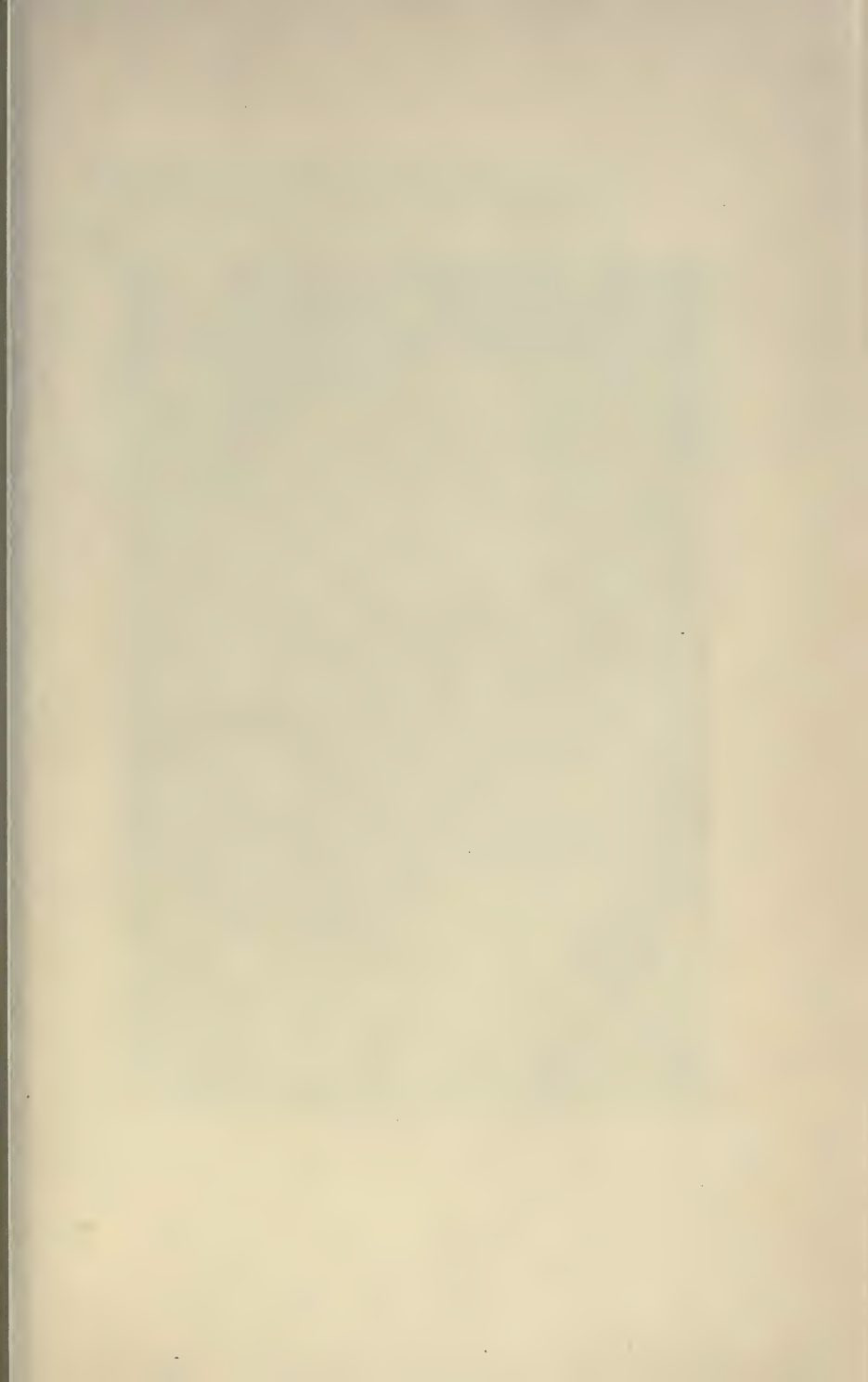
'Tis equally matter of complaint and wonder, that men can find so much leisure, to avert from such things wherein there is so much both of delight and pleasure, unto what one would think should have little of temptation or allurements in it, contentious jangling. It might rather be thought, its visible fruits and tendencies should render it the most dreadful thing to every serious beholder. What tragedies hath it wrought in the Christian Church! Into how weak and languishing a condition hath it brought the religion of professed Christians! Hence have arisen the intemperate preternatural heats and angers that have spent its strength and spirits; and make it look with so meagre and pale a face. We have had a greater mind to dispute than live, and to contend about what we know not, than to practise the far greater things we know, and which more directly tend to nourish and maintain the divine life. The author of that ingenious sentence, *Pruritus disputandi scabies ecclesiæ*, whoever he were, hath fitly expressed what is the noisome product of the itch of disputing. It hath begot the ulcerous tumors, which besides their own offensive soreness, drain the body, and turn what should nourish that into nutriment to themselves. And its effects are not more grievous than the pleasures which it affects and pursues are uncouth and unnatural. The rough touch of an ungentle hand; that only pleases which exasperates—as Seneca, the moralist, aptly expresses some like disaffection of diseased minds; toil and vexation is their only delight; and what to a sound spirit would be a pain, is to these a pleasure.—*From The Blessedness of the Righteous.*

TO LADY RUSSELL, WHEN LORD RUSSELL WAS
BEHEADED.

My heart bleeds to think of the case of those sweet babes, should they be bereaved of their other parent

too. And even your continued visible dejection would be their unspeakable disadvantage. You will always naturally create in them a reverence of you; and I cannot but apprehend how the constant mean aspect and deportment of such a parent will insensibly influence the temper of dutiful children, and, if that be sad and despondent, depress their spirits, blunt and take off the edge and quickness upon which their future usefulness and comfort will much depend. Were it possible their now glorious father should visit and inspect you, would you not be troubled to behold a frown in that bright, serene face? You are to please a more penetrating eye, which you will best do by putting on a temper and deportment suitable to your weighty charge and duty, and to the great purposes for which God continues you in the world, by giving over unnecessary solitude and retirement, which (though it pleases) doth really prejudice you, and is more than you can bear. The God of heaven lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and thereby put gladness into your heart, and give you to apprehend him saying to you, "Arise and walk in the light of the Lord."—*From a Letter to Lady Rachel Russell.*







JULIA WARD HOWE.



HOWE, JULIA WARD, an American poetess and philanthropist, was born in New York City, May 27, 1819. Among her ancestors are mentioned Roger Williams, Governor Ward of Rhode Island, and the Huguenot Marions of South Carolina. At the age of five she lost her mother; and her father, Samuel Ward, a well-known banker, gave her an education which comprised an unusually wide range of studies. At seventeen, while still a school-girl, she published a review of Lamartine's *Jocelyn* with an English metrical translation; a review of Dwight's translations from Goethe and Schiller, and a number of original poems. At the age of twenty-four she was married to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the well-known philanthropist, whom she assisted in editing the anti-slavery journal, the Boston *Commonwealth*. She visited Rome, Italy, where her first child was born; and returning to Boston, she published, in 1852, a collection of poems under the title *Passion Flowers*; which was followed by *Words for the Hour* (1857); a drama which was produced at Wallack's in New York in 1857; *A Trip to Cuba* (1860), which is said to have been numbered among the books prohibited in Cuba; *Later Lyrics* (1866), containing her celebrated *Battle Hymn of the Republic*; *From the Oak to the Olive* (1868). In 1869 she took a prominent part in the woman's rights movement; she assisted in founding the New England Women's

Club, and was for many years its President. In 1872 she went to London as delegate to the prison reform congress; and while there she helped to establish the Woman's Peace Association. In 1874 she issued *Sex and Education*, in reply to Clarke's *Sex in Education*; and in 1876, upon her husband's death, she wrote a *Memoir* of him. Her lectures on *Modern Society* were published in 1881, and her *Life of Margaret Fuller* appeared in 1883. Mrs. Howe was indefatigable, laboring with tongue as well as with pen. She read lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy; she often addressed the Legislature of Massachusetts on reform; and she preached in many of the Unitarian pulpits of America, as well as in the West Indies and as far as Rome. Her *Battle Hymn of the Republic* was written in 1861, while on a visit to the camps near Washington. To the tune of the "John Brown" song it quickly became, as one writer says, "the Marseillaise of the late American war."

THE LAMB WITHOUT.

Whene'er I close the door at night,
And turn the creaking key about,
A pang renewed assails my heart—
I think, my darling is shut out.

Think that beneath these starry skies,
He wanders, with his little feet;
The pines stand hushed in glad surprise,
The garden yields its tribute sweet.

Thro' every well-known path and nook
I see his angel footsteps glide,
As guileless as the Paschal Lamb
That kept the Infant Saviour's side.

His earnest eye, perhaps, can pierce
The gloom in which his parents sit ;
He wonders what has changed the house,
And why the cloud hangs over it.

He passes with a pensive smile—
Why do they linger to grow old,
And what the burthen on their hearts ?
On *him* shall sorrow have no hold.

Within the darkened porch I stand—
Scarce knowing why, I linger long ;
Oh ! could I call thee back to me,
Bright birds of heaven, with sooth or song

But no—the wayworn wretch shall pause
To bless the shelter of this door ;
Kinsman and guest shall enter in,
But my lost darling never more.

Yet, waiting on his gentle ghost,
From sorrow's void, so deep and dull.
Comes a faint breathing of delight,
A presence calm and beautiful.

I have him, not in outstretched arms,
I hold him, not with straining sight,
While in the blue depths of quietude
Drops, like a star, my still "Good-night."

Thus, nightly, do I bow my head
To the Unseen, Eternal force ;
Asking sweet pardon of my child
For yielding him in Death's divorce.

He turned away from childish plays,
His baby toys he held in scorn ;
He loved the forms of thought divine,
Woods, flowers, and fields of waving corn.

And then I knew, my little one
Should by no vulgar lore be taught ;
But by the symbol God has given
To solemnize our common thought.

The mystic angels, three in one,
 The circling serpent's faultless round,
 And, in far glory dim, the Cross,
 Where love o'erleaps the human bound.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eye hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
 wrath are stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
 swift sword ;
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps ;
 They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
 and damps ;
 I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps,
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished
 steel ;
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal ;"
 Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his
 heel,
 Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
 seat ;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my
 feet !
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
 free,
 While God is marching on.

OUR COUNTRY.

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors ;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores ;

Till, fold by fold, the 'broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings !
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty !
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel Truth be found :
Thy right hand fling with generous wont
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales
Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong !
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song.

THE UNSPEAKABLE PANG.

Who are these that sit by the long dinner-table in the forward cabin, with a most unusual lack of interest in the bill of fare? Their eyes are closed, mostly, their cheeks are pale, their lips are quite bloodless, and to every offer of good cheer, their "No, thank you," is as faintly uttered as are marriage-vows by maiden lips. Can they be the same that, an hour ago, were so composed, so jovial, so full of dangerous defiance to the old man of the sea? The officer who carves the roast-beef offers at the same time a slice of fat; this is too much; a panic runs through the ranks, and the rout is instantaneous and complete. . . .

To what but to Dante's Inferno can we liken this steamboat-cabin, with its double row of pits, and its dismal captives? What are those sighs, groans, and despairing noises, but the *alti guai* rehearsed by the poet? Its fiends are the stewards who rouse us from our perpetual torpor with offers of food and praises of shadowy banquets.—"Nice mutton-chop, sir? roast-turkey? plate of soup?" Cries of "No, no!" resound, and the wretched turn again and groan. The Philanthropist has lost the movement of the age,—keeled up in an upper birth, convulsively embracing a blanket—what conservative more immovable than he? The Great Man of the party refrains from his large theories, which, like the circles made by the stone thrown into the water, begin somewhere, and end nowhere. As we have said, he expounds himself no more, the significant forefinger is down, the eye no longer imprisons yours. But if you ask him how he does, he shakes himself as if, like Farinata—

"averse l' inferno in gran dispetto,"

"he had a very contemptible opinion of hell."

Let me not forget to add, that it rains every day, that it blows every night, and that it rolls through the twenty-four hours till the whole world seems as if turned bottom upward, clinging with its nails to chaos, and fearing to launch away.—*A Trip to Cuba.*



HOWE, SAMUEL GRIDLEY, husband of Julia Ward Howe, was an American physician, born in Boston, November 10, 1801; died there, January 9, 1876. He was educated at Brown University and at the Harvard Medical School. From 1824 to 1827 he served as a surgeon in the Greek army, and afterward obtained assistance in the United States for the Greeks who were threatened with famine. In 1831 he again visited Europe to study methods of education for the blind, and in 1832 he established the Perkins Institution for the Blind, of which he was the superintendent. His success in the education of Laura Bridgman is well known. He also assisted in founding the school for idiotic children. He was an active worker in the anti-slavery movement. In 1851-53 he edited *The Commonwealth*. In 1871 he was one of the Commissioners sent to San Domingo to report upon its proposed annexation to the United States. He published various letters on topics of the time, a *Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution* (1828), and a *Reader for the Blind*, printed in raised characters (1839).

MARCO BOTZARIS.

To oppose this, there were 1,200 Greeks, under Marco Botzaris, and Yonkos, another chief.

Hearing that a body of Turks had been sent by Yussuf to land at Creonero above Missolonghi, to attack him in flank, Marco immediately flew to the shore, fell upon them while landing, drove them back to their

ships, and then turned to oppose the progress of Mustapha Pacha, who, with 12,000 Turks, was rapidly advancing to enter Arcanania. With an extraordinary celerity of movement, Marco arrived at Karpenisi, and on the plain below him found Mustapha Pacha encamped with his whole army.

The situation of Marco Botzaris was most critical; but instead of daunting him, it only called forth the whole faculties of his active mind, and nerved him for great resolves. He summoned all the wild chiefs of his band about him, and addressing them in his persuasive way, stated the peculiar difficulties of their situation: "We have no store of provisions, our ammunition is short, our numbers are small, the passes are not strong;—must we retreat then? We shall not suffer in doing so, but we shall leave this horde of barbarians to pour down upon the plains of Arcanania, and the whole country as far as Missolonghi; and to spread terror, rapine, and murder over the whole of it. We can neither maintain our post then, nor quit it with honor. But there is one resource, we will fall upon the enemy, numerous as he is; the darkness will conceal our numbers, and the surprise may overcome all his resistance; we may rout him, and the plunder of his camp may supply our wants." He then proceeded with Yonkos to arrange his plans; he chose 400 Suliotes to attend immediately about his person, and penetrate with him to the centre of the enemy's camp at midnight. The rest of the men were to be divided into three parties, who should proceed to different points, and at the signal from Botzaris, were to make a simultaneous attack.

About ten o'clock, on the night of the 19th, everything being arranged, Botzaris with his band of Suliotes, started upon his daring undertaking. They passed the outposts of the Turks, by speaking to them in the Albanian tongue, and telling them they had come from Omer Pacha, from whom reinforcements were expected. Botzaris thus traversed a considerable part of their camp, amid the thousands who slept in confident security; he had nearly reached the centre, when he sounded his bugle, and was answered by the wild shout of his men, who began the work of destruction. The Turks were awakened to find enemies in the midst of

them, with sabre and pistol; while the rattle of musketry from the Greeks on the outside, showed they were surrounded, and they knew not by how many. The surprise, the darkness, and the shouting made useless all attempts at order; the sleeping soldier, so rudely awakened, thought only of firing his musket upon whomsoever he saw near him, without knowing if he were friend or foe; and in a few minutes the whole camp was a scene of uproar and confusion, in which each one thought only of safety in flight. Amid all this Botzaris pushed on, animating his men to deal death around them, shouting aloud, and calling them to follow him to the tent of the Pacha, which he had nearly reached, when suddenly his voice was hushed; he fell, struck by a random shot, and died in an instant.

The victory was complete, considerable numbers of Turks were slain, the army was dispersed, and their camp plundered: but it was a dearly bought victory; Greece could not rejoice at it, for she had lost her bravest and best chief. The Suliotes felt the loss most severely; they bore the body of their hero to Missolonghi, where it was received with all possible respect; and interred with all the imposing pomp and ceremony of the Greek Church, made more impressive by the deep and universal feeling of melancholy which pervaded the country.

The value of the services of Marco Botzaris was more deeply felt by the effects of his death; for the soldiery, after their victory and spoil, having no chief of commanding influence to keep them together, dispersed, and no advantage was taken of the victory, further than the check it gave the enemy. But this was only temporary; Mustapha soon reassembled his men, and easily overcoming the disunited attempts of the Greeks in the passes to oppose him, he joined Omer Pacha on the plains of Ætolia. They then easily opened a communication with the fortresses at the entrance of the Corinthian Gulf, and with the detachment of the fleet left there.—*Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution.*



HOWELL, ELIZABETH LLOYD, an American poetess, born in Philadelphia about 1828. She was the daughter of Isaac Lloyd, a member of the Society of Friends, and was married to Robert Howell, of Philadelphia, who died not long after. Before her marriage she wrote the poem *Milton's Prayer of Patience*, which appeared in the *Friend's Review* for January, 1848; and contributed several poems to the *Wheat Sheaf* (1852).

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme to Thee.

All-merciful One !
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near ;
When men pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown ;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

This poem, which has sometimes been attributed to Milton, and was even printed as such in an English edition of his works, is an amplification of a passage in Milton's *Defence of the People of England*.

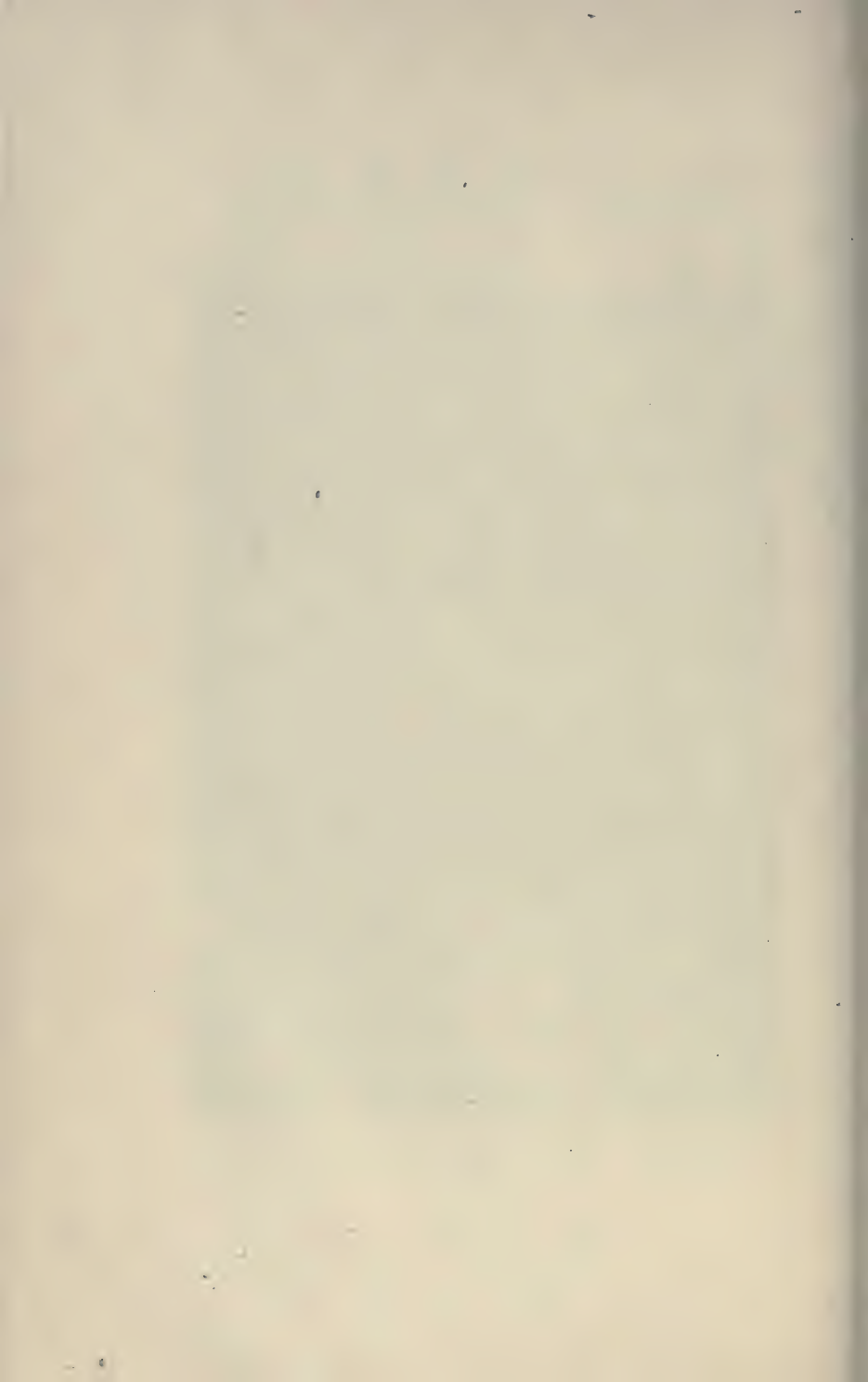




HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, an American novelist, born at Martinsville, Belmont County, Ohio, March 1, 1837. When he was three years old his family removed to Hamilton, Ohio, and here he learned to set type in the office of the *Intelligencer*, a weekly paper published by his father. On their removal to Dayton, in 1849, young Howells assisted his father in printing the *Transcript*, and delivered the papers. He afterward worked on the *Ohio State Journal*, and the *Sentinel* of Ashtabula, which the elder Howells purchased. At the age of twenty-two he became one of the editors of the *State Journal* at Columbus. From 1861 to 1865 he was U. S. Consul at Venice. In 1866 he became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in 1872 its editor. He resigned the position in 1881. In 1886 he took charge of the "Editor's Study" of *Harper's Magazine*, but resigned in 1892 and took editorial charge of the *Cosmopolitan*. His works include *Poems of Two Friends*, with John J. Piatt (1860); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1860); *Venetian Life* (1866); *Italian Journeys* (1867); *Suburban Sketches* and *No Love Lost, A Poem of Travel* (1868); *Their Wedding Journey* (1871); *A Chance Acquaintance* (1873); *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874); *Out of the Question*, a novel; and a *Life of Rutherford B. Hayes* (1876); *A Counterfeit Presentment* (1877); *Choice Biographies*, edited with essays (1877-78); *The Lady of the Aroostook* (1878); *The*



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.



Undiscovered Country (1880); *A Fearful Responsibility, and other Tales* (1882); *Dr. Breen's Practice* and *A Modern Instance* (1883); *A Woman's Reason* (1884); *Three Villages, The Rise of Silas Lapham, and Tuscan Cities* (1885); *A Little Girl among the Old Masters, The Minister's Charge, and Indian Summer* (1886); *Modern Italian Poets* and *April Hopes* (1887). He has published several amusing dialogues: *The Parlor Car* (1877); *The Sleeping Car* (1883); *The Register* (1884); *The Elevator* and *The Garroters* (1885); *Five O'clock Tea* (1887); *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1889); *The Shadow of a Dream* (1890); *An Imperative Duty* (1891); *Christmas Every Day and Other Stories* (1892); *A Letter of Introduction, a farce* (1892); *A Little Swiss Sojourn* (1892); *The Quality of Mercy* (1891); *The Coast of Bohemia* (1893); *Evening Dress, a farce* (1893); *My Year in a Log Cabin* (1893); *The Unexpected Guests, a farce* (1893); *The World of Chance* (1893); *A Traveller from Altruria* (1894); *The Day of their Wedding* (1895); *Stops of Various Quills, poems* (1895).

The following general criticism of Howells's writings is from the *Saturday Review*: "He has many admirable qualities, not the least of which is that he draws from models and not 'out of his own head;' the result is that his people, whether we like them or not have always the great merit of absolute reality. Next, he is true to his characters; they go whither they are bound to go, up or down, taking the natural consequences of their actions and their lives. This recognition by writers of necessity or consequence in fiction is almost as rare as its perception by ordinary people

to real life. If we add that he is the possessor of a style which is always pleasing and unstudied, though certainly the result of study, we have already assigned him qualities which insure success. He has certain defects; he lacks *gaieté de cœur*, the natural liveliness which goes far to redeem almost every other fault. Yet he is not cynical; if he does not laugh much, he never sneers; his stories have no plot, no situations to speak of, and not many incidents, yet they interest; his conversations are sometimes flippant and sometimes in bad taste, yet they are natural."

THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought :
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still ;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer :
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement :
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

THE MYSTERIES.

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath ;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life.



THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS.

Drawing by H. Giacomelli.



THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS.

There is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees ;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul ;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cape is black as coal.

O Oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cotton-wood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cotton-wood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep,
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to their flutter-mills

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores ;
The timorous killdeer starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge—a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun—
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Far unto alien coasts unknown.

And on those alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the streams
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath—
It is a song the Oriole sings—
And all the rest belongs to death.

But Oriole, my Oriole,
Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul,
From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you? What high thing could there be
So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me?

THE ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS.

One day near the close of the seventeenth century, a number of ladies and gentlemen—mostly poets and poetesses according to their thinking—were assembled on a pleasant hill in the neighborhood of Rome. As they lounged upon the grass, in attitudes as graceful and picturesque as they could contrive, and listened to a sonnet or an ode with the sweet patience of their race—for they were all Italians—it occurred to the most conscious man among them that here was something uncommonly like the Golden Age, unless that epoch had been flattered. There had been reading and praising of odes and sonnets the whole blessed afternoon, and now he cried out to the complaisant, canorous company: "Behold Arcadia revived in us!"

This struck everybody at once by its truth. It struck, most of all, a certain Giovan Maria Crescimbeni, honored in his day and despised in ours as a poet and critic. He was of a cold, dull temperament; "a mind half lead, half wood," as one Italian writer calls him; but he was an inveterate maker of verses, and he was wise in his own generation. He straightway proposed to the tuneful *abbés cavalieri servente* and *precieuses*, who went singing and love-making up and down Italy in those times, the foundation of a new academy, to be called the Academy of the Arcadians.

Literary academies were then the fashion in Italy

and every part of the peninsula abounded in them. They bore names fanciful or grotesque, such as The Ardent, The Illuminated, The Unconquered, The Intrepid, or The Dissonant, The Sterile, The Insipid, The Obtuse, The Astray, The Shunned, and they were all devoted to one purpose, namely, the production and perpetuation of twaddle. It is prodigious to think of the incessant wash of slip-slop which they poured out in verse; of the grave disputations they held upon the most trivial questions; of the inane formalities of their sessions. At the meetings of a famous academy in Milan, they placed in the chair a child just able to talk; a question was proposed, and the answer of the child, whatever it was, was held by one side to solve the problem, and the debates, *pro* and *con*, followed upon this point. Other academies in other cities had their follies; but whatever the absurdity, it was encouraged alike by Church and State, and honored by all the great world. The governments of Italy in that day, whether lay or clerical, liked nothing so well as to have the intellectual life of the nation squandered in the trivialities of the academies—in their debates about nothing, their odes and madrigals and masks and sonnets; and the greatest politeness you could show a stranger was to invite him to a sitting of your academy; to be furnished with a letter to the academy in the next city was the highest favor you could ask for yourself.

In literature the humorous Bernesque school had passed; Tasso had long been dead; and the Neapolitan Marini—called the corrupter of Italian poetry—ruled from his grave the taste of the time. This taste was so bad as to require a very desperate remedy; and it was professedly to counteract it that the Academy of the Arcadians had arisen.

The epoch was favorable; and, as Emiliani-Giudici teaches, in his *History of Italian Literature*, the idea of Crescimbeni spread electrically throughout Italy. The gayest of the finest ladies and gentlemen the world ever saw, the *illustrissimi* of that polite age, united with monks, priests, cardinals, and scientific thinkers in establishing the Arcadia; and even popes and kings were proud to enlist in the crusade for the true poetic faith. In all the chief cities Arcadian colonies were formed.

"dependent upon the Roman Arcadia, as upon the supreme Arch Flock ;" and in three years the Academy numbered thirteen hundred members, every one of whom had first been obliged to give proof that he was a good poet ; they prettily called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses out of Theocritus, and, being a republic, they refused to own any earthly prince or ruler, but declared the Baby Jesus to be the Protector of Arcadia. Their code of laws was written in elegant Latin by a grave and learned man, and inscribed upon tablets of marble.

As a pattern of perfect poetizing, these artless nymphs and swains chose Constanzo, a very fair poet of the sixteenth century. They collected his verse and printed it at the expense of the Academy ; and it was established without dissent that each Arcadian in turn, at the hut of some conspicuous shepherd, in the presence of the keeper (such was the jargon of those most amusing unrealities), should deliver a commentary upon some sonnet of Constanzo. As for Crescimbeni, who declared that Arcadia was instituted "strictly for the purpose of exterminating bad taste, and of guarding against its revival ; pursuing it continually, wherever it should pause or lurk, even to the most remote and unconsidered villages and hamlets"—Crescimbeni could not do less than write four dialogues, as he did, in which he evolved from four of Constanzo's sonnets all that was necessary for Tuscan lyric poetry.

"Thus," says Emiliani-Giudici, referring to the crusading intent of Crescimbeni, "the Arcadians were a sect of poetical Sanfedists, who, taking for example the zeal and performance of San Domingo de Guzman, proposed to renew in literature the scenes of the Holy Office among the Albigenses. Happily the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn ! The institution was at first derided, then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven, eclipsing the glitter of all these academies—the Thunderstruck, the Extravagant, the Humid, the Tipsy, the Imbeciles, and the like—which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula.—*Modern Italian Poets.*



HOWITT, WILLIAM, and MARY (BOTHAM), English poets and miscellaneous writers, members of highly respected Quaker families, were born, the former at Heanor, Derbyshire, in 1792, the latter at Uttoxeter, March 12, 1799. Both died in Rome, whither they had removed in 1872, William on March 3, 1879, and his wife on January 30, 1888. William Howitt was educated in the Seminary of the Society of Friends at Ackworth, Yorkshire. He afterward studied languages and natural science. In 1821 he and Mary, daughter of Samuel Botham, were married. Their first joint publication was *The Forest Minstrel and other Poems* (1823). After making a pedestrian tour in Scotland, they settled at Nottingham, England, where Mr. Howitt began business as an apothecary. Here they published *The Desolation of Eyam and other Poems* (1827), and *The Book of the Seasons, or A Calendar of Nature* (1831). Mr. Howitt published *Pantika, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times* (1835), and *A Popular History of Priestcraft*; Mrs. Howitt, *The Seven Temptations* (1834); *Wood Leighton*, a novel; and several volumes for the young: *Tales in Prose and Verse*, and *Sketches of Natural History*. At Esher, whither they removed in 1837, Mr. Howitt produced *Colonization and Christianity*, and the first series of *Visits to Remarkable Places*; Mrs. Howitt, *Hymns and Fireside Verses and Birds and Flowers* (1839). In 1840 they

went to Heidelberg, for the benefit of their children. Here they applied themselves to the study of German, Swedish, and Danish. Mr. Howitt wrote *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany and German Experience*, and translated *Student-Life in Germany*; Mrs. Howitt translated several of Miss Bremer's works from the Swedish, and wrote *Hope on, Hope Ever, Strive and Thrive*, and other works in the series entitled *Tales for the People and their Children*. On their return to England she continued this series, wrote *The Children's Year* and *Ballads and Poems* (1847), and went on with her translations from the Swedish and Danish. Her husband wrote a boy's book, *Jack of the Mill*, and the second series of *Visits to Remarkable Places*, and *The Rural Life of England* (1844). From 1846 to 1848 they edited the *People's Journal* and undertook the publication of a venture of their own, *Howitt's Journal*, which did not succeed. Mr. Howitt then published *Madame Dorrington of the Dene* (1851), and *The Year Book of the Country*; his wife, *The Heir of Wast Wayland*, *Steadfast Gabriel*, and other juvenile works; and together they produced the *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe* (1852), a valuable work containing translations from many Scandinavian writers. In 1852 William Howitt and his sons set sail for Australia, where they remained for two years. The literary fruits of this journey were *A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia*; *Land, Labor, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria, with Visits to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land*, and *Fallengetta*, a novel. On his return from Australia they settled at Highgate, London.

Among the books published by Mr. Howitt between 1856 and 1867 are a *History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations* (1863); *A Popular History of England* (1856-62), and *Discovery in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand*. Among Mrs. Howitt's publications at this time are *The Story of Little Cristal*, *The Poet's Children*, *Our Four-Footed Friends*, and a novel, *The Cost of Caer-gwyn*. Mr. Howitt published in 1871 *The Mad War-Planet and other Poems*. After his death his wife continued to write, and in 1881 she published *Tales for all Seasons*. Among her translations from the Danish are Hans Christian Andersen's works: *Only a Fiddler* and *O. T.*, *The Improvisatore*, *The True Story of my Life*, and *Wonderful Stories for Children*. From the German Mr. Howitt translated Chamisso's story, *Peter Schlemihl*; and Mrs. Howitt, *The Citizen of Prague*. The year previous to her death she published in a periodical a series of autobiographical papers.

ANNA MARY HOWITT, daughter of William and Mary, was born at Nottingham in 1824; died in 1884. She studied painting in Munich. In 1853 she published *An Art Student in Munich*, and in 1855 *The School of Life*, a novel. She married a son of the poet Alaric A. Watts. Later she published *Pioneers of Spiritualism*.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?

Who beheld it?

Which way sailed it?

Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go;—

But who doth hear

Its summer cheer
 As it flitted to and fro?
 So the freed spirit flies!
 From its surrounding clay
 It steals away
 Like the swallow from the skies.
 Whither? wherefore doth it go?
 'Tis all unknown;
 We feel alone
 That a void is left below.

—WILLIAM HOWITT.

MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

Dwellers by the lake and hill!
 Merry companions of the bird and bee!
 Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
 With unconstrained step and spirits free!

 No crowd impedes your way,
 No city wall impedes your further bounds;
 Where the wild flock can wander ye may stray
 The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

 The sunshine and the flowers,
 And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
 The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
 And the green hills whereon your father played.

 The gray and ancient peaks
 Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
 And the loud voice of water as it makes,
 Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

 These are your joys! Go forth—
 Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
 For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
 And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

 The voice of hidden rills
 Its quiet way into your spirit finds:
 And awfully the everlasting hills
 Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee,
And a pure mighty influence 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirit silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storms and mountains have the noblest sons ;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones !

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes ;
For hoary legions to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary ; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread !
—MARY HOWITT.

CORNFIELDS.

When on the breath of autumn breeze
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
O then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill !

What joy in dreamy case to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slopes
The piled-up stacks of corn ;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore !

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves ;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
 And reapers many a one,
 Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
 And Boaz looking on ;
 And Ruth, the Moabite's fair,
 Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child
 His mother's sole delight,—
 God's living gift of love unto
 The kind good Shunamite,—
 To mortal pangs I see him yield,
 And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
 The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago
 Were full of corn, I see,—
 And the dear Saviour take his way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem !
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream :
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there.

—MARY HOWITT.

ICELAND.

In their Viking expeditions the Norwegians, driven by tempests far out into the great western ocean, came to a lonely strange island. It lay due west from Norway about five hundred and sixty miles. It was of great extent, being nearly three hundred English miles in length, and three hundred in breadth. In this isolated position, and in that high northern latitude—between 63° and 66°—it lay wild and desolate and uninhabited. Huge mountains of ice rose into the sky, some of them to the height of nearly seven thousand feet, and the fires and smoke of numerous volcanoes soared up balefully amongst them. When the Scandinavian strangers landed in this dismal region, the

gloomy wonders of the place thickened around them. The coast, especially the western one, was rent and jagged and the sea ran far up into the land, in continual openings, or as they were accustomed to call such huge ocean inlets in Norway, *Fjords*. As they advanced all was silent as the tomb, except for occasional thunderings and hollow explosions, mingled with terrific hissings and howlings of subterranean fires, and of steam that rushed and rent its way from the bowels of the earth into the air. In the sea-vales themselves there were green meadows, and pleasant slopes, covered with forests of stunted birch, but all beyond was one huge region of horror and desolation. Rapid torrents came headlong from the mountains, showing on their banks frightful evidences of their occasional violence. Chains of dreary and ice-clad hills ran from east to west across the country, and dismal morasses stretched for miles between them. Everywhere huge tracks of lava descending from the mountains to the very sea bore testimony to the horrors which had ruled there for ages. Some of this lava was still bright and glossy as glass, other expanses of it so old that it had become friable and covered with a coarse vegetation. Here and there in the vitreous mass stood huge bubbles like domes, into which when broken they could enter; and the most frightful clefts ever, and anon, in whose sheer abyss no bottom could be seen, ran across the chaotic tracts, and arrested the further progress of the adventurers. In other directions they came to where the yawning craters of volcanoes hurled up vast columns of fire and stifling sulphurous smoke, with rocks glowing with intense heat, and ashes that shut out the sun, and covered the whole with a black rain. Fountains of boiling waters mingled with flashing fires amid resounding explosions soared up into the air, or wells of mud bubbled and heaved around them, emitting harsh and rending roars as of demons in torture. Strange desolate valleys whose beds were of pure and sparkling sulphur, strange torn and overhanging precipices, strange conical hills and gigantic caverns met their eyes everywhere. Everywhere fires glowed beneath their feet, and the shudders and undergroans of earthquakes made them feel that they were in a desert where oceans of

concealed fires assailed by the surrounding ocean of wintry waters, were and had probably from the beginning of time been in terrific contest, and made sport of rocks and mountains and rivers, tossing them into the most fantastic and appalling shapes. They might have discovered the Tartarus of the Greeks, or their own Nifelhem cast up to the surface of the world.

Yet such was the fondness of the Scandinavian imagination for the wild and desolate, and such their impatience of anything like despotism, that they soon flocked over the ocean in crowds to this chaotic island, which they called Iceland. . . .

There were great emigrant expeditions in those times, as in our own; some to the Hebrides, others to the Orkneys, the Shetland and the Faroe Isles, but the far greater number of people preferred the more distant, and therefore, the more secure Iceland. It was about the very same time that Rolf Ganger, or Ralph Walker, was driven by the tyranny of Harold Harfager, to seek a foreign abode, and succeeded in conquering Normandy. His brother Thorer, amongst others, went over and settled in Iceland.

Many of these chiefs, as Ingolf and Thorold, chose their localities by casting into the sea the pillars of the high seats of their banqueting halls, which, being carved with the images of the gods, were considered sacred. They believed them, therefore, guided by the gods, to the proper destination, and when they reached the land, they settled, though the spots were often inferior to others. Thorolf Mostrarskagg threw in the pillars of Thor's temple, and even carried over with him some of the earth on which the temple had stood.

Thus was Iceland peopled, and in a few years peopled to a surprising extent. Spite of a climate where corn refused to ripen, where they were often obliged to shake the snow from the frozen hay before they could carry it; spite of the scarcity of wood; of their fishing being obstructed by the ice from the polar regions often filling all their fjords and harbors, and of a country, the greater part of which presented an aspect of the most melancholy desolation, people continued to flock thither, and to become attached to the soil. For only about four months in the year could they pursue their fish-

ing and their agricultural labors surrounded by the dreary Yokuls, or ice-mountains, amid the glare of volcanic flames, and the roaring of geysers, or boiling fountains, and the far greater part of their island a horrible wilderness of lava-streams and morasses.

Yet still they loved this wild country, for they were free, and through the long winter of eight months, while confined to their dwellings, their very sheep and cattle housed because of the severity of the season, and the Northern Lights flickering and rushing with a crackling sound over their heads, they seemed only the more thrown upon their intellectual resources, and passed their time in reciting the songs and sagas of their ancestors.

"Frequent public assemblings together," says Geijer, "belonged especially to the life of the Icelanders." They divided the island into four quarters, established their Varthings, or local assemblies, and their Althing, or general one. They appointed their magistrates, and established a perfect republic, which lasted till 1261, or nearly four hundred years, when they acknowledged the sovereignty of Norway, but under solid guarantees for their political freedom. Christianity was not fully promulgated amongst them till about the year 1000, not seventy years before William the Conqueror, the descendant of Rolf Ganger, made the Normans masters of England. By this time, that is in less than seventy years, the island was fully populated, and to an extent which it has never since reached. Probably the opening of some genial countries northward for the Scandinavian population, and a more settled state of things at home, checked the tide of emigration to Iceland, and the inclement force of the climate gradually told on the population, till in our own time it is not calculated at more than fifty thousand souls.

But for ages it was destined to become the sanctuary and preserver of the grand old literature of the North. The people took with them their Scalds, and all their love of their fatherland, its customs, its laws, its poetry and traditions, condensed and concentrated in their souls by their absence from it and by the insulating effects of their adopted climate. They met conjointly for pleasure as well as for business, says Geijer. Sac-

rifices and banquets, the parliament and public sports assembled them. The ties of kindred, hospitality, and friendship were maintained according to the practice of antiquity ; in great warmth amongst them ; and spite of the obstructing difficulties of the country and the remoteness of their abodes from each other, produced a unity of feeling and a social cordiality by which a constant exchange of intelligence and of stories, both from their own, and their forefathers' recollections, was promoted.

For a full century after the peopling of the island paganism still prevailed, and little time elapsed after the introduction of Christianity before the Icelandic saga began to pass into written record. Almost every well-known family had its own traditions, which ascended to the first settlement of the island ; but these memories did not confine themselves to its bounds, but like the population itself, had their root in Scandinavia. Three of the Icelandic chief families claimed their descent from the kings of the North, and they preserved with the most jealous care the evidences of their high descent, in order to show to that former mother-country, that they were no contemptible fugitives from their native land, but deriving their pedigrees from the noblest blood of the North. In song and saga were perpetuated amongst them the ancient northern memories ; in songs and sagas they celebrated the Scandinavian contemporary princes.—*Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*.—WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT.

ON THE WAY TO OBER-AMMERGAU.

They call Murnau a town, but it is a marvellously small one, and would have been as still as death, but for the Ammergau visitors. So great was the overflow of strangers at the *Gast-Haus*, that it was not without difficulty we were able to secure a chamber to ourselves. The bustle and confusion, the hubbub and noise in the house, were inconceivable, and therefore, although we were to start at half-past one in the morning, and had consequently very little time for rest, the calm evening sunshine out of doors soon invited us forth. The mountains seemed fairly to close in the street of the lit-

the town, but still a plain extended from the gentle slope on which Murnau stands to the foot of the Alpine chain.

As the sun sank in a golden heaven, streaked with lilac and rose, tinting with rainbow-colors the glittering peaks of the most elevated and distant snowy ridge, the nearest, and lower chain was cast into a mysterious violet gloom, and the intermediate ranges were turned to deep indigo, almost black by shadow, or copper-color and russet in the evening glow. Beneath us lay the plain, golden in the evening light; long shadows cast athwart it from poplars and cherry-trees; beyond us this mountain vision, like the very gates of spirit-land: above our heads glowed an azure and pearly tinted heaven, flecked with fantastic, gorgeous cloudlets; beneath our feet, nodded, in the soft evening breeze, flowers as bright as gems, orange, deep blue, crimson, and lilac; Alpine flowers mingling with old English friends—the lady's mantle, the graceful quaking-grass, the daisy, the mountain-pink, and mountain-cistus. We sat and watched the azure shadows creeping up the mountains, and the light fading away from the snowy peaks, till they were left cold and white, and winterly, and till a deep, stern solemnity sank down upon the whole scene, and upon our hearts. When all was gray and mysterious, and the silence of twilight had become yet more perceptible from the ceasing of the vesper-bell, which had been sounding from a distant church, we reluctantly turned our faces homeward. Stalwart women, and girls, strong as men, were resting themselves at their doors, or fetching water at the fountains, as we passed up the village street. Where were the men and boys? I know not:—perhaps in the beer-houses.

It was a strange fragment of a night, that at Murnau! Throwing ourselves, half-dressed, on our beds, we tried to sleep; but that was impossible; the whole town was active, and nearly as noisy as Cheapside, with an incessant rattle of peasants' carts, *Stellwagen*, and vehicles of all descriptions, which were jolting over the pavement on their way to Ammergau; and if, by any chance, you did lose consciousness for a moment, you were woke up again by the watchman chanting his verse, and calling out the quarters of the hour.

By one o'clock all the travellers were again astir ; by half-past, having scalded their mouths with a cup of boiling coffee, and having in their sleepy haste run against each other, laden with carpet-bags and umbrellas, on dark staircases and in dimly lighted passages, all had subsided into cold and silence within the *Stellwagen*. We again took our places in the cabriolet. Clare's sleepy head sank upon my shoulder, whilst I, only too widely awake, gazed out into the starlight, and felt, rather than saw, that we were entering the mountain gorge. *Stellwagen* after *Stellwagen* passed us, to be re-passed by us in their turn ; now an *Eilwagen* with its four horses and postilions ; now a gentleman's carriage with its flaring lamps ; now we passed groups of pedestrians ; now wagon after wagon, filled with peasant women, their long rows of white draperied heads flitting along the dark road before us like strange moths, and looking in the cold, gray light of dawn, as phantom-like, almost as the cold, white, solemn peaks, draperied with snow above us. The roar of a mountain river accompanied us through the night ; in the early dawn we were still travelling along its bank. The villages through which we passed were half choked up with heaps of timber ; rafts were floating down the stream, or were moored to its banks ; giant pine-trees were lying prostrate by the river's edge, ready to be converted into rafts. This lower range of mountains was clothed with pine-trees to its very summit.

It was now four o'clock on Sunday morning, and intensely cold ; we were well pleased, therefore, at the foot of the Ettalberg, to alight from our cabriolet, and commence with our fellow-passengers, and numerous other pilgrims, the ascent of the mountain on foot. Cold as it was, the sun was already shining down into the pleasant birch and pine woods through which our road wound, and gilding the mountain peaks ; a torrent was dashing and leaping over huge rocks in the gorge below us ; the birds were singing, and all was fresh and joyous. The most remarkable feature of the scene, however, was the people. From the rustic inn at the foot of the mountain to the inn at the top, where is a certain pilgrimage church, and all along the road thence to Ammergau, as far as the eye could reach, was one dense

stream of people. The crowd of peasants ascending the mountain was to me an affecting sight ; my eyes and my heart involuntarily filled with tears. Their earnest, grave, yet cheerful countenances told me that it was a deep religious object which they had in view : it was not curiosity and the love of pleasure which urged them up that steep ascent ; it was with faith and pious hope that they pressed onward. Men, women, old and middle aged, youths, maidens, children, family groups, neighbors and friends all banded together to witness this outward rendering of the spirit of their creed. The variety of costume showed that the whole district for many miles round had sent out its votaries. There were groups of pure Tyroleans, with their green sugar-loaf hats adorned with golden cord and tassels, tufts of feathers or artificial flowers ; there were many semi-Tyrolean dresses, and vast numbers of women wearing the queer, heavy, Tartar-looking cap of badger-skin, peculiar, I believe, to the Ober-Ammergau district ; there were bodices and petticoats and head-dresses of every color of the rainbow—red, green, and blue being, however, predominant ; there was a considerable sprinkling also of the swallow-tailed gold and silver Munich cap, and no end of red umbrellas. How gay this winding multitude made the mountain, you can well imagine ! Slowly and painfully behind each group ascended the poor tired horses, dragging the skeleton-like peasant's cart, *Stellwagen* or *Einspann*, as it might be.—*An Art Student in Munich*.—ANNA MARY HOWITT.





HOWSON, JOHN SAUL, an English clergyman and religious writer, born at Giggleswick, Yorkshire, May 5, 1816; died at Bournemouth, Hants, December 15, 1885. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1845; from 1849 to 1865 was Principal of Liverpool College; in 1866 became Vicar of Wisbach St. Peter; and in 1867 Dean of Chester. In conjunction with the Rev. W. D. Conybeare he published *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul* (1852). To this work Mr. Howson contributed most of the geographical, archæological, and descriptive parts, and Mr. Conybeare the translations of St. Paul's Epistles. Among Dean Howson's other works are *Scenes from the Life of St. Paul and their Religious Lessons* (1866); *The Metaphors of St. Paul* (1868); *The Companions of St. Paul* (1871); *Meditations on the Miracles of Christ* (1871-77); *Chester as it Was* (1872); *The River Dee, its Aspect and History* (1875), and *Homely Hints in Sermons, suggested by Experience* (1876). He also edited Masson's *Apology for the Greek Church* (1844); *Essays on Cathedrals* (1872), and Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ* (1877).

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA OF EPHEBUS.

But one building in Ephesus surpassed all the rest in magnificence and in fame. This was the temple of Artemis or Diana, which glittered in brilliant beauty at the head of the harbor, and was reckoned by the

ancients as one of the wonders of the world. The sun, it was said, saw nothing in his course more magnificent than Diana's temple. Its honor dated from a remote antiquity. Leaving out of consideration the earliest temple, which was contemporaneous with the Athenian colony under Androclus, or even yet more ancient, we find the great edifice, which was anterior to the Macedonian period, begun and continued in the midst of the attention and admiration both of Greeks and Asiatics. The foundations were carefully laid, with immense substructions, in the marshy ground. Architects of the highest distinction were employed. The quarries of Mount Prion supplied the marble. All the Greek cities of Asia contributed to the structure ; and Cræsus, the King of Lydia, himself lent his aid. The work thus begun before the Persian war, was slowly continued even through the Peloponnesian war ; and its dedication was celebrated by a poet contemporary with Euripides. But the building which had been thus rising through the space of many years, was not destined to remain long in the beauty of its perfection. The fanatic Herostratus set fire to it on the same night in which Alexander the Great was born. This is one of the coincidences of history, on which the ancient world was fond of dwelling ; and it enables us, with more distinctness, to pursue the annals of "Diana of the Ephesians." The temple was rebuilt with new and more sumptuous magnificence. The ladies of Ephesus contributed their jewelry to the expense of the restoration. The national pride in the sanctuary was so great, that, when Alexander offered the spoils of his eastern campaign if he might inscribe his name on the building, the honor was declined. The Ephesians never ceased to embellish the shrine of their goddess, continually adding new decorations and subsidiary buildings, with statues and pictures by the most famous artists. This was the temple that kindled the enthusiasm of St. Paul's opponents (Acts xix.), and was still the rallying-point of Heathenism in the days of St. John and Polycarp. In the second century we read that it was united to the city by a long colonnade. But soon afterward it was plundered and laid waste by the Goths, who came from beyond the Danube in the reign of Gallienus. It sank

entirely into decay in the age when Christianity was overspreading the Empire; and its remains are to be sought for in mediæval buildings, in the columns of green jasper which support the dome of St. Sophia, or even in the naves of Italian cathedrals.

The reader will bear in mind the characteristic style which was assumed by Greek architecture, and which has suggested many of the images of the New Testament. It was quite different from the lofty and ascending form of those buildings which have since arisen in all parts of Christian Europe, and essentially consisted in horizontal entablatures resting on vertical columns. In another respect, also, the temples of the ancients may be contrasted with our churches and cathedrals. They were not roofed over for the reception of a large company of worshippers, but were, in fact, colonnades erected as subsidiary decorations, round the cell which contained the idol, and were, through a great part of their space, open to the sky. The colonnades of the Ephesian Diana really constituted an epoch in the history of Art, for in them was first matured that graceful Ionic style, the feminine beauty of which was more suited to the genius of the Asiatic Greek than the sterner and plainer Doric, in which the Parthenon and Propylæa of Athens were built. The scale on which the temple was erected was magnificently extensive. It was 425 feet in length and 220 in breadth, and the columns were 60 feet high. The number of columns was 127, each of them the gift of a king, and 36 of them were enriched with ornament and color. The folding-doors were of cypress-wood; the part which was not open to the sky was roofed over with cedar, and the staircase was formed of one single vine from the island of Cyprus. The value and fame of the temple were enhanced by its being the treasury, where a large portion of the wealth of Western Asia was stored up.

If the temple of Diana at Ephesus was magnificent, the image enshrined within the sumptuous enclosure was primitive and rude. We usually conceive of this goddess, when represented in art, as the tall huntress, eager in pursuit, like the statue in the Louvre. Such was not the form of the Ephesian Diana, though she

was identified by the Greeks with their own mountain-goddess, whose figure we often see represented on the coins of this city. What amount of fusion took place in the case of this worship, between Greek and Oriental notions, we need not inquire. The image may have been intended to represent Diana in one of her customary characters, as the deity of fountains ; but it reminds us rather of the idols of the far East, and of the religions which love to represent the life of all animated beings as fed and supported by the many breasts of nature. The figure which assumed this emblematic form above, was terminated below in a shapeless block. The material was wood. A bar of metal was in each hand. The dress was covered with mystic devices, and the small shrine, where it stood within the temple, was concealed by a curtain in front. Yet, rude as the image was, it was the object of the utmost veneration. Like the Palladium of Troy—like the most ancient Minerva of the Athenian Acropolis—like the Paphian Venus or Cybele of Pessinus, to which allusion has been made—like the Ceres in Sicily mentioned by Cicero—it was believed to have fallen down from the sky (Acts xix. 35). Thus it was the object of the greater veneration from the contrast of its primitive simplicity with the modern and earthly splendor which surrounded it ; and it was the model on which the images of Diana were formed for worship in other cities.

—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.*





HROSVITHA, or HROTSUIT, a German poetess and playwright, born in Lower Saxony, probably between A.D. 930 and 935; and died at Gandersheim about the last year of the tenth century. Nothing is known of her childhood or early youth; but her writings suggest a knowledge of the world and intimate acquaintance with the human heart. An old wood-cut represents her as a kneeling nun offering her poems to Otho I., to whom she is supposed to have been related. At the age of twenty-five she entered the Benedictine Abbey of Gandersheim; where, by diligent study of holy works and the masterpieces of antiquity, she became a woman of vast learning. Her works, which were written wholly in Latin, consist of early miscellaneous verses; later poems dealing with the legends of the saints; a sort of epic entitled *The Panegyric of the Line of Otho*; and six plays intended to wean the scholars of those days from the reading of Terence. These dramas, collectively known as *Comædia Sacræ VI*, are the most remarkable part of her productions, as being the work of "the woman playwright who caused the tragic muse to emerge once more from the midnight gloom of the Middle Ages, and to speak in tones adapted to the mystical temper of the time and the austere surroundings which this temper had created." Chastity is the theme upon which they play their variations. *Dulcitius* exhibits the ludicrous failure

of a patrician to overcome the virtue of three young Christians. *Callimachus* represents the miraculous resurrection of a married woman who has prayed that she might die rather than yield to a youth with whom she is in love. In *Abraham*, a pious hermit enters disguised into a house of ill-fame for the purpose of arresting the downward career of a beloved niece. Hrosvitha's *Paphnutius*, which suggested to Anatole France the idea of his *Thaïs*, deals with the legendary endeavor of the monk to bring back to the fold of virtue that celebrated courtesan.

WISDOM'S PRAYER.

O Earth, I confide to thy keeping these tender flowers, born of my womb. Carry them tenderly in thy bosom, framed of the self-same elements, until the resurrection day, when they shall again blossom forth, haply with greater glory. And do thou, O Christ, fill their souls the while with celestial splendor, and grant peace and rest to their mortal bodies.

THE PRAYER OF PAPHNUTIUS.

O Thou, the Uncreated, the truly Immaterial, whose very essence has framed the different parts of man therein unlike thee, the Self-Existent One, grant that the elements once united in this creature of Thy hand may without let or hindrance be again gathered to the principle from whence they came ; grant that the soul, which came from heaven, may share the heavenly joys, and that the body may rest in peace in the bosom of the earth from whence it sprang, until that day when the dust shall be gathered together, and the breath of life again breathe through these limbs, and Thaïs shall arise, the same complete being as of old, to take her place amongst the white flock of the Lord, and to enter into the joys of eternal life ; grant this, Thou who alone art self-existent, who reignest in the unity of the Trinity and art glorified for ever and ever.



HUBER, FRANÇOIS, an eminent Swiss naturalist, born at Geneva, July 2, 1750 ; died near there, December 31, 1831. He came of a family already distinguished in the literary and scientific world. His great-aunt, Marie Huber, was a well-known theological writer, and translated and epitomized the *Spectator*. His father was a soldier of uncommonly keen observation, who distinguished himself by the publication of a valuable series of *Observations sur le Vol des Oiseaux*. The boy's early and assiduous application to study led to the loss of his sight in his youth. Happily for his comfort and his fame he early secured the affection of Mlle. Aimée Lullin, who waited patiently till she was of age and then married him. With the assistance of his wife, of whom he said : " As long as she lived I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind," and aided by an intelligent servant, François Burnens, he studied the habits of bees, and made numerous important observations upon them. The observations conducted by this happy trio at once surprised and delighted the world, and laid the foundations for all our scientific knowledge on the subject. His first work was published in 1792 under the title *Lettres à Ch. Bonnet*. In 1814 it was reprinted, and was entitled *Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles*. He assisted Senebier in his *Memoire sur l'Influence de l'Air et des Diverses Substances Gazeuses dans la Germination des*

Différentes Plantes (1801), and contributed papers on various entomological subjects to scientific periodicals.

His son, PIERRE, born in 1777, died in 1840, also rendered important aid to his father in his later years. He became an eminent entomologist, and published an important work on *The History and Nature of Ants* (1810). He was also the author of several memoirs on zoology and meteorology.

VARIATIONS IN APIARIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Having seen bees work both up and down, it was natural to investigate whether we could compel them to construct their combs in any other direction. We tried to confound them with a line glazed above and below, so that they had no place of support but the upright sides of their dwelling. Lodging themselves in the upper angle, they built their combs perpendicular to one of these sides, and as regularly as those which they usually build under a horizontal surface. The foundations were laid on a place which does not serve naturally for the base; yet, except in the difference of direction, the first row of cells resembled those in ordinary hives. The others were no less fit for use, distributed on both faces, and the bottoms alternately corresponded with the same symmetry.

I put the bees still to a greater trial. As they now testified their inclination to carry their combs, in the shortest way, to the opposite side of the hive, for they prefer uniting them to wood, or a surface rougher than glass, I covered it with a pane. Whenever this smooth and slippery substance was interposed between them and the wood, they departed from the straight line hitherto followed, and bent the structure of their comb at a right angle to what was already made, so that the prolongation of the extremity might reach another side of the hive, which had been left free. Varying this experiment after several fashions, I saw the bees constantly change the direction of their combs, when I approximated a surface too smooth to admit of their clus-

tering on it. They always sought the wooden sides. I thus compelled them to curve the combs in the strangest shapes, by placing a pane at a certain distance from their edges.

These results indicate a degree of instinct truly wonderful—they denote even more than instinct, for glass is not a substance against which bees can be warned by nature. In trees, their natural abode, there is nothing that resembles it, or with the same polish. The most singular part of their proceeding is changing the direction of the work before arriving at the surface of the glass, and while yet at a distance suitable for doing so. Do they anticipate the inconvenience which would attend any other mode of building?

No less curious is the plan adopted by the bees for producing an angle in the combs—the wonted fashion of their work, and the dimensions of the cells, must be altered; therefore, the cells on the upper or convex side of the comb are enlarged—they are constructed of three or four times the width of those on the opposite surface. How can so many insects, occupied at once on the edges of the combs, concur in giving them a common curvature from one extremity to the other? How do they resolve on establishing cells so small on one side, while dimensions so enlarged are bestowed on those of the other? And is it not still more singular, that they have the art of making a correspondence between cells of such reciprocal discrepancy? The bottom being common to both, the tubes alone assume a taper form. Perhaps no other insect has afforded a more decided proof of the resources of instinct, when compelled to deviate from the ordinary course.—*New Observations on Bees.*

WARFARE AMONG ANTS.

In these forests I have witnessed the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat. I cannot pretend to say what occasioned discord between these republics. They were composed of ants of the same species, alike in their extent and population, and were situated about a hundred paces distance from each other. Two empires could not possess a greater number of combatants.

Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of

insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odor exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were soon covered with venom. Those ants composing groups and chains, took hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing the abdomen forward, and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were frequently so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time, in that situation, in the dust; they shortly after raised themselves, when each began dragging its adversary, but when their force was equal, the wrestlers remained immovable, and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antenna, made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Some ants joined the latter, and these were, in their turn, seized by new arrivals. It was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchained to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place. On the approach of night each party returned gradually to the city, which served it for an asylum. The ants which were either killed or led away in captivity not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished until their force was exhausted.

The ants returned to the field of battle before dawn. The groups again formed, the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space six feet in length by two in breadth. Success was for a long time doubtful; about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately, that nothing could withdraw them from their enterprise; they did not even perceive my presence, and although I remained close to the army, none of them climbed upon my legs; they seemed absorbed in one object, that of finding an enemy to contend with. . . .

The common operations of the two colonies were not suspended during this warfare; the paths, which led to a distance in the forest, were as much thronged as in a time of peace, and all around the ant-hill order and tranquillity prevailed, with the exception only of that side on which the battle was raging. A crowd of these insects were constantly seen to be setting off for the scene of combat, while others were returning with their prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics; long-continued rains shortened its duration, and our warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy. —*The Natural History of Ants*, by PIERRE HUBER.





HUC, ÉVARISTE RÉGIS, a French missionary and traveller, born at Toulouse, August 1, 1813; died in Paris, March 31, 1860. He was educated in Toulouse, joined the brotherhood of Lazarists, became a priest in 1839, and the same year set out for China. After spending eighteen months in acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese customs and language, he superintended a Christian mission in the southern provinces, and then settled just within the borders of Mongolia, where there was a large but scattered Christian population. Here he devoted himself to the study of Tartar dialects. In 1844, accompanied by another priest, Joseph Gabet, and a young Thibetan convert to Christianity, he undertook an expedition into Thibet to obtain information for the guidance of a mission to be established there. After incredible hardships they entered Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, in January, 1846. Scarcely were they established there when the Chinese ambassador at Lhasa procured their expulsion, and they were sent back to Canton. After a trial they were permitted to resume their labors at Li-Wang, whence they had set out for Lhasa. In 1850, broken in health, Huc returned to France. His *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine Pendant les Années 1844-46*, appeared in 1852. It was followed by *L'Empire Chinois* (1854), and *Le Christianisme en Chine* (1857).

BUDDHIST METHODS OF PRAYER.

At daybreak on the following morning, we set out again, and soon saw clearly defined against the yellow background of a sandy mountain, some large buildings surrounded by an immense number of small white houses. This was the convent, or Lamaserai of Rache Churin. The three Buddhist temples that rise in the centre are of a majestic and elegant construction. In the avenue of the principal temple we remarked a square tower of colossal proportions, and with a monstrous dragon sculptured in granite, at each of the four corners. We traversed the convent from one end to the other, following the principal streets. The most profound and religious silence reigned throughout; now and then a Lama enveloped in his red scarf passed us gravely, just wishing us a good journey, in a low voice. Toward the western extremity of the convent the mule ridden by Samdadchiemba suddenly reared, and then set off at a gallop, dragging the two laden camels after him in his disorderly flight. The animals we rode were equally frightened, and all this disorder arose from the presence of a young Lama who was lying extended at full length on the road.

He was going through a religious exercise much practised by the Buddhists—that of going round the convent prostrating himself at every step. Sometimes an immense number of devotees will be going through their act of devotion at the same time, one after the other, and they will include all the neighboring buildings in their prostrations. It is not permitted to diverge in the smallest degree from the straight line to be followed. Should the devotee happen to do so, he loses the benefit of all the exercises he has gone through. When the buildings are of great extent, a whole day will hardly suffice to make the tour with all the necessary prostrations; and the pilgrims who have a taste for this kind of devotion must begin at daybreak, and will not have done till after nightfall. The feat must be performed all at once without any interruption, even that of stopping for a few moments to take nourishment; and the prostrations must be perfect, that is to say, the body must be extended its whole

length, and the forehead must touch the earth while the arms are stretched out in front, and the hands joined. Before rising, also, the pilgrim must describe a circle with two ram's horns, which he holds in his hands. It is a sorrowful spectacle, and the unfortunate people often have their faces and clothes covered with dust and sometimes with mud. The utmost severity of the weather does not present any obstacle to their courageous devotion, but they continue their prostrations through rain and snow and the most rigorous cold. Sometimes the additional penance is imposed of carrying an enormous weight of books on their backs; and you meet with men, women, and children sinking under their excessive burdens.

When they have finished their tour they are considered to have the same merit as if they had recited all the prayers contained in the books they have carried. Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotatory movement to a kind of praying-mill, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a *Chu-Kor*, that is, "turning-prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and go on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Thibetan character the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method; and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.—*Journey through Tartary, Thibet and China.*



HUDSON, HENRY NORMAN, an American clergyman and Shakespearian scholar, born at Cornwall, Vt., January 28, 1814; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 16, 1886. While a coachmaker's apprentice he employed his leisure in fitting himself for college, and graduated at Middlebury in 1840. He then went South to teach. There he began his Shakespearian studies, and delivered his first *Lectures on Shakespeare* at Huntsville, Ala. A lady friend frequently quoted Shakespeare to Hudson and advised him to read the works of the great dramatist. "I acted upon her advice," he informs us, "and very soon found that there was another world inside of the world in which I was living about which I knew nothing." The lectures were published in 1848. In 1849 he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was the editor of *The Churchman* for three years, of the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette* for two years, and publisher for a time of the *American Church Monthly*. From 1858 to 1860 he was pastor of a church in Litchfield, Conn. During the Civil War he was chaplain in a corps of engineers. His last years were spent in Cambridge, Mass. He published an edition of *Shakespeare's Works* (1851-56); *A Chaplain's Campaigns with General Butler* (1865); a school edition of *Shakespeare* (1870); *Shakespeare, His Literary Art and Character* (1872); a volume of *Sermons* (1874); *Studies in Wordsworth* (1884).

SHAKESPEARE'S CREATIVE POWER.

In vital powers, Shakespeare's mind seems as inexhaustible as nature is in the materials for their embodiment. For boundless variety and perfect individuality of character he is quite proverbial. From his hand the lord and the tinker, the hero and the valet, come forth equally clear and distinct; as he has no confusion about them in his own mind, so he leaves none in the minds of others. Indeed all his characters, from the least to the greatest, numerous as they are, stand out in the most intense individual life, perfectly rounded in with the distinctness of actual persons, so that we know them as well and remember them as distinctly as we do our most intimate friends; and whether the development of them be concentrated into a few lines, or extended through a whole play, it seems free alike from deficiency and from redundancy, so that nothing can be added or taken away without injuring the effect. As his persons are in nowise mere shadows or resemblances of things, but the very things themselves, so of course they cannot be repeated; no two of them can run together, nor any one of them run into another; but each has to think his own thoughts, speak his own words, use his own limbs, and perform his own acts. So that Shakespeare never animates the same body with different soul, nor different bodies with the same souls, as so many others have done; never sends us an old acquaintance in the garb of a stranger, nor a stranger in the garb of an old acquaintance. He gives us ten characters where almost any other man gives us one; and one of his characters has as much vitality as almost any other man's ten; his poorest, as much individuality as almost any other man's best. Nor does Shakespeare ever bring in any characters as the mere shadows or instruments, or appendages of others. All the persons, great and small, contain within themselves the reason why they are there and not elsewhere, why they are so and not otherwise. None exist exclusively for others, or exclusively for themselves, but all appear, partly on their own account, with aims, and feelings, and interests of their own.—*Lectures on Shakespeare.*



HUGHES, THOMAS, an English publicist and novelist, born near Newbury, Berkshire, October 23, 1823; died at Brighton, England, March 22, 1896. He was educated mainly at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and afterward at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1845. He was called to the bar in 1848, and from 1865 to 1874 represented several boroughs in Parliament, in the "Liberal" interest. In 1869 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, and in the following year made a tour in the United States; and in 1882 was appointed a Judge of the County Court. His principal writings are *Tom Brown's School Days* (1857); *The Scouring of the White Horse* (1859); *Tom Brown at Oxford* (1861); *Religio Laici*, afterward reprinted as *A Layman's Faith* (1861); *The Cause of Freedom* (1863); *Alfred the Great* (1869); *Memoir of a Brother* (1873); *Memoir of Charles Kingsley* (1876); *The Old Church: what shall we do with it?* (1878); *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan* (1882); *Gone to Texas* (1885). He also wrote an Introduction to *Whitman's Poems* and to Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. Mr. Hughes has been a very prominent advocate of co-operation; and active in the English crusade against gambling. His later works include *Life of Bishop Fraser* (1887); *Livingstone* (1889); *The Manliness of Christ* (1895). Our extracts are from his earliest and most popular book, *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Of Thomas Hughes's two best-known books the

Saturday Review says: "*Tom Brown's School Days* is a thoroughly English book, heartily acquiescing in English ways and tastes, especially in the English system of public school education. *Tom Brown at Oxford* is not only a failure, but is evidently written by an author who knew that it was a failure. There are many passages in the description of Oxford which are excellent. They are life-like, and, without an affectation of over-accuracy, are, in substance, very effective representations of the thing to be described. But there are many subjects into which the career of his hero takes Mr. Hughes for which he has no *forte*, about which he does not trouble himself, and through which he drifts in a hopeless, aimless way, which is very trying to his readers."

THE BROWN FAMILY.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, within the memory of men who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but late fame which has now fallen upon them, anyone at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English countries, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, the stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs, and such-like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded—if the accounts ever come to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns.

These latter, indeed, have until the present generation rarely been sung by poet or chronicled by sage. They have wanted their *Sacer Vates*, having been too solid to rise to the top by themselves, and not having been largely gifted with the talent of catching hold of, and holding on tight to, whatever good things happened to be going—the foundation of the fortunes of so many noble families. But the wheel goes on its way, and the wheel turns, and the wrongs of the Browns, like other wrongs, seem in a fair way to get righted. And this present writer, having for many years of his life been a devout Brown-worshipper, and moreover having the honor of being nearly connected with an eminently respectable branch of the great Brown family, is anxious, so far as in him lies, to help the wheel over, and throw his stone on the pile.

However, gentle reader, or simple reader, whichever you may be, lest you should waste your precious time upon these pages, I make so bold as at once to tell you the sort of folks you'll have to put up with, if you and I are to jog on comfortably together. You shall hear at once what sort of folks the Browns are—at least my branch of them; and then if you don't like the sort, why, cut the concern at once, and let you and I cry quits before either of us can grumble at the other.

In the first place, the Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom or wit or beauty; but about their fight there can be no question. Wherever hard knocks of any kind, visible or invisible, are going, there the Brown who is nearest must shove in his carcass. And these carcasses for the most part answer very well to the characteristic propensity. They are a square-headed and snake-necked generation, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest, and thin in the flank, carrying no lumber. Then for clanship, they are as bad as Highlanders. It is amazing the belief they have in one another. With them there is nothing like the Browns, to the third and fourth generation. "Blood is thicker than water," is one of their pet sayings. They can't be happy unless they are always meeting one another. Never was such a people for family gatherings, which, were you a stranger, or sensitive, you might think had better not have been gathered together. For

during the whole time of their being together, they luxuriate in telling one another their minds on whatever subject turns up ; and their minds are wonderfully antagonistic, and all their opinions are absolute beliefs. Till you've been among them some time, and understood them, you can't but think that they are quarrelling. Not a bit of it ; they love and respect one another ten times the more after a good set family arguing bout, and go back, one to his curacy, another to his chambers, and another to his regiment, freshened for work, and more and more convinced that the Browns are the height of company.

TOM BROWN IS SENT TO RUGBY.

They stopped at the inn in London ; and about nine o'clock in the evening, the Squire, remembering that the tally-ho left at three, sent the little fellow off to the chambermaid, with a shake of the hand (Tom having stipulated in the morning, before starting, that kissing should now cease between them) and a few parting words.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember that you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school—like a young bear, with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The allusion to his mother made Tom feel rather choky, and he would have liked to have hugged his father well, if it hadn't been for the recent stipulation. As it was, he only squeezed his father's hand, and looked bravely up and said, "I'll try, father."

"I know you will, my boy. Is your money all safe?"

"Yes," said Tom, diving into one pocket to make sure.

"And your keys?" said the Squire.

"All right," said Tom, diving into the other pocket

"Well, then, good-night. God bless you! I'll tell Boots to call you, and be up to see you off."

Tom was carried off by the chambermaid in a brown study from which he was roused in a clean little attic by that buxom person calling him a little darling, and kissing him as she left the room, which indignity he was too much surprised to resent. And still thinking of his father's last words, and the look with which they were spoken, he knelt down and prayed that, come what might, he might never bring shame or sorrow on the dear folk at home.

Indeed, the Squire's last words deserved to have their effect, for they had been the result of much anxious thought. All the way up to London he had pondered what he should say to Tom by way of parting advice; something that the boy could keep in his head ready for use. To condense the Squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows:

"I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; for if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that, at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want."

So thought the Squire; and upon this view of the case he framed the last words of advice to Tom, which were well enough, and suited to the purpose; for they were Tom's first thoughts as he tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded to dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffee-room, in his stockings, carrying his hat-box, coat, and comforter in his hand; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

"Now, then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this ; there's nothing like starting warm, old fellow."

Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his great-coat. Just as he was finishing the last mouthful, winding his comforter around his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, "Tally-ho, sir," and they hear the ring and rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly Guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby ; three parcels, Leicester hamper o' game, Rugby," answers Hostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says Guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top—I'll fasten him presently. Now, then, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-by, father—my love at home."

A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the Guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot ! The hostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge into the collar, and away goes the tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds after they pulled up. Hostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp.

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

And then came the great event in Tom's as in every Rugby boy's life of the day—the first sermon from Dr. Arnold.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene—the oak pulpit standing out by itself above the school-seats ; the tall gaunt form, the kindling eye ; the voice—now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light-infantry bugle—of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of Righteousness and Love and Glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and

in whose power he spoke ; the long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother, to the young man's who was going out into the great world rejoicing in his strength.

It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of the year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpostors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it, after all, which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoon ? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the School who, in heart and head, were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words spoken. But these were a minority always—generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be counted on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth ; who thought more of our “sets” in School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby, and the public opinion of boys in our daily life, above the laws of God ?

We couldn't enter into half that we heard ; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts, or the knowledge of one another ; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listen, as all boys in their better moods will listen—aye, and men too, for the matter of that—to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him, and ourselves, and one another.

And so, wearily, and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time in his life, the meaning of his life ;

that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise, into which he had wandered by chance ; but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death.

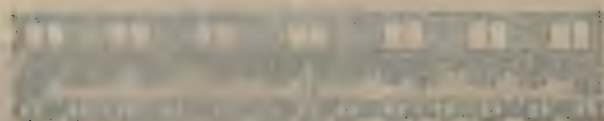
And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them, at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought ; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier, and the Captain of their band. The true sort of Captain, too, for a boys' army : one who had no misgivings, and who gave no uncertain word of command ; and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out—so every boy felt—to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there ; but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.





HUGO, VICTOR MARIE, a celebrated French poet and novelist, born at Besançon, February 26, 1802; died in Paris, May 22, 1885. His father was an officer devoted to Napoleon; his mother an ardent Royalist. Before he was seven years old he accompanied his parents to Elba, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1809 Madame Hugo took her sons to Paris and placed them under the instruction of a priest. At the end of two years they joined their father, who had been made a general, and appointed to the service of Joseph Bonaparte at Madrid; they then returned to Paris, under the care of their former instructor. On the separation of his parents, after the fall of the Empire, Victor passed into his father's exclusive charge. He was placed in an academy preparatory to the Polytechnic School, but prevailed on his father to permit him to devote himself to literature. His first volume, *Odes et Ballades* (1822), was followed by two novels, *Han d'Islande* (1823), and *Bug-Jargal* (1824). A second volume of *Odes et Ballades* appeared in 1826. In conjunction with Sainte-Beuve and others he founded a literary society and established a periodical, *La Muse Française*. His drama *Cromwell* (1827) was accompanied by a preface setting forth the literary reforms aimed at by *La Jeune France*, as the new school styled themselves. *Les Orientales*, a volume of poems (1828), and *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné* (1829), added to the





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Photogravure—From a photograph.

Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

After his father's death he was placed under the instruction of his parents, with the aid of the Duc de Nemours, passed into his father's exclusive charge. He was placed in an academy preparatory to the Polytechnic school, but prevailed on his father to permit him to devote himself to literature. His first volume, *Odes et Ballades* (1821), was followed by two more, *Flow of Lilies* (1823), and *Bay of Angels* (1824). A second volume of *Odes et Ballades* appeared in 1826. In conjunction with Sainte-Beuve and others he founded a literary society and edited a periodical, *Le Vain Français*. His drama *Cromwell* (1827) was accompanied by a preface setting forth the literary reforms aimed at by *Le Vain Français*, as the new school styled themselves. *Le Chénier*, a volume of poems (1828), and *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné* (1829), added to the



distinction which Hugo had already won. In 1830 his drama *Hernani* was successfully produced at the Théâtre Française. *Marion Delorme*, the representation of which had been forbidden in 1829, was presented in 1831, and was enthusiastically received, as were his novel *Notre Dame de Paris*, and his poems *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, published in the same year. Other dramas, *Le Roi s'Amuse* (1832); *Lucrece Borgia* and *Marie Tudor* (1833); *Angelo Tyran de Padoue* (1835); *Ruy Blas* (1838), and *Les Burgraves* (1843), were also well received. Several volumes of poems: *Les Chants du Crepuscule* (1835); *Les Voix Intereures* (1837), and *Les Rayons et les Ombres* (1840); and his prose works: *Claude Gueux* (1834); *Études sur Mirabeau*, and *Littérature et Philosophie Mêlées*, of the same year, and *Lettres sur le Rhin* (1842), were successful.

He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the French Academy, and in 1845 a Peer of France. In 1848 he became a deputy to the Constituent Assembly. At first conservative, he became at length the leader and orator of democracy. He denounced the course of Louis Napoleon, was proscribed, took refuge in Belgium, and when driven thence, in Jersey and finally in Guernsey, where he remained until after the fall of Louis Napoleon, refusing the amnesty offered to political exiles. In 1852 he published a satire, *Napoleon le Petit*, in 1853 *Les Châtiments*, in 1856 *Les Contemplations*, collections of lyrical poems, and in 1859 the first part of *La Légende des Siècles*. His novel *Les Misérables* (1862) appeared simultaneously in several languages. He published a translation

of Shakespeare in 1864, a volume of poems, *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, in 1865, and a novel, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, in 1866, and *L'Homme qui Rit* in 1869.

After his return to France he was elected to the National Assembly, opposed the treaty of peace between France and Germany, and aroused so violent an opposition to himself that he resigned his seat and again left Paris. On the breaking out of the insurrection of the Commune he returned, and protested ineffectually against its violence. He then withdrew to Belgium, was threatened by a mob, and had difficulty in escaping to London. In 1872 he published *L'Année Terrible*, another volume of poems, and with his son François began the publication of a democratic journal, *Le Peuple Souverain*. His next novel, a story of the war in *La Vendée*, appeared in several languages in 1874, *Actes et Paroles*, a volume of letters and speeches, in 1875, the second part of *La Légende des Siècles* in 1876, *L'Histoire d'un Crime*, the story of the *Coup d'Etat* in 1881, and *L'Art d'être Grand-père*, a volume of poems, in 1877; *Le Pape* in 1878, *La Pitié Suprême* in 1879, *L'Ane* in 1880, *Les Quatre Vents d'Esprit* in 1878, *Torquemada* in 1882, and the third part of *La Légende des Siècles*, and *L'Archipel de la Manche*, in 1883. In 1887 appeared *Choses Vues*, a collection of sketches.

TALLEYRAND.

In the Rue Saint Florentin there are a palace and a sewer. The palace, which is of a rich, handsome, and gloomy style of architecture, was long called Hotel de l'Infantado; nowadays may be seen on the frontal of its principal door-way "Hotel Talleyrand." During

the forty years that he resided in this street the last tenant of this palace never, perhaps, cast his eyes upon this sewer.

He was a strange, redoubtable, and important personage ; his name was Charles Maurice de Périgord ; he was of noble descent, like Machiavelli, a priest like Goudi, unfrocked like Fouché ; witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. It might be averred that everything in him was lame like himself ; the nobility which he had placed at the service of the Republic, the priesthood which he had dragged through the parade-ground and then cast into the gutter, the marriage which he had broken off through a score of exposures and a voluntary separation, the understanding which he disgraced by acts of baseness.

This man, nevertheless, had grandeur ; the splendors of the two régimes were united in him ; he was Prince de Vaux in the kingdom of France, and a Prince of the French Empire. During thirty years, from the interior of his palace, from the interior of his thoughts, he had almost controlled Europe. He had permitted himself to be on terms of familiarity with the Revolution, and had smiled upon it ; ironically, it is true, but the Revolution had not perceived this. He had come in contact with, known, observed, penetrated, influenced, set in motion, fathomed, bantered, inspired all the men of his time, all the ideas of his time, and there had been moments in his life when, holding in his hand the four or five great threads which moved the civilized universe, he had for his puppet Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation. That is the game which was played by this man.

After the Revolution of July, the old race, of which he was the High Chamberlain, having fallen, he found himself once more on his feet, and said to the people of 1830, seated bare-armed upon a heap of paving-stones, "Make me your ambassador." He received the confession of Mirabeau and the first confidence of Thiers. He said of himself that he was a great poet, and that he had composed a trilogy in three dynasties : Act I., *the Empire of Bonaparte* ; Act II., *the House of Bourbon* ; Act III., *the House of Orleans*.

He did all this in his palace, and in this palace, like a spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors, Bonaparte, Sieyès, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man, passed in turn under that gloomy entrance bearing upon the architrave the inscription "Hotel Talleyrand."

Well, the day before yesterday, May 17, 1838, this man died. Doctors came and embalmed the body. To do this they, like the Egyptians, removed the bowels from the stomach and the brain from the skull. The work done, after having transformed the Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy, and nailed down this mummy in a coffin lined with white satin, they retired, leaving upon a table the brain—that brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings, held the world. The doctors being gone, a servant entered. He saw what they had left : Hulloo ! they have forgotten this. What was to be done with it ? It occurred to him that there was a sewer in the street ; he went there, and threw the brain into this sewer.—*Things Seen.*

THE GAMIN OF PARIS.

Paris has a child, and the forest has a bird ; the bird is called the sparrow ; the child is called the gamin. Couple these two ideas, the one containing all the heat of the furnace, the other all the light of the dawn ; strike together these two sparks, Paris and infancy ; and there leaps forth from them a little creature, *Homuncio*, Plautus would say.

This little creature is full of joy. He has not food to eat every day, yet he goes to the show every evening, if he sees fit. He has no shirt to his back, no shoes to his feet, no roof over his head, he is like the flies in the air, who have none of these things. He is from seven to thirteen years of age, lives in troops, ranges the

streets, sleeps in the open air, wears an old pair of his father's pantaloons down about his heels, an old hat of some other father, which covers his ears, and a single suspender of yellow listing; runs about, is always on the watch and on the search; kills time, colors pipes, swears like an imp, hangs about the wine-shop, knows thieves and robbers, is hand in glove with the street-girls, rattles off slang, sings smutty songs; and, withal, has nothing bad in his heart. This is because he has a pearl in his soul—innocence; and pearls do not dissolve in mire. So long as man is a child, God wills that he be innocent.

If one could ask of this vast city: "What is that creature?" she would answer: "It is my bantling." The *gamin* of Paris is the dwarf of the giantess.

We will not exaggerate. This cherub of the gutter sometimes has a shirt, but then he has only one; sometimes he has shoes; but then they have no soles; sometimes he has a shelter, and he loves it, for there he finds his mother; but he prefers the street, for there he finds his liberty. He has sports of his own, of which a hearty hatred of the bourgeois is the basis. He has his own metaphors: to be dead, he calls "eating dandelions by the root." He has his own occupations, such as running for hacks, letting down carriage-steps, sweeping the crossings in rainy weather, which he styles making "ponts des arts;" crying the speeches often made by the authorities on behalf of the French people, and digging out the streaks between the flags of the pavement. He has his own kind of money, consisting of all the little bits of wrought copper that can be found on the public thoroughfares. This curious coin, which takes the name of "scraps," has an unvarying and well-regulated circulation throughout this little gypsy-land of children.

He has a fauna of his own, which he studies carefully in the corners; the good-God's bug, the death's-head grub, the mower, the devil—a black insect that threatens you by twisting about its tail which is armed with two horns. He has a fabulous monster which has scales on its belly, and yet is not a lizard; has warts on its back, and yet is not a toad; which lives in the crevices of old limekilns and dry cisterns—a black, velvety,

slimy, crawling creature, sometimes swift and sometimes slow of motion, emitting no cry, but which stares at you, and is so terrible that nobody has ever seen it. This monster he calls the "deaf thing." Hunting for deaf things among the stones is a pleasure which is thrillingly dangerous. Another enjoyment is to raise a flag of the pavement suddenly and see the wood-lice. Every region of Paris is famous for the discoveries which can be made in it. There are ear-wigs in the gardens of the Ursulines, there are wood-lice at the Pantheon, tadpoles in the ditches of the Champs-de-Mars.

In repartee, this youngster is as famous as Talleyrand. He is equally cynical, but he is more sincere. He is gifted with an odd kind of unpremeditated jollity; he stuns the shopkeeper with his wild laughter. His gamut slides merrily from high comedy to farce.

He is seldom astonished, is frightened still less frequently, turns superstition into doggerel verses, and sings them, collapses exaggerations, makes light of mysteries, sticks out his tongue at ghosts, dismounts everything that is on stilts, and introduces caricature into all epic pomposities. This is not because he is prosaic, far from it; but he substitutes the phantasmagoria of fun for solemn dreams. Were Adamastor to appear to him, he would shout out: "Hallo, there, old Bug-a-boo!"

This pale child of the Paris suburbs lives, develops, and gets into and out of "scrapes," amid suffering, a thoughtful witness of our social realities and our human problems. He thinks himself careless, but he is not. He looks on, ready to laugh; ready, also, for something else. Whoever ye are who call yourselves Prejudice, Abuse, Ignominy, Oppression, Iniquity, Despotism, Injustice, Fanaticism, Tyranny, beware of the gaping *gamin*.

He who, like ourselves, has rambled through the solitudes contiguous to our suburbs, which one might term the limbo of Paris, has noticed dotted about, here and there, always in the most deserted spot and at the most unexpected moment, beside some straggling hedge or in the corner of some dismal wall, little, helter-skelter groups of children, filthy, muddy, dusty, uncombed, dishevelled, playing mumblepeg, crowned with

violets. These are all the runaway children of poor families. The outer boulevard is their breathing medium, and the *banlieu* belongs to them. There, they play truant, continually. There they sing, innocently, their collection of low songs. They are, or rather, they live there, far from every eye, in the soft radiance of May or June, kneeling around a hole in the ground, playing marbles, squabbling for pennies, irresponsible, birds flown, let loose and happy; and the moment they see you, remembering that they have a trade and must make their living, they offer to sell you an old woollen stocking full of May-bugs, or a bunch of lilacs.

These meetings with strange children are among the seductive but at the same time saddening charms of the environs of Paris. Sometimes among the crowd of boys, there are a few little girls—are they their sisters?—almost young women, thin, feverish, freckled, gloved with sunburn, with head-dresses of rye-straw and poppies, gay, wild, barefooted. Some of them are seen eating cherries among the growing grain. In the evening they are heard laughing. These groups, warmly lighted up by the full blaze of noonday, or seen dimly in the twilight, long occupy the attention of the dreamer, and these visions mingle with his reveries.—*Les Misérables*.

THE VEIL.

The Sister.

What has happened, my brothers? Your spirit to-day
 Some secret sorrow damps:
 There's a cloud on your brow. What has happened? Oh,
 say,
 For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray
 Like the light of funeral lamps.
 And the blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
 In your belt—and ye frown on me!
 There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed
 In your bosom, my brothers three!

Eldest Brother.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
 To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

The Sister.

As I came, oh, my brother! at noon—from the bath—
 As I came—it was noon, my lords—
 And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
 Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
 Is beset by these foreign hordes.
 But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
 Near the mosque was so oppressive,
 That—forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour—
 I yielded to th' heat excessive.

Second Brother.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou seen
 In a turban of white and a caftan of green?

The Sister.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled me so,
 He could scarcely have seen my figure—
 But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
 What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
 Of "blood" and an "intriguer?"
 Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
 On your souls, my brothers, surely!
 Though I fear—from the hands that are chafing the hilt,
 And the hints you give obscurely.

Third Brother.

Gulnara, this evening when sank the red sun,
 Didst thou mark how like blood in descending it shone?

The Sister.

Mercy! Allah! have pity! oh, spare!
 See! I cling to your knees repenting!
 Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, forbear!
 Be appeased at the cry of a sister's despair,
 For our mother's sake relenting.
 O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries!
 Their sister's life-blood shedding;
 They have stabbed me each one—I faint—o'er my eyes
 A veil of Death is spreading!

The Brothers.

Gulnara, farewell! take *that* veil, 'tis the gift
Of thy brothers—a veil thou wilt never lift!

—*Translation of* FRANK S. MAHONEY.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

When huge Vesuvius in its torment long,
Threatening has growled its cavernous jaws among,
When its hot lava, like the bubbling wine,
Foaming doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine,
Then is alarm in Naples. With dismay

Wanton and wild her weeping thousands pour,
Convulsive grasp the ground, its rage to stay,
Implore the angry Mount—in vain implore!
For lo! a column tow'ring more and more,
Of smoke and ashes from the burning crest
Shoots like a vulture's neck reared from its airy nest.

Sudden a flash, and from th' enormous den
Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth amain,
Bounding in frantic ecstasy. Ah! then
Farewell to Grecian fount and Tuscan fane!
Sails in the bay imbibe the purpling stain,
The while the lava in profusion wide
Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks un-
tied.

It comes—it comes! that lava deep and rich,
That dower which fertilizes fields, and fills
New moles upon the waters, bay and beach,
Broad sea and clustered isles, one terror thrills
As roll the red inexorable rills:
While Naples trembles in her palaces,
More helpless than the leaves when tempests shake the
trees.

Prodigious chaos, streets in ashes lost,
Dwellings devoured and vomited again.
Roof against neighbor-roof, bewildered, tossed.
The waters boiling and the burning plain:

While clang the giant steeples as they reel,
Unprompted their own tocsin peal.

Yet 'mid the wreck of cities, and the pride
Of the green valleys and the isles laid low,

The crash of walls, the tumult waste and wide,
O'er sea and land ; 'mid all this work of woe,
Vesuvius still though close its crater-glow,
Forgetful spares—Heaven wills that it should spare—
The lonely cell where kneels an aged priest in prayer.

—*Translation of W. C. K. WILDE.*

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

The Grave said to the Rose

“What of the dews of dawn,
Love's flower, what end is theirs ?”

“And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares ?”
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said : “In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet.”

“And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new,”

The Grave said to the Rose.

—*Translation of ANDREW LANG*





HUMBOLDT, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER VON, a German scientist, born in Berlin, September 14, 1769; died there, May 6, 1859. His father died when the son was a child of ten; but he and his elder brother, Wilhelm, were educated at home with special regard to the natural sciences. He subsequently studied at the Universities of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Berlin, and Göttingen. His earliest work was an essay on *The Basalts on the Rhine* (1790). In 1791 he went to the Mining Academy at Freiberg, where he remained eight months, during which he wrote *Flora Subterranea Friburgensis*. During several succeeding years he was employed in the mining department, during which he prepared a work relating to Galvani's discovery and its bearings upon the *Chemical Process of Life in the Animal and Vegetable World* (2 vols., 1797, 1799). His mother having died, he determined upon making a great scientific expedition, having in the meanwhile familiarized himself with such portions of astronomical science as would aid him in accurately determining geographical positions. He set out in 1797. His travels extended over a great portion of Central Europe, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies; those in America occupying about five years. In 1804 he returned to Paris, which was his residence for most of the time until 1827. There appeared his notable work, *Voyage aux Re-*

gions équinoxiales du Nouveau Monde (3 vols., folio, with an atlas, 1809-25).

In 1829 began a new era in his active career. Under the patronage of the Russian Government he undertook an expedition to Northern Asia, the Chinese Dzungaria, and the Caspian Sea. The expedition, which was magnificently fitted out by the Russian Government, numbered several eminent scientists. Its principal objects were to explore the gold and platinum mines, make astronomical and magnetic observations, and gather geognostic and botanical collections. This journey of more than 10,000 miles was made in nine months. The main results are embodied in Humboldt's *Asie Centrale: Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatologie comparée* (2 vols., 1837, 1842). Besides the works already mentioned, Humboldt made important contributions to almost every department of natural science, especially to botany and zoology.

In 1848 he took up his residence at Berlin, where he continued his scientific and literary labors to the close of his life. His great work, *Kosmos*, was begun in 1845, the fifth and concluding volume being published after his death. Its object is to explain the phenomena of the physical universe, according to their dependencies and relations; to set forth nature as a whole, moved by internal forces; and to show the unity which prevails amid all its variety. The centenary of the birth of Humboldt was celebrated in 1869 in Germany and the United States, and shortly afterward a colossal bust of him was placed in the New York Central Park. His *Travels*, *Views of Nature*, and *Kos-*

mos have been translated into English. The best *Life of Humboldt* is that edited by Karl Brunt, translated into English by Jane and Caroline Lassels (1872).

The *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1848, says of the *Kosmos*: "The author of this remarkable book is assuredly the person in all Europe best fitted to undertake and accomplish such a work. Science has produced no man of more rich and varied attainments, more versatile in genius, more indefatigable in application to all kinds of learning, more energetic in action, or more ardent in inquiry, and, we may add, more entirely devoted to her cause in every period of a long life. At every epoch of that life, from a comparatively early age, he has been constantly before the public, realizing the ideal conception of a perfect traveller, a character which calls for almost as great a variety of excellences as those which go to realize Cicero's idea of a perfect orator. Above all things is necessary a genial and kindly temperament, which excites no enmities, but, on the contrary, finds or makes friends everywhere. No man in the ranks of science is more distinguished for this last characteristic than Baron von Humboldt. We believe that he has not an enemy."

INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE SCIENCES.

It has not unfrequently happened that the researches made at remote distances have often and unexpectedly thrown light upon subjects which had long resisted the attempts made to explain them within the narrow limits of our own sphere of observation. Organic forms that had long remained isolated, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, have been connected by the dis-

covery of intermediate links of transition. The geography of beings endowed with life attains completeness as we see the species, genera, and entire families belonging to one hemisphere reflected, as it were, in the analogous animal and vegetable forms of the opposite hemisphere. They are, so to speak, the *equivalents* which mutually personate and replace one another in the great series of organisms. These connecting links and stages of transition may be traced alternately in a deficiency or an excess of development of certain parts, in the mode of junction of distinct organs, in the difference of the balance of forces, or in a resemblance to intermediate forms which are not permanent, but merely characteristic of certain phases of normal development.

Passing from the consideration of beings endowed with life to that of inorganic bodies, we find many striking illustrations of the high state of advancement to which modern geology has attained. We thus see, according to the grand views of Elie de Beaumont, how chains of mountains dividing different climates and floras and different races of men, reveal to us their relative age, both by the character of the sedimentary strata they have uplifted, and by the directions which they follow over the long fissures with which the earth's crust is furrowed. Relations of super-position of trachyte and of syenitic porphyry, of diosite and of serpentine which remain doubtful when considered in the auriferous soil of Hungary, in the rich platinum districts of the Oural, and on the southwestern declivity of the Siberian Altai, are elucidated by the observations that have been made on the plateaus of Mexico and Antioquia, and in the unhealthy ravines of Choes. The most important facts on which the physical history of the world has been based in modern times, have not been accumulated by chance.

A more accurate knowledge of the connection of physical phenomena will also tend to remove the prevalent error that all branches of natural science are not equally important in relation to general cultivation and industrial progress. An arbitrary distinction is frequently made between the various degrees of importance appertaining to mathematical sciences, to the study of or-

ganized beings, the knowledge of electro-magnetism, and investigations of the general properties of matter in its different conditions of molecular aggregation; and it is not uncommon presumptuously to affix a supposed stigma upon researches of this nature, by terming them "purely theoretical," forgetting, although the fact has been long attested, that in the observation of a phenomenon which at first sight appears to be wholly isolated, may be concealed the germ of a great discovery.

When Galvani first stimulated the nervous fibre by the accidental contact of two heterogeneous metals, his contemporaries could never have anticipated that the action of the voltaic pile would discover to us, in their alkalies, metals of a silvery lustre, so light as to swim on water, and evidently inflammable; or that it would become a powerful instrument of chemical analysis, and at the same time a thermoscope and a magnet. When Huyghens first observed, in 1678, the phenomenon of the polarization of light, exhibited in the difference of the two rays into which a pencil of light divides itself in passing through a doubly refracting crystal, it could not be foreseen that a century and a half later the great philosopher Arago would, by his discovery of Chromatic Polarization, be led to discern, by means of a small fragment of Iceland spar, whether solar light emanates from a solid body or a gaseous covering; or whether comets transmit light directly or merely by reflection.

An equal appreciation of all branches of the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences is a special requirement of the present age, in which the material wealth and the growing prosperity of nations are principally based upon a more enlightened employment of the products and forces of nature. The most superficial glance at the present condition of Europe shows that a diminution or even a total annihilation of national prosperity must be the award of those states who shrink with slothful indifference from the great struggle of rival nations in the career of industrial arts. It is with nations as with nature, which, according to Goethe, "knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction." The propagation of an earnest and sound knowledge of science can therefore alone avert the dangers of which I have spoken.

Man cannot act upon nature, or appropriate her forces to his own use, without comprehending their full extent, and having an intimate acquaintance with the laws of the physical world. Bacon has said that in human societies knowledge is power. Both must rise and sink together. But the knowledge which results from the free action of thought is at once the delight and the indestructible prerogative of man; and in forming part of the wealth of mankind, it not unfrequently serves as a substitute for the natural riches which are but sparingly scattered over the earth. Those states which take no part in the general industrial movement, in the choice and preparation of natural substances, or in the application of mechanics and chemistry, and in whom this activity is not appreciated by all classes of society, will infallibly see their prosperity diminish, in proportion as neighboring countries become strengthened and invigorated under the genial influence of arts and sciences.

As in nobler spheres of thought and sentiment, in philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts, the object at which we aim ought to be an inward one—an ennoblement of the intellect—so ought we likewise, in our pursuit of science, to strive after a knowledge of the laws and principles of unity that pervade the vital forces of the universe; and it is by such a course that physical studies may be made subservient to the progress of industry, which is a conquest of mind over matter. By a happy connection of causes and effects, we often see the useful linked to the beautiful and the exalted. The improvements of agriculture in the hands of free men, and on properties of a moderate extent, the flourishing state of the mechanical arts freed from the trammels of municipal restrictions, the increased impetus imparted to commerce by the multiplied means of contact of nations with each other, are all brilliant results of the intellectual progress of mankind, one of the ameliorations of political institutions in which this progress is reflected.

Nor let it be feared that the marked predilection for the study of nature, and for industrial progress, which is so characteristic of the present age, should necessarily have a tendency to retard the noble exertions of the intellect in the domains of philosophy, classical history,

an antiquity; or to deprive the arts by which life is embellished of the vivifying breath of imagination. Where all the germs of civilization are developed beneath the ægis of free institutions and wise legislation, there is no cause for apprehending that any one branch of knowledge should be cultivated to the prejudice of others. All afford to the state precious fruits, whether they yield nourishment to man, and constitute his physical wealth, or whether—more permanent in their nature—they transmit in the works of mind the glory of nations to remotest posterity.—*Kosmos*.

KARL WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, brother of Alexander, was a German statesman and philologist. He was born at Potsdam, Prussia, June 22, 1767; died at Tegel, near Berlin, April 8, 1835. He bore an important part in public affairs from 1801 to 1819, being successively Prussian Resident at Rome, Minister of State for the Departments of Religion and Public Education, and Ambassador to England. In 1819 the King of Prussia, contrary to the advice of Humboldt, refused to introduce the representative system which he had promised to his people, and Humboldt was, by royal decree, deprived of all his official employments. He retired to private life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits, more especially to æsthetics and philology. It has been said that although Herder, Adelung, and Schlegel had paved the way, Humboldt was the first to make philology a science. Having formed the intention to follow all the languages spoken on the Pacific, he began with his work *Ueber die Kawisprache auf der Insel Java*, in which he traces the languages, history, and literature of the Malay races (3 vols., 4to, 1836-40).

The most valuable portion of this work is the Introduction, published separately in 1836. His *Collected Works* were published by his brother Alexander (7 vols., 1841-52). His *Letters to a Friend* (Charlotte Diede) have been translated into English by Catharine M. A. Couper (2 vols., 1849). His large collection of MSS. and books was bequeathed to the Royal Library of Berlin. The best biography of Wilhelm von Humboldt is that by Haym (Berlin, 1856).

Talleyrand's opinion of him is said to have been expressed in these words: "Europe does not possess three statesmen of such power."

Humboldt's *Sphere and Duties of Government* was written as early as 1791; but, owing to the contrast of the young author's ideas to the events and opinions of the day, it was long obnoxious to the German censorship. The manuscript was therefore retained by the writer, and, being revised from time to time during his life, did not appear in its final perfection until after his death. The English translator speaks of it as "a treasure which has strong claims to attention, whether we regard the eminence of its author as a philosopher and a statesman, the intrinsic value of its contents, or their peculiar interest at a time when the sphere of government seems more than ever to require careful definition."

**TO WHAT SHOULD THE SOLICITUDE OF THE STATE BE
CONFINED?**

It has been from time to time disputed by publicists, whether the State should provide for the security only, or for the whole physical and moral well-being of the

nation. The vigilant solicitude for the freedom of private life has in general led to the former proposition ; while the idea that the State can bestow something more than mere security, and that the injurious limitation of liberty, although a possible, is not an essential, consequence of such a policy, has disposed many to the latter opinion. And this belief has undoubtedly prevailed, not only in political theory, but in actual practice. Ample evidence of this is to be found in most of the systems of political jurisprudence, in the more recent philosophical codes, and in the history of constitutions generally. The introduction of these principles has given a new form to the study of politics (as is shown, for instance, by so many recent financial and legislative theories), and has produced many new departments of administration, as boards of trade, finance, and national economy. But, however generally these principles may be accepted, they still appear to me to require a more radical investigation ; and this can only proceed from a view of human nature in the abstract, and of the highest ends of human existence.—*From Sphere and Duties of Government.*





HUME, DAVID, a Scottish historian and philosopher, born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711; died there, August 25, 1776. He was a younger son of a gentleman of good family, but of very moderate estate. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, with the design of entering upon the legal profession, but was drawn away toward literature. In 1734 he entered a counting-house at Bristol, where he remained only a short time, then went to France, where he resided three years, and wrote his *Treatise of Human Nature*. This was published in 1738, and as he says, "fell dead from the press." Returning to Edinburgh, he published in 1742 the first volume of his *Essays*, and endeavored unsuccessfully to obtain a professorship in the university. He had in the meantime made numerous influential friends, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. Among these was General St. Clair, who in 1746 was sent as minister to Turin; and Hume accompanied him as secretary. While at Turin he wrote his *Inquiry into the Human Understanding*, which is essentially an enlargement of his earlier *Treatise of Human Nature*. He returned to Scotland in 1749, and published his *Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals* and *Political Discourses*.

In 1752 he was chosen Librarian of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and commenced his *History of England*, which has become a standard

classic in our language. The first volume, as originally published, appeared in 1754: it contained the History of James I. and Charles I. The second volume, which appeared in 1756, treated of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. In 1759 appeared his "History of the House of Tudor," and in 1761 the volumes relating to the earlier portions of the English annals. He had in mind to write two more volumes treating of the reigns of William III. and of Anne. But this purpose was never executed. Hume's *History of England*, as written by himself, closes with the conclusion of the reign of James II. It has been continued by other hands down to still later times, and these continuations are not unfrequently appended to the volumes of Hume. A very creditable abridgment of the work of Hume, entitled "The Student's Hume," has been put forth under the editorial supervision of several persons.

Near the close of his life Mr. Hume wrote a few pages of autobiography, of which a few paragraphs are here given:

CHARACTER OF HUME BY HIMSELF.

I returned to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed £1,000 a year), healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation. In the spring of 1775 I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder, and, what is more strange, have—withstanding the great decline of my person—never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirit; insomuch that were I to name a period of my life which I should choose to pass over

aga'n, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities ; and though I see many symptoms to my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I now am.

To conclude historically with my own character : I am, or rather was—(for that is the style which I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments)—I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor ; capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary ; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them.

In a word, though most men in any ways eminent have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baleful tooth ; and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct : not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one ; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.—*Autobiography*.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.

When [1170] the suspended and excommunicated prelates arrived at Baieux, where the king [Henry II.] then resided, and complained to him of the violent

proceedings of Becket [Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England], he instantly perceived the consequences; was sensible that his whole plan of operations was overthrown; foresaw that the dangerous contest between the civil and religious powers—a contest which he himself had first roused, but which he had endeavored by all his late negotiations and concessions to appease—must come to an immediate and decisive issue; and he was thence thrown into the most violent commotion. The Archbishop of York remarked to him that so long as Becket lived he could never expect to enjoy peace or tranquillity. The king himself being vehemently agitated, burst forth into an exclamation against his servants whose want of zeal, he said, had so long left him exposed to the enterprises of that ungrateful and ambitious prelate.

Four gentlemen of his household—Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Traci, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito—taking these passionate expressions to be a hint for Becket's death, immediately communicated their thoughts to each other; and swearing to avenge their prince's quarrel, secretly withdrew from court. Some menacing expressions which they had dropped gave a suspicion of their design; and the king despatched a messenger after them, charging them to attempt nothing against the person of the primate; but these orders arrived too late to prevent their fatal purpose.

The four assassins, though they took different roads to England, arrived nearly about the same time at Saltwoode, near Canterbury; and being joined there by some assistants, proceeded in great haste to the archiepiscopal palace. They found the primate—who trusted entirely to the sacredness of his character—very slenderly attended; and though they threw out many menaces and reproaches against him, he was so incapable of fear—that, without using any precautions against their violence, he immediately went to St. Benedict's Church to hear vespers. They followed him thither, attacked him before the altar, and having cloven his head with many blows, retired without meeting with any opposition.

This was the tragical end of Thomas à Becket—a prelate of the most lofty, intrepid, and inflexible spirit,

who was able to cover to the world, and probably to himself, the enterprises of pride and ambition under the disguise of sanctity and zeal for the interests of religion. An extraordinary personage, surely, had he been allowed to remain in his first station, and had he directed the vehemence of his character to the support of law and justice, instead of being engaged by the prejudices of the times to sacrifice all private duties and public connections to ties which he imagined or represented as superior to every civil and political consideration. But no man who enters into the genius of that age can reasonably doubt of this prelate's sincerity. The spirit of superstition was so prevalent that it infallibly caught every careless reasoner—much more everyone whose interest, and honor, and ambition were engaged to support it.—*History of England, Chap. VIII.*

THE MURDER OF EDWARD II.

The suspicions which soon arose [1327] of Queen Isabella's criminal commerce with Mortimer, the proofs which daily broke out of this part of her guilt, increased the general abhorrence against her; and her hypocrisy in publicly bewailing with tears the king's unhappy fate, was not able to deceive even the most stupid and most prejudiced of her adherents. In proportion as the queen became the object of public hatred, the de-throned monarch who had been the victim of her crimes and her ambition, was regarded with pity, with friendship, with veneration; and men became sensible that all his misconduct, which faction had so much exaggerated, had been owing to the unavoidable weakness, not to any voluntary depravity, of his character.

The Earl of Leicester—now Earl of Lancaster—to whose custody he had been committed, was soon touched with those generous sentiments; and besides using his prisoner with gentleness and humanity, he was suspected to have entertained still more honorable intentions in his favor. The king, therefore, was taken from his hands, and delivered over to Lord Berkeley and Maltravers and Gournay, who were entrusted alternately—each for a month—with the charge of guarding him. While he was in the custody of Berkeley he

was still treated with the gentleness due to his rank and his misfortunes; but when the turn of Maltravers and Gournay came, every species of indignity was practised against him, as if their intention had been to break entirely the prince's spirit, and to employ his sorrows and afflictions, instead of more violent and more dangerous expedients, for the instruments of his murder. It is reported that one day when Edward was to be shaved, they ordered cold and dirty water to be brought from the ditch for that purpose; and when he desired it to be changed, and was still denied his request, he burst into tears, which bedewed his cheeks; and he exclaimed that, in spite of their insolence, he should be shaved with clean and warm water.

But as this method of laying Edward in the grave appeared still too slow to the impatient Mortimer, he secretly sent orders to the two keepers, who were at his devotion, instantly to despatch him; and these ruffians contrived to make the manner of his death as cruel and barbarous as possible. Taking advantage of Berkeley's sickness, in whose custody he then was, and who was thereby incapacitated from attending his charge, they proceeded to Berkeley Castle, and put themselves in possession of the king's person. They threw him on a bed, held him down violently with a table which they flung over him; thrust into his fundament a red-hot iron, which they inserted through a horn; and though the outward marks of violence upon his person were prevented by this expedient, the horrid deed was discovered to all the guards and attendants by the screams with which the agonized king filled the castle while his bowels were consuming.—*History of England, Chap. XIV.*

THE ARGUMENTS FOR TOLERATION AND FOR PERSECUTION.

The success which Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, from his cautious and prudent conduct, had met with in governing the Parliament, and engaging them to concur both in the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and in the re-establishment of the ancient religion—two points to which it was believed they bore an extreme aversion—had so raised his character for

wisdom and policy, that his opinion was received as an oracle in the Council ; and his authority, as it was always great in his own party, no longer suffered any opposition or control. Cardinal Pole himself—though more beloved on account of his virtue and candor, and though superior in birth and station—had not an equal weight in public deliberations ; and while his learning, piety, and humanity were extremely respected, he was represented more as a good man than a great minister. A very important question was frequently debated before the Queen and Council by these two ecclesiastics : whether the laws lately revived against heretics should be put in execution, or should only be employed to restrain by terror the bold attempts of these zealots ?

Pole was very sincere in his religious principles ; and though his moderation had made him be suspected at Rome of a tendency toward Lutheranism, he was seriously persuaded of the Catholic doctrines, and thought that no consideration of human policy ought ever to come in competition with such important interests. Gardiner, on the contrary, had always made his religion subservient to his schemes of safety or advancement, and by his unlimited complaisance to Henry VIII. he had shown that, had he not been pushed to extremity under the late minority, he was sufficiently disposed to make a sacrifice of his principles to the established theology. This was the well-known character of these two great counsellors ; yet such is the prevalence of temper above system, that the benevolent disposition of Pole led him to advise a toleration of the heretical tenets which he highly blamed ; while the severe disposition of Gardiner inclined him to support by persecution that religion which at the bottom he regarded with great indifference.

This circumstance of public conduct was of the highest importance ; and from being the object of deliberation in the council, it soon became the subject of discourse throughout the nation. We shall relate, in a few words, the topics by which each side supported, or might have supported, their scheme of policy : and shall display the opposite reasons which have been employed with regard to an argument that ever has been, and ever will be, so much canvassed.

The practice of persecution, said the defenders of Pole's opinion, is the scandal of all religion ; and the theological animosity so fierce and violent, far from being an argument of men's conviction in their opposite sects, is a certain proof that they have never reached any serious persuasion with regard to those remote and sublime subjects. . . . But while men zealously maintain what they neither comprehend nor entirely believe, they are shaken in their imagined faith by the opposite persuasion or even doubts of other men, and vent on their antagonists that impatience which is the natural result of so disagreeable a state of the understanding ; and if they can also find a color for connecting this violence with the interests of civil government, they can no longer be restrained from giving uncontrolled scope to vengeance and resentment. But surely, never enterprise was more unfortunate than that of founding persecution upon policy, or endeavoring, for the sake of policy, to settle an entire uniformity of opinion in questions which of all others are least subject to the criterion of human reason. The universal and uncontradicted prevalence of one opinion in religious subjects can be owing at first to the stupid ignorance alone and barbarism of the people, who never indulge themselves in any speculation or inquiry ; and there is no expedient for maintaining that uniformity so fondly sought after, but by banishing forever all curiosity and all improvement in science and cultivation. It may not, indeed, appear difficult to check, by steady severity, the first beginnings of controversy ; but besides that this policy exposes forever the people to all the abject terrors of superstition, and the magistrate to the endless encroachments of ecclesiastics ; it also renders men so delicate that they can never endure to hear of opposition. . . . But whatever may be said in favor of suppressing by persecution the first beginnings of heresy, no solid arguments can be alleged for exercising severity toward multitudes, or endeavoring by capital punishment to extirpate an opinion which has diffused itself among men of every rank and station. Besides the extreme barbarity of such an attempt, it commonly proves ineffectual to the purpose intended ; and serves only to make men more obstinate in their

persuasion, and to increase the number of their proselytes. . . . Open the door to toleration, mutual hatred relaxes among the sectaries; their attachment to their particular modes of religion decays; the common occupations and pleasures of life succeed to the acrimony of disputation, and the same man who in other circumstances would have braved flames and tortures, is induced to change his sect from the smallest prospect of favor and advancement, or even from the frivolous hope of becoming more fashionable in his principles. If any exception can be admitted to this maxim of toleration, it will only be where a theology altogether new is imported from foreign countries, and may easily at one blow be eradicated, without leaving the seeds of future innovation. But as this exception would imply some apology for the ancient pagan persecutions, or for the extirpation of Christianity in China and Japan, it surely, on account of this detested consequence, ought to be rather buried in eternal silence and oblivion.

Though these arguments appear entirely satisfactory, yet such is the subtlety of human wit, that Gardiner and the other enemies to toleration were not reduced to silence; and they still found topics on which to maintain the controversy. The doctrine, said they, of liberty of conscience, is founded on the most flagrant impiety, and supposes such an indifference among all religions, such an obscurity in theological doctrines, as to render the church and magistrate incapable of distinguishing with certainty the dictates of heaven from the mere fictions of human imagination. If the divinity reveals principles to mankind, he will surely give a criterion by which they may be ascertained; and a prince who knowingly allows these principles to be perverted or adulterated is infinitely more criminal than if he gave permission for the vending of poison, under the shape of food, to all his subjects. Persecution may indeed seem better calculated to make hypocrites than converts; but experience teaches us that the habits of hypocrisy often turn into reality; and the children, at least, ignorant of the dissimulation of their parents, may happily be educated in more orthodox tenets. It is absurd, in opposition to considerations of such unspeakable impor-

tance to plead the temporal and frivolous interests of civil society, and if matters be thoroughly examined, even that topic will not appear so universally certain in favor of toleration, as by some it is represented. Where sects arise whose fundamental principle on all sides is to excrete and abhor each other, what choice has the magistrate left but to take part, and by rendering one sect entirely prevalent, to restore, at least for a time, the public tranquillity. The political body, being here sickly, must not be treated as if it were in a state of sound health ; and an affected neutrality in the prince, or even a cool preference, may serve only to encourage the hopes of all the sects, and keep alive their animosity ;

. . . and if persecution of any kind be admitted, the most bloody and violent will surely be allowed the most justifiable, as the most effectual. Imprisonments, fines, confiscations, whippings, serve only to irritate the sects ; but the stake, the wheel, and the gibbet must soon terminate in the extirpation or banishment of all the heretics inclined to give disturbance, and in the entire silence and submission of the rest.

The arguments of Gardiner, being more agreeable to the cruel bigotry of Mary and Philip, were better received ; and though Pole pleaded, as is affirmed, the advice of the emperor, who recommended it to his daughter-in-law not to exercise violence against the Protestants, and desired her to consider his own example, who, after endeavoring through his whole life to extirpate heresy, had in the end reaped nothing but disappointment, the scheme of toleration was entirely rejected. It was determined to let loose the laws in their full vigor against the reformed religion ; and England was soon filled with scenes of horror which have ever since rendered the Catholic religion the object of general detestation, and which proved that no human depravity can equal revenge and cruelty covered with the mantle of religion.—*History of England, Chap. XXXVII.*

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH UNDER ELIZABETH.

Of all the European churches which shook off the yoke of papal authority, no one proceeded with so much reason and moderation as the Church of England : an ad-

vantage which had been derived partly from the interposition of the civil magistrate in this innovation, partly from the gradual and slow steps by which the Reformation was conducted in that kingdom. Rage and animosity against the Catholic religion was as little indulged as could be supposed in such a revolution ; the fabric of the secular hierarchy was maintained entire ; the ancient liturgy was preserved, so far as was thought consistent with the new principles ; many ceremonies, become venerable from age and preceding use, were retained ; the splendor of the Romish worship, though removed, had at least given place to order and decency ; the distinctive habits of the clergy, according to their different ranks, were continued : no innovation was admitted merely from spite and opposition to former usage : and the new religion, by mitigating the genius of the ancient superstition, and rendering it more compatible with the peace and interests of society, had preserved itself in that happy medium which wise men have always sought, and which the people have so seldom been able to maintain.—*History of England, Chap. XL.*

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Thus perished, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity in England, Mary, Queen of Scots—a woman of great accomplishments both of body and mind, natural as well as acquired ; but unfortunate in her life, and during one period very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person and graces of her air combined to make her the most amiable of women, and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to cheerfulness and society ; of a lofty spirit, constant and even vehement in her purpose, yet polite, and gentle, and affable in her demeanor, she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornament of her sex.

In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct, while she abandoned

herself to the guidance of a profligate man ; and must consider these faults—whether we admit them to be imprudences or crimes—as the result of inexplicable though not uncommon inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influences which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons whose principles are not thoroughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsel of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay sufficiently under the guidance of discretion, she was betrayed into actions which may with some difficulty be accounted for, but which admit of no apology, nor even of alleviation. An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric ; an account of her conduct must in some parts wear the aspect of severe satire and invective.—*History of England, Chap. XLII.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth ; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character were able to overcome all prejudices ; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions—and, what is more, of religious animosities—produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and pre-

vented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulence and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impression on their states. Her own greatness meanwhile remained unimpaired. . . .

When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity, but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.—*History of England, Chap. XLIV.*

THE GOVERNMENT OF CHARLES I.

England, it must be owned, was in this respect unhappy in its present situation [1634], that the king had in 1633 entertained a very different idea of the constitution from that which began in general to prevail

among his subjects. He did not regard national privileges as so sacred and inviolable that nothing but the most extreme necessity could justify an infringement of them. He considered himself as the supreme magistrate to whose care Heaven, by his birthright, had committed his people; whose duty it was to provide for their security and happiness, and who was invested with ample discretionary powers for that salutary purpose. If the observance of ancient laws and customs was consistent with the present convenience of government, he thought himself to comply with that rule, as the easiest, the safest, and what procured the most prompt and willing obedience. But when a change of circumstances—especially if derived from the obstinacy of the people—required a new plan of administration, national privileges, he thought, must yield to supreme power; nor could any order of the state oppose any right to the will^of the sovereign, directed to the good of the public.

That these principles of government were derived from the uniform tenor of the English laws, it would be rash to affirm. The fluctuating nature of the constitution, the impatient humor of the people, and the variety of events, had no doubt, in different ages, produced exceptions and contradictions. These observations alone may be established on both sides: that the appearances were sufficiently strong in favor of the king to apologize for his following such maxims; and that public liberty must be so precarious under this exorbitant prerogative as to render an opposition not only excusable, but laudable in the people.—*History of England, Chap. LII.*





HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, an English poet and essayist, born at Southgate, near London, October 19, 1784; died at Putney, near London, August 28, 1859. His father, a native of the West Indies, had married in Philadelphia, settled there, and was so active a partisan of the King at the opening of the Revolution, that he was obliged to flee to England, where he became a clergyman. His son, Leigh, was born at Southgate, Middlesex. He was educated at Christ Hospital School. An impediment in his speech, overcome in later life, kept him out of the University. He had already written a number of poems, some of which his father collected and published in 1802, under the title of *Juvenilia*. He was then engaged as theatrical critic for *The News*, and in 1807 published a volume of *Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres*. After a short term of employment as a clerk in the War Office, he joined his brother John in the management of *The Examiner*, a journal of political and literary criticism. In March, 1812, commenting on a fulsome article in the *Morning Post*, *The Examiner* published an attack on the Prince Regent, the sting of which was in its truth:

ATTACK UPON THE PRINCE REGENT.

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this *Adonis in loveliness* was a corpulent man of fifty! in short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise*.

pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, a companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity !”

This article led to the arrest and imprisonment of the brothers, with the additional penalty of a fine of £500 apiece. During his two years' confinement Hunt was visited by the most celebrated men of the time. By the means of paint and paper, he transformed his prison apartment into a bower, where he read, wrote, and enjoyed the society of his friends. After his release, in 1815, he published *The Descent of Liberty*, a masque, and in the following year a narrative poem, *The Story of Rimini*. The *Round-Table*, the joint work of Hunt and William Hazlitt, appeared in 1817, *Foliage* in 1818, *Hero and Leander*, and *Bacchus and Ariadne*, in 1819. His carelessness and improvidence kept him always poor; his health, and that of his wife, failed, and in 1821 he sailed with his family to Italy to join Shelley and Byron in the management of the *Liberal*. This periodical lived through four quarterly numbers. Shelley's death destroyed its prospects. Byron went to Greece, and Hunt was left to shift for himself. During his residence in Italy he translated Redi's *Bacco in Toscana* and wrote *The Religion of the Heart*, which was not published until nearly twenty years afterward.

In 1825 he returned to England. By the publication, two years later, of *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, he drew upon himself much unfavorable criticism, from the fact that he had

gathered much of his material while under Byron's roof. For several years after this Hunt struggled with ill-health and misfortune. At length, in 1844, Mrs. Shelley and her son settled an annuity of £140 upon him, and in 1847 he received a pension of £200 from the Government, which relieved him from the pressure of want. His industry was unremitting. Among his works not previously mentioned are *Sir Ralph Esher*, a romance of the time of Charles II. (1832); *Captain Sword and Captain Pen* (1835); *A Legend of Florence*, a drama (1840); *Palfrey; a Love-Story of Old Times* (1842); *Stories from the Italian Poets* (1846); *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, a volume on the *Pastoral Poetry of Sicily* (1847); *The Town; its Character and Events* (1848); his *Autobiography* (1850); *Imagination and Fancy, Wit and Humor, A Book for a Corner*, and *The Old Court Suburb*, an anecdotal sketch of Kensington. His narrative poems, original and translated, were published in 1855 in a volume entitled *Stories in Verse*. He also edited *The Tatler*, *The London Journal*, *The Monthly Repository*, and *The Indicator*, and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and edited the plays of Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquhar.

THORNTON HUNT, eldest son of Leigh Hunt, (born in 1810; died in 1878), was educated to be a painter, but devoted himself to literature instead of art. He was at various times editorially connected with several journals, notably with the *Spectator*, from 1840 to 1860. His principal work is *The Foster Brother*, a historical novel of the fourteenth century (1845).

CHARACTERISTICS OF BYRON : 1822.

He was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakespeare or Milton ; "because," he said, "I have been accused of borrowing from them !" He affected to doubt whether Shakespeare was so great a genius as he has been taken for, and whether fashion had not a great deal to do with it. Spenser he could not read—at least he said so. All the gusto of that most poetical of the poets went with him for nothing. I lent him a volume of the *Faerie Queene*, and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study window, and said : "Here, Hunt, here is your Spenser. I cannot see anything in him ;" and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer. That he saw nothing in Spenser is not likely ; but I really do not think that he saw much. Spenser was too much out of the world, and he too much in it. . . .

He would make confessions of vanity, or some other faults, or of inaptitude for a particular species of writing, partly to sound what you thought of it, partly that while you gave him credit for the humility, you were to protest against the concession. All the perversity of his spoiled nature would then come into play ; and it was in these, and similar perplexities that the main difficulty of living with him consisted. If you made everything tell in his favor, as most people did, he was pleased with you for not differing with him ; but then nothing was gained. He lumped you with the rest, and was prepared to think as little of you in the particular as he did of anyone else. If you contested a claim, or allowed him to be right in a concession, he could neither argue the point nor readily concede it. He was only mortified, and would take his revenge.

Lastly, if you behaved, like his admirers in general, in a sulky or disputatious manner, but naturally, and as if you had a right to your jest and your independence—whether to differ or admire, and apart from an eternal consideration for himself—he thought it an assumption, and would perplex you with all the airs and humors of an insulted beauty. Then nobody could rely,

for a comfortable intercourse with him, either upon admissions or non-admissions, or even upon flattery itself. An immeasurable vanity kept even his adorers at a distance; like Xerxes enthroned with his millions a mile off. And if in a fit of desperation he condescended to come close, and be fond, he laughed at you for thinking you were of consequence to him, if you were taken in; and hated you if you stood out, which was to think yourself of greater consequence. Neither would a knowledge of all this, if you made him conscious, have lowered his self-admiration a jot. He would have thought it the mark of a great man—a noble capriciousness—an evidence of power, which none but the Alexanders and Napoleons of the intellectual world could venture upon.

Mr. Hazlitt had some reason to call him “a sublime coxcomb.” Who but he (or Rochester, perhaps, whom he resembled) would have thought of avoiding Shakespeare, lest he should be thought to owe him anything? And talking of Napoleon—he delighted, when he took the additional name of Noel, in consequence of his marriage with an heiress, to sign himself “N. B.,” “because,” said he, “Bonaparte and I are the only public persons whose initials are the same.”—*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries.*

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And there's a crystal clearness all about;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
 And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out
 openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing :
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white,
 Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
 Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
 Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
 With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
 The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends ;
 Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
 And shouts from mere exuberance of delight ;
 And armed bands, making important way,
 Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
 And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,
 And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

—*The Story of Rimini.*

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T'other day, as I was twining
 Roses for a crown to dine in,
 What, of all things, midst the heap,
 Should I light on, fast asleep,
 But the little desperate elf,
 The tiny traitor—Love himself !
 By the wings I pinched him up
 Like a bee, and in a cup
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him ;
 And what d'ye think I did ?—I drank him !
 Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !
 There he lives with tenfold glee ;
 And now this moment, with his wings
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

TO L. H. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy ;

And balmy rest about thee
Smoothes off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways ;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid ;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now ;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear their gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too ;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—"is gone ;"—
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping !
This silence, too, the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering a smile :
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

DEATH.

Death is a road our dearest friends have gone :
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on ?"
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it ; fathers, children, men
Whose like we look not to behold again ;
Women that smiled away their loving breath :—
Soft is the travelling on the road of Death !
But guilt has passed it ?—men not fit to die ?
Oh, hush—for He that made us all is by !
Human were all—all men, all born of mothers ;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others ;
Our *used*, and oh, be sure, not to be *ill-used* brothers.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace ;
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou ?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord !"
"And is mine one ?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.



HUNT, THOMAS STERRY, an American scientist, born at Norwich, Conn., September 5, 1826; died in New York City, February 12, 1892. He began the study of medicine in his native town, but soon abandoned it for that of chemistry, which he pursued at New Haven under the younger Silliman, acting also as assistant to the elder Silliman in the Yale Laboratory. After thus spending two years at New Haven he was offered the position of Chemical Assistant in the School of Agricultural Chemistry recently established at Edinburgh, Scotland. He declined the position in order to accept in 1857 that of Chemist and Mineralogist to the Geographical Survey of Canada, under Sir William Logan. He also held for some years the chair of Chemistry in Laval University, Quebec, delivering his lectures in French, and afterward in McGill University, Montreal. In 1872 he resigned his position in the Canadian Geological Survey, and accepted that of Professor of Geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, holding that chair until 1878. His investigations in chemistry, mineralogy, and geology cover a wide field, and he was the inventor of a peculiar kind of permanent green ink which is largely used in printing those bank-notes which are popularly denominated "greenbacks." He was a popular lecturer on scientific subjects, and published *Chemical and Geological Essays* (1874);

Azoic Rocks (1878); *Mineral Physiology and Physiography* (1886); *A New Basis for Chemistry* (1887), and just before his death *Mineralogy according to a Natural System*. He also wrote numerous monographs upon scientific subjects, the whole number of which is more than two hundred. Among these are at least a score of elaborate articles in "Appleton's Cyclopædia." The following extracts are taken from his article on *Volcanoes*.

PHENOMENA OF VOLCANOES.

A volcano is an opening in the crust of the earth from which are ejected heated gases, steam, finely divided solid matter resembling ashes, cinders, masses of solid rock intensely heated, and currents of molten rock called lava. These materials in time build up a solid conical pile, which may attain a height of several thousand feet, forming a volcanic hill or mountain around the opening, and having in its upper part a depression called the "crater" of the volcano, which communicates with the sources of the fiery matter below. The action of certain of these volcanic vents or openings is continuous or nearly so, one or all of the products named being daily ejected, while in others, eruptions take place only at rare intervals. Those which are supposed to have ceased to be active are called "extinct volcanoes." The name of "mud volcanoes" is given to openings which, through the action of steam or gas, throw up a pasty mixture of earth and water unaccompanied by any igneous manifestation. Volcanic vents sometimes appear on high lands, and in this way their cones may be built up on mountains of ordinary rocks, while at other times the whole elevation from the sea-level is of volcanic origin. They occasionally break out beneath the sea, forming submarine volcanoes, the matters ejected from which sometimes build up islands.

Volcanic activities have been at work on the earth's surface from early geologic times; but modern volcanoes are limited to certain regions, generally very

distinct from those which were seats of volcanic energy in past geological periods. It is impossible to determine with any degree of accuracy the number of existing volcanic vents. Humboldt fixed it at 407, of which 225 had been active within a century. Of the latter about half were supposed to be on the Asiatic islands. It has since been estimated that the Indian archipelago alone contains over 900. A noticeable fact in the history of volcanoes is their general linear arrangement, which is particularly conspicuous in the range of volcanic islands of eastern Asia and in those of the western part of the American continent, along both shores of the Pacific. It is, however, to be noticed that the regions bordering upon the Atlantic, with the exception of a single point on the coast of Africa, are destitute of volcanic vents, while the seas separating the northern and southern continents abound in them, as is seen in the West Indies, the Mediterranean basin, and the Indian archipelago.

Volcanoes differ greatly among themselves, not only in dimensions but in the degree of their activity, the quantity and quality of the materials ejected from them and the continuous or intermittent character of their action. For more than 2,000 years Stromboli in the Mediterranean has been constantly discharging lava; and Sangai, in Peru, 17,000 feet high, has for 150 years been in continuous action, ejecting every few minutes fiery cinders, with explosions of tremendous violence. In other cases centuries elapse between the eruptions of a volcano. Thus Vesuvius, though built up of volcanic matter, had remained dormant for ages previous to the beginning of our era, when its discharges of lava and ashes buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. A single eruption of this mountain in 1794 is supposed to have yielded 46,000,000 cubic feet of lava, and one of Etna in 1699 more than twice that amount. The great eruption from the Skapta Jökul in Iceland, which began in 1783 and continued for two years, gave rise to two lava-streams, one 40 and one 50 miles long, with breadths of 7 and 15 miles respectively. A large part of the lava current was 100 feet thick, and in some of the valleys it attained 600 feet, while its total bulk was estimated at not less than 21 cubic miles

The phenomena of volcanoes may be best understood by considering that they are openings connected with spaces containing molten rock, which is forced upward in the crater by the action of steam or of permanent gases, or in some cases probably by movements of the earth's crust. This material is sometimes in a state of complete fusion like glass, but oftener consists in great part of unmelted grains mingled with a sufficiency of liquid matter to give fluidity to the mass. It is moreover charged with water and with various gases, all of which are probably intimately combined with the molten mass under the great pressure which exists below, and in many cases aid materially in giving it fluidity; but as the lava ascends, and the pressure is thus removed, assume the gaseous state and escape. One result of this process appears in the very fluid lava of the great crater of Kilauea in Hawaii, where a surface of molten lava, 1,000 feet in diameter, is sometimes seen in active ebullition, rising into jets of great height, while the projected portions harden into a glassy substance.

But if, as is generally the case, the lava is in a state of less perfect fusion, it swells up greatly, forming huge bubbles, from the bursting of which the grains of unfused matter which it contains, as well as the interposed liquid portion, are scattered in the shape of ashes or cinders, sometimes with masses of unfused solid rock, often several feet in diameter. These ejections of ignited solid matter are seen in the ordinary eruption of Vesuvius; and in one case the fiery cinders from the mountain were estimated to ascend to a height of nearly two miles from the crater. In such cases the lighter material from the volcanoes is often borne away by the upper currents of the atmosphere, and may, as is occasionally seen, descend in showers many hundred miles away. The heavier materials fall in the shape of cinders or ashes in the vicinity of the crater, and by their accumulation help to build up the cone.

When, as very often happens, there is a precipitation of water due to the condensation of the immense amount of steam given off during the eruption, the wetted cinders constitute a kind of mud called volcanic tufa. Not unfrequently the swelling up within the crater will cause the lava to overflow; or else the pressure of the column

of liquid matter may cause a breach in the side of the mountain; in either of which cases a lava current is formed. These currents, as we have seen, are sometimes of great volume, and the sheets of such molten rock contribute with the cinders to build up the mountain cone, the two being often interstratified. The fissures in the mountain-side resulting from the action of the volcanic forces do not always give rise to lava currents, but may become filled up more or less with the more or less liquid mass. This, hardening within them, gives rise to great walls or dikes of rock, which intersect the beds of lava and of cinders, giving stability to the mass. The surface of the lava-stream is rough cinder, light and porous, but at a little depth the lava hardens to a solid rock. Volcanic eruptions are sometimes accompanied by earthquakes, but great outflows resulting from the rupture and discharge of huge craters filled with lava may take place without any convulsion of the earth.

The gaseous products of volcanoes appear to be chiefly carbonic acid, chlorohydric acid, and sulphur in the forms of sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphurous acid. Combustible gases form at best but an insignificant part of volcanic ejections, and it is doubtful whether the luminous appearances accompanying eruptions, which have given rise to the popular name of burning mountains, are dependent in any degree upon combustion. They are probably due solely to the intense ignition of the ejected matters. How far the movements of the lava in the craters of volcanoes are dependent on local and external conditions, and how far on deep-seated and occult agencies, is a question. It is by some supposed that the atmospheric waters falling on a volcanic region, and sinking through the soil under the pressure of the column of water above, may penetrate the lavas and become an efficient agent in their elevation in the manner already pointed out. But there is good reason to believe that the force is in many cases far more deeply seated.



HUNTER, SIR WILLIAM WILSON, an English statistician, born July 15, 1840. He was educated in the University of Glasgow, at Paris, and at Bonn. In 1862 he was appointed to the civil service in the Bengal district. During the famine of 1866 he was Superintendent of Public Instruction in the provinces of Orissa and Southwestern Bengal, and afterward received the thanks of the Government for his labors. He also received the thanks of the Governor-General and the degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow, for his *Dictionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia*, prepared while he was on sick-leave in England. In 1871 he was appointed Director-General of Statistics for India, and head of the department, and carried out the statistical survey of India. On the publication, in 1876, of the *Statistical Account of Bengal*, he was again thanked by the Government for his investigations into the causes of famines and the methods of controlling them. Among his other books are *Annals of Rural Bengal* (1868); *Orissa, or an Indian Province under Native and British Rule*; *The Indian Mussulmans*; *A System of Famine Warnings*; *The Imperial Gazetteer of India, and the Indian Empire: its History, People, and Products* (1882). His writings on subjects pertaining to India and the Indians are regarded in England as the highest authority.

THE SANTALS.

The Santals, or hill-tribes on the west of Beerbhoom, belong to that section of the aborigines which physically resembles neither the Chinese nor the Malays. The Santal is a well-built man, standing about five feet seven, weighing eight stone, without the delicate features of the Aryan, but undisfigured by the oblique eye of the Chinese, or the heavy physiognomy of the Malay. His skull is round, rather than broad or narrow; his face is also round, rather than oblong or square; the lower jaw is not heavy; the nose is irregular; the lips are a little thicker than the Aryan's, but not thick enough to attract remark; the cheek-bone is higher than that of the Hindu, but not higher in anything like the degree in which the Mongolian is—rather as the cheek-bone of a Scotchman is higher than that of an Englishman. He is about the same height as the common Hindu, shorter than the Brahman of pure Aryan descent, heavier than the Hindu, hardier than the Hindu, more squarely built than the Hindu, with a forehead not so high, but rounder and broader; a man created to labor rather than to think, better fitted to serve the manual exigencies of the present, than to speculate on the future or to venerate the past.

The Santals inhabit the whole western frontier of Lower Bengal, from within a few miles of the sea to the hills of Bhagulpore. Their country is the shape of a curved strip, about 400 miles long by 100 broad, giving an area of 40,000 square miles. In the western jungles they are the sole population; in a large tract toward the north they form nineteen-twentieths of it; in the plains the proportion is much smaller, and indeed the race gradually slides into the low-caste Hindus. They certainly number a million and a half, and probably approach two millions of human beings, claiming a common origin, speaking one language, following similar customs, worshipping the same gods, and forming in all essentials a distinct ethnical entity among the aboriginal races.

The present generation of Santals have no definite idea of where their forefathers came from. It is a race

whose sub-soil of tradition is thin and poor. Written documents they have none. Go into one village, mark what appears on the surface, listen to the chants of the young men, hear the few legends which the elders relate at evening under the shade of the adjoining Sal grove, and subsequent investigations will not materially change first impressions.

The Santals, indeed, afford a striking proof of how a race takes its character from the country in which it lives. Those who have studied them only in the undulating southern country near the sea, call them a purely agricultural nation; the missionaries who have preached to them in the mountainous jungles look upon them as a tribe of fishers and hunters; in the highlands of Beerbhoom they appear as a people with no particular occupation, living as best they can in a sterile country by breeding buffaloes, cultivating patches of Indian corn, and eking out a precarious semi-agricultural, semi-pastoral existence by the products of the forest. The jungle, indeed, is their unfailing friend. It supplies them with everything that the lowland Hindus have not. Noble timber, brilliant dyes, gums, beeswax, vegetable drugs, charms, charcoal, and the skins of wild animals—a little world of barbaric wealth, to be had for the taking. Throughout the cold wehther, long lines of their buffalo-carts—the wheels made from a single slice of Sal trunk—are to be seen toiling and creaking toward the fairs of lowland Beerbhoom. At night the Santal is at no loss for a tent; he looses his buffaloes on the margin of some wayside tank, creeps under his cart, lights a fire at one end, draws up a second cart with its solid wheel against the other, and after a heavy supper, sings himself to sleep.

As a huntsman he is alike skilful and intrepid. He never stirs without his bow and arrows. The bow consists of a strong mountain bamboo which no Hindu lowlander can bend. His arrows are of two kinds: heavy, sharp ones for the larger kind of game; and light ones with a broad knob at the point, for small birds. The difficulty of shooting true can only be appreciated by those who have tried it; but few English sportsmen, provided with the latest improvement in firearms can show a better bag of small game from the

jungle than the Santal, equipped solely with his rude weapon. Fowling, however, he only resorts to in order to meet his immediate necessities. I have seen a wayside encampment of Santals, after toiling along the road the whole day, supply themselves with water-birds from the tank at which they drew up for the night, in less time than a Hindu would take to purify himself, or a Mussulman traveller to say his prayers. The tiger or leopard hunt is at once his pastime and his profit. If he looks to the gain, he keeps the existence of the animal a secret from everyone, except the fortunate kinsman who possesses a gun, and stealthily watches what drinking-place the wild beast frequents. This ascertained, the two relatives take up their position in an adjoining tree, and patiently wait, sometimes for days, the coming of their prey.

The long-barrelled matchlock, loaded with a charge of coarse, slow-burning powder enough to serve for a small piece of ordnance, and rammed down with pebbles and scraps of iron, is placed in position; the smouldering rope, which serves as a tinder, is blown into a glow; and if the unconscious animal takes a long enough draught for all these performances to be gone through, that drink is his last one. The Santal never fires on mere chance. The prestige of his matchlock, possibly the only one within thirty miles, must not be lightly risked; and his powder, coarse as it is, has to be brought from the Hindu village on the plains, which he dreads to approach. If the hunt be for pastime the Santal prefers driving a tiger to shooting it.

The Santal owes nothing of his skill in husbandry to the Aryan. He has crops of his own, implements of his own, his own system of cultivation, and an abundant vocabulary of rural life, not a word of which he has borrowed from the superior race who ousted him from his heritage in the valley. Upon low-lying ground near the sea he cultivates rice as successfully as his Hindu neighbors, and if not oppressed by them, becomes a substantial man. As the lowland population advances, however, he recedes, so that few large villages and no Santal cities grow up.

Rice—the most beautiful gift of nature to man—is the national crop of the Santal: his earliest traditions

refer to it, his language overflows with terms to express its different stages ; and even in the forest he never wholly loses his hereditary skill in raising it. Each period in its cultivation is marked by a festival. The Santal rejoices and sacrifices to his gods when he commits the seed to the ground ; when the green blade has sprouted ; when the ear has formed ; and the gathering of the rice crop forms the occasion of the crowning festival of the year.

The Santal possesses a happy disposition, is hospitable to strangers, and sociable to a fault among his own people. Every occasion is seized upon for a feast, at which the absence of luxuries is compensated for by the abundance of game, and liquor made from fermented rice. In the southern country each house has its "stranger's seat" outside the door, to which the traveler, whatever be his creed or color, is courteously invited as soon as he enters the village. The Santal has a form of salutation of his own. He does not abase himself to the ground like the rural Hindu, but gravely raises his hands to his forehead, and then stretches them out toward the stranger, till the palms touch each other. He keeps his respect chiefly for the aged among his own people ; and in dealings with outsiders, while courteous and hospitable, he is at the same time free from cringing.

Unlike the Hindu, he never thinks of making money by a stranger, scrupulously avoids all topics of business, and feels pained if payment is pressed upon him for the milk and fruits which his wife brings out. When he is at last prevailed upon to enter upon business matters, his dealings are off-hand ; he names the true price at first, which a lowlander never does, and politely waives all discussion or beating down. He would much rather that strangers did not come to his village ; but when they do come, he treats them as honored guests. He would in a still greater degree prefer to have no dealings with his guests ; but when his guests introduce the subject, he deals with them as honestly as he would with his own people.

The village government is purely patriarchal. Each hamlet has an original founder (*Manjhi-Hanan*), who is regarded as the father of the community. He receives

divine honors in the sacred grove, and transmits his authority to his descendants. The head-man for the time being (*Manjhi*) bears the undisputed sway which belongs to a hereditary governor; but he interferes only on great occasions, and leaves the details to his deputy (*Paramanik*). A missionary who has lived for some years among the Santals assures me that he has never seen an abuse of power by these authorities; and the chance traveller cannot help remarking the facility with which he can get food, guards, and means of transport—in short, everything—by a word from the head-man. As the adults of the village have their head-man and his deputy, so also have the children. The juvenile community are strictly controlled by their own officers (the *Jog-Manjhi* and *Jog-Paramanik*), whose superintendence continues till the youth or maiden enters on the responsibilities of married life. A watchman completes the list of village officers; but among the pure Santals, crime and criminal officers are almost unknown.

Of a supreme and beneficent God the Santal has no conception. His religion is a religion of terror and deprecation. Hunted and driven from country to country by a superior race, he cannot understand how a Being can be more powerful than himself without wishing to harm him. Discourses upon the attributes of the Deity excite no emotion among the more isolated sections of the race, except a disposition to run away and hide themselves in the jungle; and the only reply made to a missionary at the end of an eloquent description of the omnipotence of God, was, "And what if that Strong One should get me?"

But although the Santal has no God from whose benignity he may expect favor, there exist a multitude of demons and evil spirits, whose spite he endeavors by supplications to avert. The worship of the Santals is based upon the family. Each household has its own deity which it adores with unknown rites, and scrupulously conceals from strangers. In addition to the family god, each household worships the ghosts of its ancestors. The Santal, without any distinct conception of his own immortality or of a future life, cannot believe that the link between man and this earth is wholly dissolved by death,

and imagines himself constantly surrounded by a shadow-world. Disembodied spirits flit disconsolately among the fields they once tilled, stand upon the banks of the mountain-streams in which they fished, and glide in and out of the dwellings where they were born, grew up, and died. These ghostly crowds require to be propitiated in many ways, and the Santal dreads his Lares as much as he does his Penates.—*Annals of Rural Bengal*.

In 1880 the *Statistical Survey of India* was completed under his direction, and its records were issued in 128 volumes, *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*, 9 volumes (1881). The same, expanded edition, 14 volumes (1886).





HURLBERT, WILLIAM HENRY, an American journalist, born at Charleston, S. C., July 3, 1827; died in 1895. After his graduation at Harvard University and Divinity School he studied for two years in Berlin, Rome, and Paris, entered the Unitarian ministry, studied law in the Harvard Law School, and in 1854 published *Gan Eden, or Pictures of Cuba*. The next year he entered upon literary work in New York, and in 1857 joined the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. While on private business in Georgia in 1861 he was arrested by a vigilance committee and was imprisoned. On his release he was refused a passport, because he declined to pledge himself not to take part against the States in rebellion. It was not until August, 1862, that he escaped through the Confederate lines. In October of the same year he became associated with the *New York World*, of which, from 1876 to 1883, he was editor-in-chief, when he removed to Europe. In 1864 he published *General McClellan and the Conduct of the War*, and purchased the *Commercial Advertiser*, which he sold at the end of three years. He contributed many articles to periodicals, as well as to the newspapers with which he had been connected, and published *Ireland Under Coercion* (1888); *France and the Republic* (1889). He was the master of a brilliant and forcible style, and his editorial articles, especially, were direct and concise.

THE SKY AND SEA OF CUBA.

Within three days' sail of our southern ports, lie scenes than which India itself offers nothing more thoroughly strange to our eyes. The world of nature is strange. The eye seeks in vain the many-branching, small-leaved forests of the Continent. They are replaced by taller, more leafy, more graceful tribes of the vegetable kingdom—the grains and grasses of our cornfields and our ponds, shooting up, mighty arborescent giants, overhead. The rich and dainty flowers, whose acquaintance we made as the delicately nurtured belles of the aristocratic New England hot-house, flaunt upon us, rude and healthy hoydens, from every hedge and roadside. New lights are in the firmament, strange constellations shining with a planetary splendor in these new, more magnificent heavens.

There, most beautiful of all the signs God hath set in the skies, flames the Southern Cross, the Christian constellation, the symbol of the new hopes and the new life revealed to Christendom in that latter age when first it greeted European eyes. Strangely, among the new tenants of the upper world, shows the familiar brightness of Orion and of the Pleiades; and the great Northern Bear seems a wanderer like ourselves, gazing on the splendid Southern stars as the rude Gothic heroes and fierce Vikingers gazed of old upon the gorgeous pageantries of Rome and of Byzantium. The very crescent moon has changed; the huntress Diana has bartered her silver bow for a golden boat, in which she floats, Cleopatra-like and careless of the chase, through the luxurious purple skies.

Not less strange in appearance than the moon are the waters which she sways. The ocean rolls around the volcanic and coralline rocks, a tide more "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" than is ever seen upon our northern coasts, more blue even than the glorious blue waters of the Mediterranean. These waters, which are very deep close inshore—for the shores of northern Cuba are generally steep and sudden—are transparent and pellucid as the crystal of Lake George; and, leaning over the bows of the ship, you may see far down

below you a whole submarine landscape of queer and enormous plants, populous with all manner of lazy conservatives—huge turtles not less grave and aldermanic in appearance than their transatlantic human foes ; starfishes content throughout their lives to be the admiration of their own Little Pedlingtons ; lazzaroni conches, to whom Heaven has granted what alone the lazzarone of Naples considers wanting to his bliss, “that food should have legs and crawl to him ;” for, lying on his back, the happy conch, with feelers indolently stretched along the tide, takes toll of all slight living things that pass that way. How cool and inviting seem to the sunburned, soul-weary voyager those silent watery realms, unvexed by merman or by mermaid, a dream of idleness in groves Elysian.—*Gan Eden.*

HAVANA.

The northern voyager, as his steamer glides into the nuge tub-shaped harbor of Havana, gazes with astonishment on a scene which revives his visions or his memories of the far Levant. It seems to us that to have reached this stately panorama of Havana, we must have traversed many miles of longitude instead of a few degrees of latitude. On the left hand rise fortifications massive as those of Malta or Gibraltar, wrought into the dark gray rocks of the Morro, sweeping along the many lined hill-sides of the Cabañas, glittering throughout their lengthening lines with the white uniforms and shining bayonets of the sentinels who guard the proud flag of Spain, that gorgeous banner of blood and of gold, which symbolizes so well the career and the character of the pedler Knights, or knightly Pedlers, who conquered the Indians for Castile and Leon.

On the right, stretch irregular masses of parti-colored buildings, blue, pink, white, green, yellow, overtopped at intervals by some massive church-tower or graceful tufted palm-tree. Queer-looking boats, emancipated gondolas, shameless sisters of the veiled Venetian nuns, and brilliant as butterflies, dart in and out along the crowded quays. Half-naked negroes are riding fractious horses into the sluggish water, and a confused incessant buzz, like that which rises from vociferous Naples to

the ear of the lonely traveller dreaming among the orange-groves of lofty St. Elmo, comes faintly from the shore. You land, penetrate the mysteries of the city, and still the wonder grows. You call a coach, and find only an odd-looking gig, with shafts sixteen feet long, and wheels six feet in circumference, driven by a negro postilion, three parts jack-boots and one part silver-laced jacket. Into this singular vehicle you fling yourself, and find that to the gig of your dear native land this tropical gig is as the pineapple is to the pearmain, so luxurious is it, so cradling, so provocative of bland indifference to all worldly cares.

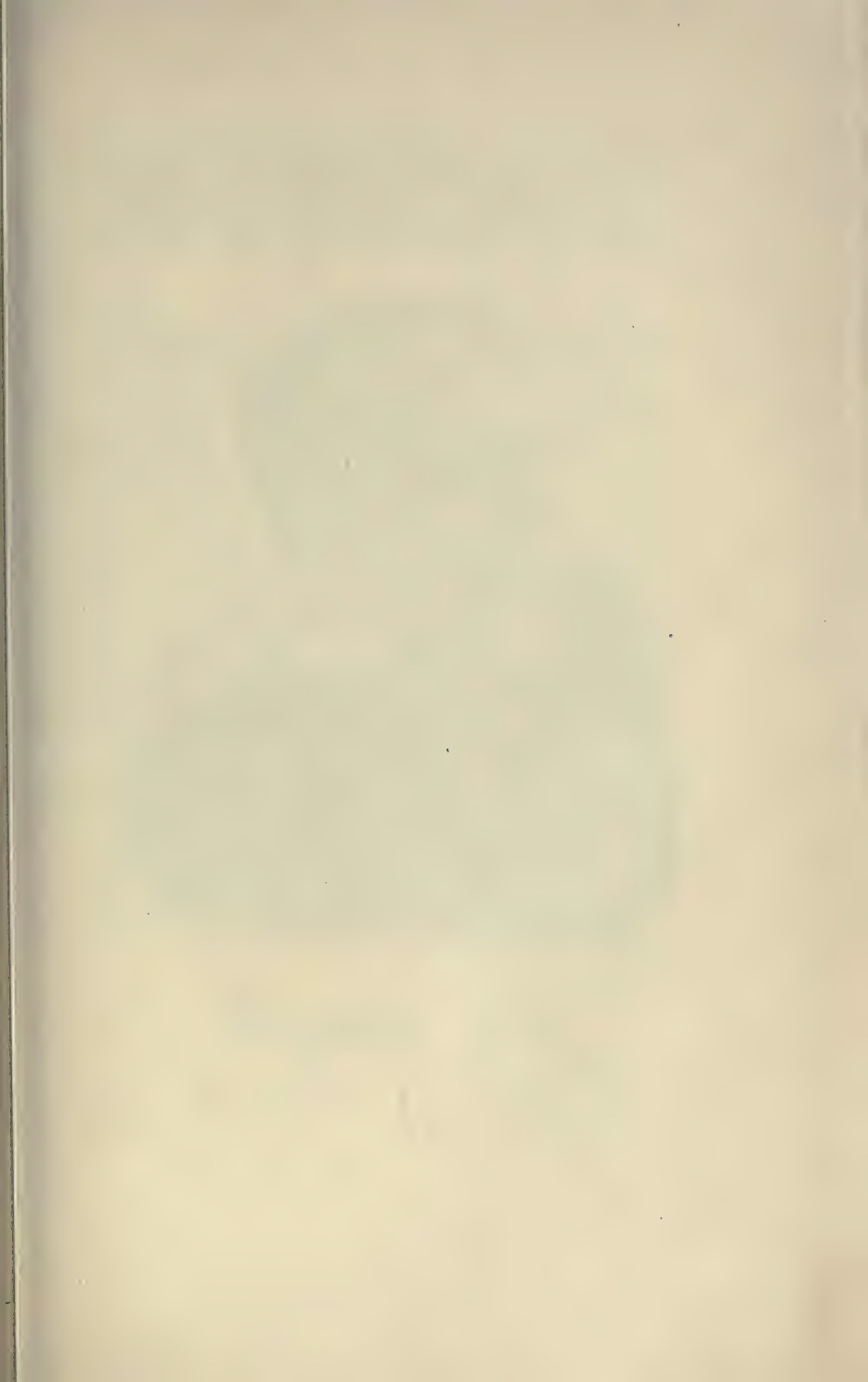
You reach your inn, and find it in appearance a Moorish palace—in general discomfort a German boarding-house, in expense a Bond Street hotel. You find that you are to live on two meals a day; a breakfast that begins with eggs and rice, is sustained by fried pork and Catalan wine, and ends with coffee and cigars; a dinner, every dish of which is a voyage of discovery. You are to sleep on a cot which resembles a square drum-head of vast dimensions, without mattress or coverlets, in a room with a red-tiled floor, and with windows bare of glass, but barred like those of a Bastille. Boots is a native African—an ex-cannibal for aught you know—wonderfully tattooed, and the laundress an athletic young negress who smokes authentic long-nines. You walk out through streets narrow as those of Pompeii, past shops open to the ground, like those of Naples, and shaded with heavy awnings that often sweep across the street. Everything is patent to your gaze, and nobody seems to be aware of the fact. Only now and then you pass some vast pile of yellow stone, stately as the palaces of Genoa, and catch through the great archway a glimpse of court-yards, fountain-cooled and palm-shaded, that suggest dreams of Eastern seclusion and invisible beauty. You dream on this fine dream, for in all your walk you meet no female form save of the Pariah class, unless, perchance, you stumble on some fair foreigner, at sight of whose bonnet the incurious native deigns to look up from his business in-doors, or his lounge in the shade, with a sudden stare and a half-pitying smile, which provoke you to wonder that you had ever ceased to feel how

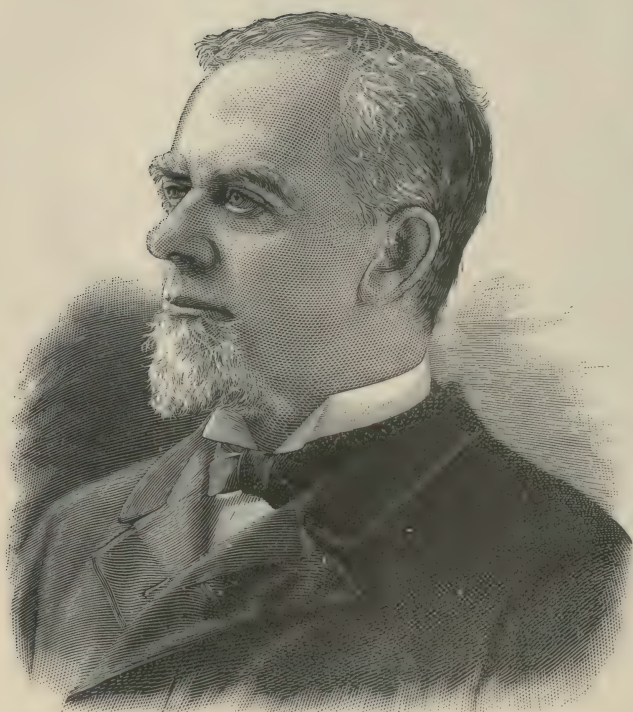
fearful a thing the bonnet of civilization is. Water-carriers, balancing their jars, mules half-hidden from the eye by fresh bundles of green fodder, borne on either side, large cream-colored oxen, superb as the mild-eyed monsters of Lombardy, pulling primeval carts by means of yokes fastened in front of the horns, crowd up the narrow streets. And through them all the frequent calesero, swinging in his heavy saddle, steers the clumsy length of his *quitrin* with careless, certain skill.

The signs of the shops startle you, for if you are to take them *au pied de la lettre*, all the retail business of Havana is in the hands of saints, goddesses, and heroes, of birds, beasts, and beauties. St. Dominic deals in healing drugs, St. Anthony boldly handles laces, muslin, and ribbons. Diana dispenses sweets to all the dandies of the town, the Empress Eugenie meekly measures tapes, and the blessed Sun himself has really "proved a micher," and cheats in cosmetics. The greater merchants, like the burghers of the Middle Ages, often occupy with their families the elegant upper floors of the building, which in its first story serves them for a warehouse.

Not less mediæval is the confusion of quarters. Next door to the begrimed hovel of a dealer in coal, rises the palatial home of the opulent marquis; St. Giles and St. James elbow each other. Have we not passed the Pillars of Hercules, and shall we not "look the blue straits over," for the heights of Morocco?—*Gan Eden*.







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John F. Hurst



HURST, JOHN FLETCHER, an American clergyman, born at Salem, Md., August 17, 1834. He was educated at Dickinson College, studied theology at Halle and Heidelberg, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Church. For three years (1866-69) he was theological instructor in the Bremen Methodist Mission-school; in 1871 he became Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary, and two years later became its President. In 1880 he was elected a Bishop in the Methodist Church, and Chancellor of the American University in 1891. Among his works are *A History of Rationalism* (1865); *Outlines of Bible History* (1873); *Life and Literature of the Fatherland* (1874); *Our Theological Culture, A History of the Reformation* (1884); *A General History of the Christian Church* (1887); *History of the Church in the United States* (1890); *Indika: the Country and People of India and Ceylon* (1891); *Short History of the Christian Church* (1892). He has translated Hagenbach's *History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries* (1869); Van Oosterzee's *Lecture in Defence of John's Gospel* (1869); Lange's *Romans* (1870); *The Literature of Theology* (1895), and Seneca's *Moral Essays*.

His works are held in high esteem by students of theology for their careful research, direct expression, and exhaustive handling of the subjects undertaken.

LESSING'S OPINIONS.

It was difficult to tell what Lessing believed. His publication of the *Views of a Doubter* was of itself a proof that he agreed, to some extent at least, with them. This we must grant as a concession to his honesty and common-sense. And when assailed by Gotze and others for thus attacking the faith of the Church, he replied, that, even if the Fragmentists were right, Christianity was not thereby endangered. He rejected the letter, but reserved the spirit of the Scriptures. Consequently, objections against the letter, as well as against the Bible, are not precisely objections against the spirit and religion. For the Bible evidently contains more than belongs to religion, and it is a mere supposition that, in this additional matter which it contains, it must be equally infallible.

Moreover religion existed before there was a Bible. Christianity existed before Evangelists and Apostles had written. However much, therefore, may depend upon those Scriptures, it is not possible that the whole truth of the Christian religion should depend upon them. The Christian religion is not true because Evangelists and Apostles taught it; but they taught it because it was true. It is from their internal truth that all written documents must be explained, and all these written documents cannot give it internal truth when it has none. The truths of religion have nothing to do with the facts of history.

With such opinions as these, expressed with great clearness and conciseness, who can fail to perceive that their tendency was to overthrow the traditional faith of the Church in large portions of the Bible? Who is to be the judge of what is to be retained and what rejected? Indeed, if Lessing be right, the entire Scripture record might be abolished without doing violence to religion. The effect of his writings was decidedly sceptical. His view of Christianity was merely æsthetical, and only so far as the Bible was an agent of popular elevation, did he seem to consider it valuable. He did not dispute the facts of Scripture history because of the various accounts of them given by the inspired

writers. Variety of testimony was no ground for the total overthrow of the thing testified. He retained the history of the resurrection in spite of the different versions of it. "Who," he asks, "has ever ventured to draw the same inference in profane history? If Livy, Polybius, Dionysius, and Tacitus relate the very same event—it may be the very same battle, the very same siege—each one differing so much in the details that those of the one completely give the lie to the other, has anyone, for that reason, ever denied the event itself in which they agree?"

We may examine the entire circle of Lessing's literary productions, and we shall see, scattered here and there through them, sentiments which, taken singly, would have a very beneficial effect upon the popular faith in inspiration and the historical testimony of the Scriptures. But unhappily, these were overshadowed by others of a conflicting nature, and though he did not array himself as a champion of Rationalism, he proved himself one of the strongest promoters of its reign. He considered his age torpid and sluggish. It was his desire to awaken it. And he did succeed in giving to the chaotic times in which he lived that literary direction which we now look back upon as the starting-point of recent German literature. The chief evil that he inflicted was due to the position in which he placed himself as the combatant of the avowed friends of inspiration. He was honest in his love of truth, but he loved the search for it more than the attainment. The key to his whole life may be found in his own words: "If God should hold in his right hand all truth, and in his left the ever-active impulse and love of search after truth, although accompanied with the condition that I should ever err, should say, 'Choose!' I would choose the left with humility and say, 'Give, Father! Pure truth belongs to Thee alone.'"—*History of Rationalism.*



HUTSON, CHARLES WOODWARD, an American philologist and historian, born at McPhersonville, S. C., in 1840. He entered the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, where he graduated in 1860. At the commencement of the Civil War he volunteered for service in Virginia, serving as a private during the whole contest, and was one of those under General J. E. Johnston in 1865. The year following he was admitted to the bar at Columbia, S. C., but gave more attention to literature than to law. He was at length called to the Professorship of Greek in the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, holding the place for four years, during the last two of which he also acted as Professor of History and English Literature. In 1881 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Mississippi, also lecturing upon History. His first formal book was *The Beginnings of Civilization* (1887). This was soon followed by *The Story of Beryl*, a graceful novelette, and by several other books previously written. In 1889 appeared his *French Literature*, an admirable *résumé* of the subject.

RACE ENVIRONMENTS.

Even in temperate climes the early settlers of prehistoric periods must have had a ceaseless struggle to win and keep a narrow foothold between the forests and the rivers, the forests and the lakes, the forests and the coast-line of the sea. This fact must have had much

to do with the choice of their places of abode by the cave-dwellers, who slew great game with weapons of flint, and the coast-dwellers which they met who left the refuse-heaps called by us kitchen-middens, and the lake-dwellers who built huts on pile-supported platforms far out from shore. Each of these early settlers in turn selected the home best suited to the environment and to the needs of the race.

The forests could not be inhabited by man until, to some extent, clearings in them had been made by races better equipped for the struggle with nature than those just mentioned. The route of the first bands of Aryan immigrants into Europe is known to have been along the rivers ; and this was because the forests were pathless. To this very day settlements in the region of the Amazon are to be found only along the line of the river and its tributaries, the primeval forest lying unopened at the back of each settlement. Even civilizations which have once existed in defiance of the rapid growth of the forest, the vastness of the population, and possession of fairly good cutting implements enabling the race to cope with nature, have been in some cases swallowed up by the tropical forests after their decay from other causes, and their remains hidden for ages from the knowledge of later civilizations. Such was the fate of that remarkable civilization in Yucatan, the ruins of which so long remained in the heart of the forest, known only to the Mayas, who cared not to reveal their existence to the descendants of the conquering Europeans.

In the case of many lands, organized conquest of nature has only been possible to those who had some knowledge of the practical arts of bridge-building, and road-making, as well as great tenacity of purpose. It was to these qualities, no less than to their splendid military capacity, that the Romans owed their conquest of the world. It is easy to see, then, that whether the dwellers in the ice-bound lands of the extreme north and the dwellers in lands where vast forests, lofty mountain-ranges, or deep and rushing rivers barred the way, were pre-Adamic races or only wandering cadets of Adamic families, there could be little leisure in either case for them to cultivate those arts which imply civil-

ization, and to organize great societies such as the Hamitic and Semitic empires of the East.

There were lands, however, where the conditions were altogether favorable for the rapid organization of society and the development of civilization—lands of genial climate and productive soil, yet not infested by wild beasts to a dangerous extent, nor too heavily forested—lands bordering on seas or rivers, which facilitated commerce and increased the food-supply; while, fenced in by mountains or deserts from the invasions of wilder tribes, they furnished races possessing an inborn proclivity for aggregation, ample opportunity to found cities and establish a government. Such a land was Egypt, with the Nile to enrich its lowlands; the mountains, the deserts, and two seas to divide it from plundering hordes, and a climate admirably suited to races of the Hamitic and Semitic type. Such a land was Chaldæa, with the Persian Gulf and the deserts and mountains to hem it in from nomadic races, and with great rivers to water it. Such was that part of Arabia which became at an early day the prosperous land of Yemen under a Hamitic race, early mingled with the descendants of the Semitic founder, Joktan, one of the sons of the Eber from whom the children took their race name of *Hebrews*, the name *Arab* being a variation, in the judgment of some scholars, of the same name. In this land the defences were seas, deserts, and mountains. Such was that Mesopotamian land, called in one of the languages of the cuneiform inscriptions *Naharina*, which was first an extension of Chaldæan culture, and became in turn the seat of the Chaldæan, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Parthian, later Persian, and Arabian empires. Such were all the lands in which the oldest civilizations of the world have come into existence.

Insulated water-courses flowing through alluvial lands; mountain-buttressed and sea-girt countries with boundless pasturage for camels, horses, and sheep; or peninsulas with convenient archipelagoes of sunny, vine-clad and olive-producing islands; or protected plateaus like that of Mexico—such have been the favored spots of earth, in point of environment, for the production of organized society and the arts of peace. Something more is needed, however, for the early and continuous

development of a race than fortunate situation. Some races seem through a long youth to have preferred the nomadic life to settlement in even the most attractive region. Of other races the natural existence seems to have been the life of the hunter, whether of beast or of man. Some of the most brilliant and energetic races of history have begun with the adventurous career of the pirate.

It was, then, something more than accident which led the Hamitic and Semitic races to coast-lines like the Egyptian, the Arabian, the Chaldæan, the Phœnician, and the Carthaginian. It was a genuine race-instinct that made the princes of the line of Ham and the line of Shem eager to found cities and to cultivate those arts which no doubt had been handed down traditionally to the older sons from the discoverers. That Japhetic race, from whom our Aryan ancestors are generally believed to have sprung—that race, whose genius seemed to lie dormant for so many centuries, was no doubt by nature less prone to follow the lead of one man, less apt to coalesce smoothly in all its variant types into nationality, less willing to leave the woods, the fields, and the rivers for the life of cities. The race was slow to mature, but it was repaid for its long waiting by a richer and livelier maturity than was reached by the races which for so long a period left it so far behind in the march of civilization.—*Beginnings of Civilization.*





HUTTEN, ULRICH VON, a German politico-religious reformer, born at Castle Steckelberg, near Fulda, Prussia, April 21, 1488; died on the island of Ufenau, Lake Zurich, August 23, 1523. He was the eldest son of a powerful baron; but being feeble from infancy, it was decided by his father that he should enter the Church, while the secular inheritance should go to a younger brother having more brawn, although, most likely, less brain. Ulrich was in his eleventh year placed in the monastery of Fulda, "with the intent," he says, "that I should stay there and become a monk," which nowise suited him. At sixteen he ran away, and for several years led an almost vagabond life. We find him at half a dozen German universities, one after the other, where he became known as an uncommonly clever fellow. At twenty-four he made his way to Pavia, in Northern Italy, intending to study law at the famous university there. The French and Imperialists were fighting for the mastery of Upper Italy. The French got possession of Pavia, and kept Hutten shut up in his little room for three days. He fancied that he was to be made away with, and composed an epitaph for himself.

HUTTEN'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

He who was nurtured in grief, ever pursued by misfortune,
He who by land and by sea was ever by danger surrounded—

Here lieth Ulrich von Hutten. He who had no crime
committed,
Was by the sword of the Gaul cruelly bereft of existence.
He was appointed by fate only to seasons of sorrow.
Ah, it was well for him then to rest from his troubles.
He, amid danger and pain shrank not from serving the
Muses,
And, with the gifts that he had, poured out his spirit in
song.

The French were soon pushed out from Lombardy, and Hutten, whom poverty had forced to enlist in the Imperial army, put forth this scornful epigram :

THE FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH COCK FROM ITALY.

Why is flying away, comb bleeding, and feathers dishevelled,
He, the proud Cock and the valiant, the dread of all the
birds around him?—
Why, but that he preferred the din and the clamor of
battle,
Thinking to win o'er the Eagle a victory easy and sure.
Little he measured his foe, who bore it awhile and was
patient ;
But when his rage was aroused he defended himself
with his talons.
Truly, it fares ill with those who rashly dare to offend
him.
Better to make him a friend than to be crushed by the
might of his anger.

Returning to Germany, Hutten got into the good graces of Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg, who had just got to be Archbishop of Mayence. The Archbishop gave him a comfortable position at Court, and, it appears, sent him on some business to the Papal Court. At all events, Hutten went to Rome about 1516. Four years

afterward, when Hutten had espoused the side of Luther, he thus describes his visit to Rome :

WHAT HUTTEN SAW AT ROME.

Hear all ye people, while I tell
What me some years ago befell :
How that I wanted Rome to see,
And what the customs there might be ;
And yet to tell it shameth me.

In truth, no common crimes I found,
Such as in other lands abound ;
No common crowds, too, did I meet,
Going to and fro each busy street ;
Horses and asses too, tricked out
With golden trappings all about,
Full many ducats' worth ; and they
So crowded up the tortuous way
'Twas well I was not crushed and slain
By haughty Knight in narrow lane.

And then the Cardinals rode by,
Officials, Abbots, Prelates : I
Can't tell them all, nor yet will try.
But many a story could be told
Of Priests thus clad in silk and gold.

Then came the Pope, in chair bedight,
And borne by many a satellite :
He's of the Holy Church the Head,
And must not touch the ground we tread.
Then went the Holy Virgin by,
With bangles tricked to please the eye ;
And we must *vivas* loudly cry.
A benediction from the Pope
Came next, and we were blessed—I hope.
But say, can you or I believe
Homage like this God will receive ?
Christ dwells in humble hearts below,
Nor will be served by pomp and show.

Then followed clerks and copyists :
Some thousands must have passed in all.
And even such as these they call
Part of the Church that reigns at Rome—
They say she's only there at home ;

But sure in this they greatly err.
 The Church is where good Christians are.
 Then came a long procession near,
 Of women finely dressed and fair,
 And hosts of ruffians—such a pest—
 Who every lane in Rome infest.
 Next Advocates, Auditors,
 And Notaries, all with servitors ;
 They publish Bulls, lay down the law,
 With which Rome keeps the world in awe.
 All these, and more than I have told,
 Live on our hard-won German gold.
 Shall this go on as heretofore ?
 Nay, dearest Germans, nevermore ;
 No, not a farthing more we'll pay,
 And if they starve—well, so they may.
 Then would no longer such a number
 Of useless folks the earth encumber. . . .
 Beloved Germans ! lift the hand,
 Take pity on our Fatherland.
 Now is the time to strike the blow
 For Freedom—God will have it so.
 Take heart, whose hearts for Freedom still
 Can beat. No longer bend your will
 To those whose lives have wrought us ill.
 Till now in ignorance we slept,
 For priests the key of knowledge kept :
 But God has given us laymen grace
 To learn from books His will and ways.
 No lack of counsel now or lore,
 And all men may partake the store.
 And so I call on Count and Knight
 To help me bring the truth to light.
 Nobles' and Burghers' aid I claim :—
 One country's ours, our cause the same.
 Who'd lag behind at such a time ?—
 The die is cast ! There is my rhyme.

This poem was not written until four years after
 Hutten's visit to Rome ; and it really voiced what
 was the sentiment of the German people, and
 what it seemed would be that of all the secular

princes. Hutten rose higher and higher in favor. The Emperor Maximilian made him a Knight, and had him crowned as Poet Laureate. But Luther had begun to inveigh against the sale of indulgences. And Hutten's patron, the Archbishop of Mayence, had farmed out from the Pope the right of selling these indulgences in Germany. It were long to tell how it was that Hutten threw himself upon the side of Luther. When at length Luther's works were ordered to be publicly burned, Hutten came out with this poem:

ON THE BURNING OF LUTHER'S WRITINGS.

Here, Lord, Thy holy words they burn,
Thy teachings pure they from them spurn;
Here are Thy precepts thrust aside,
And license given to vice and pride;
Here pardons granted every day,
But none to those who cannot pay.
Here lies are told, deceit begun,
And sins remitted ere they're done.
Here even Thy holy heaven they sell,
And here condemn to pains of hell
Whoever dares a word to say.
Here men of truth are driven away,
Our nation spoiled by robbers bold,
And wicked deeds allowed for gold;
Here for his soul man careth not,
And Thou, Lord God, art nigh forgot.
But brother dear, I grieve for thee,
O'erwhelmed by force and treachery,
And yet at last the tide will turn,
And men thine innocency learn.
Servant of God, have patience still;
And may I but the part fulfil
Of strengthening thee with word or deed,
And helping in thy sorest need,
Gladly, in such a holy strife,
I'll part with goods, or ease, or life.

The Imperial power in Germany had come to take side with the Papal power of Rome, and between the two, Hutten, in common with the other "Reformers," came into peril. He put forth, about 1520, various "Appeals to the German People," urging them to see to it that he was not wrongfully dealt with. One of these "Appeals" runs thus:

AN APPEAL BY HUTTEN.

Where shall I turn? Where seek help? To you I appeal, German rulers and men. Will you permit the innocent to be punished? I appeal to all to protect one who has labored for all. The labor and the enterprise were mine. The result depends on the will of God. I am no less in peril than if I had achieved that which I have undertaken for your sakes. I should now be in good favor with the Bishop of Rome, had I not desired to turn to the advantage of my country all that I have acquired so laboriously in my travels, amidst severe misfortunes and struggles with adverse fate. Will you permit me to be murdered unheard and uncondemned? I do not fear the law. I tarry with you in full confidence; but let not violence be done to me; lest when my foes have compassed the death of an innocent man, they invent a crime for the dead. . . .

Open your eyes, ye Germans, and see who they are who plunder you at home, and bring you into ill repute abroad. They are the shameless traffickers in Indulgences, the crazy traders in Pardons, Dispensations, Absolutions, and Bulls; who have set up a traffic in holy things in the Church of God, from which he once drove out those who only bought and sold worldly merchandise. It is they also who have brought me into this danger and distress because I exposed their thefts; and thus their gains have been diminished, and true religion increased. I have always avoided exciting revolt; and to show how little it was my intent, I have written in Latin, that I might admonish them *tête-à-tête*, and not to proclaim it to the multitude. Even now I do not wish to incite any to violence, but only to protect myself, and prevent them from further wrong-doing.

This "Appeal" had hardly been published before Hutten changed both his plans and his methods. Instead of writing in Latin for the learned he began to write in German for the people. He took for his motto "The die is cast," and this occurs over and over again in his stirring German poems.

THE DIE IS CAST.

Sing, Germans, sing! I call on you,
Praise God that truth is born anew;
Deceit and guile have lost their shine,
And lies give way to truth divine.
For truth was smothered with a lie,
And now again is raised on high.

Ho, pious Germans, every one,
Consider what has yet been done.
Let each resolve with steadfast mind
Still to go on, nor look behind.
I faithfully my part have done,
Nor asked reward of any one;
And now a solemn vow I make,
That truth I never will forsake,
No man shall turn me, though he try
With weapon, ban, or outlawry;
Nay, though my pious mother weep,
Still I my vow must steadfast keep.
God comfort her: and though He will
That obstacles my path should fill,
I will push on till they be past,
Nor turn aside while life shall last.

The die is cast.

NO STEP BACKWARD.

I've cast the die without recall,
And never shall repent;
I may not win, but all shall see
And own my good intent.
And not for self,
Nor yet for pelf

But for my country's sake.
Chide as they may
They yet shall say
I did the venture make.

Foe of the priests they call me ;
I reck not, for I ween,
Had I been tamely silent,
They had more friendly been.
I spoke the truth,
And so, forsooth,
Their rage doth me pursue.
Good folk, be sure
My aim was pure,
Though nothing more I do.

Take up your own, your righteous cause
O nation brave and strong ;
Will ye not listen to my words,
And help avenge this wrong ?
The die is cast,
And I stand fast
Whatever be my fate ;
The cards I'll play
As best I may,
And then the end await.

Although the cunning priests, I know,
Their snares for me have laid,
The man who knows his cause is good
Needs not to be dismayed.
I'll play the game,
And all the same
E'en though they seek my life.
Brave nobles all,
On you I call :
Join Hutten in the strife.

The path of Hutten and that of Luther began to diverge. Luther would fight Rome with Scripture; Hutten with the sword. The breach between the two Reformers came to an open

quarrel. In 1522 Hutten went to Switzerland, where the Reformers were in nowise overfriendly to Luther. He was broken in health and fortune, and seems to have been dependent for bare subsistence upon two or three of the Swiss Reformers. When he died he possessed nothing except his pen, and left nothing except the debt of a few score florins which he had borrowed. Few men who have died at five-and-thirty have written so much as Hutten. An edition of his *Complete Works*, mostly in Latin, was published in 1821-27, and republished, in 7 volumes, in 1859. The only adequate Life of Hutton is that of Straus (1857; second edition, 1871), translated by Mrs. G. Sturge (1872). The extracts above quoted are from this translation by Mrs. Sturge.





HUTTON, LAURENCE, an American journalist, essayist, and critic, was born in New York City, August 8, 1843. He is the son of a well-known merchant of New York, John Hutton, formerly of St. Andrews, Scotland, a descendant of the Robert Patterson of Scott's *Old Mortality*. Laurence went for a time to a private school in New York; then, at an early age, became an employee in a commission-house; and finally drifted into literature. He was for a couple of years dramatic critic of the *Evening Mail*; and in 1886 he became literary editor of *Harper's Magazine*. During the twelve years previous to this latter date, he devoted his entire time to authorship, and became well known as the author and compiler of numerous works on dramatic and literary subjects. In the former line he has issued *Plays and Players* (1875); *Curiosities of the American Stage* (1887); *Memoir of Edwin Booth* (1893); and contributed largely to the *American Actor* series (1881); *Actors of Great Britain and the United States* (1886); *John Bernard's Retrospection of America* (1887); *Opening Addresses of the American Stage* (1887); *Memoir of Lester Wallack* (1887); *Occasional Addresses of the American Stage* (1890). His miscellaneous works include *Artists of the Nineteenth Century* (1879); *Portraits in Plaster* (1890); *Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins* (1892); *Other Times and Other Seasons* (1896). Mr. Hutton is best known, how-

ever, to the general reading world, by his valuable *Literary Landmarks*, a series of volumes which have been prepared with the utmost care, and which are the result of much reading, correspondence, and personal observation. These include *Literary Landmarks of London* (1887); *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh* (1892); *Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem* (1895); *Literary Landmarks of Venice* (1896); *Literary Landmarks of Florence* (1897); *Literary Landmarks of Rome* (1897). In 1892 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Yale University.

The *Nation* says of his *Literary Landmarks of London*: "It is crowded full of details which will be new to all students interested in the homes and haunts of great men." The *Saturday Review* says of the same work: "To anyone who is interested in the history of literature, to anyone who is interested in old London—and the two classes comprise almost all the reading public—Mr. Hutton's book will be a delightful boon."

AMERIGO AND AMERICA.

While Amerigo Vespucci has no special claims to Landmarks that are Literary except as a writer of voluminous and excellent letters, the literature of a great nation owes to him at least a great name; and some of its makers and its readers on that account, if on no other, will perhaps care to know, when they come to Florence, just where he was born and lived. The site of his house on the Borgo Ognissanti—No. 18—and near the Via dei Fossi, is now occupied by a hospital founded by him. Here he wrote the letter which Waldseemüller quoted in his *Cosmographie Introductio* in 1507, with the remark: "Now a fourth part of the World has been found by Amerigo Vespucci, and I do not see why we should be prevented from calling it

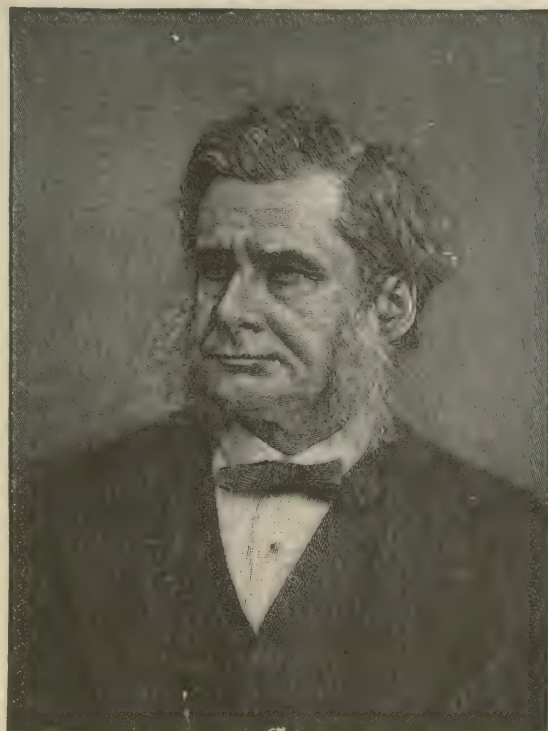
Amerigo or America." And thus did the local habitation which Columbus is credited with discovering for us get its name. A stone in the floor of a chapel in the adjoining Church of Ognissanti bears the legend, in Latin, that it was once the property of Vespucci; and the broad avenue on the banks of the river, from the Ponte alla Carraia to the Piazza degli Zuavi, is called Lung' Arno Amerigo Vespucci to this day,—with no one to object.—*From Literary Landmarks of Florence.*

THE ALDINE PRESS.

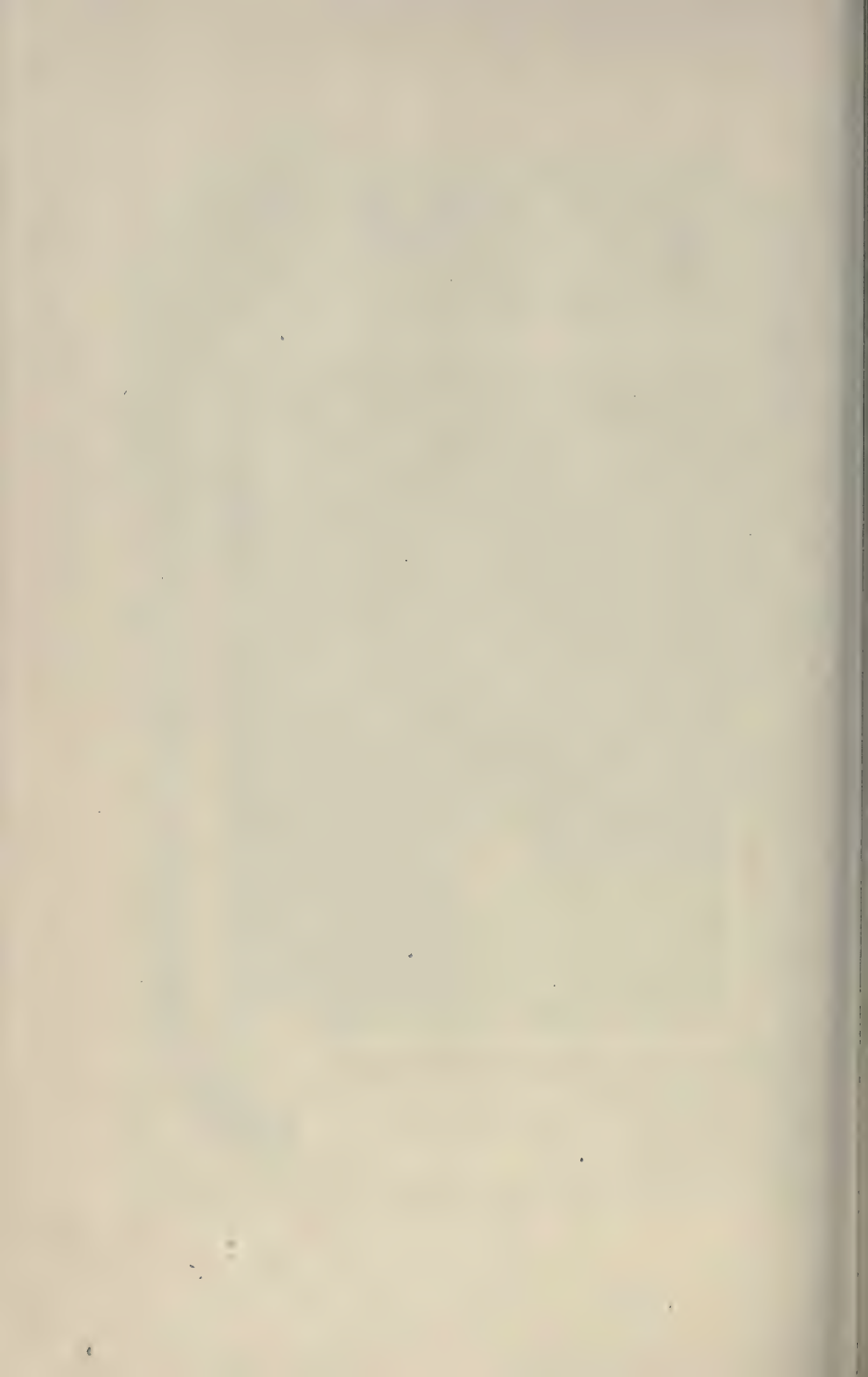
The fact that there exists a letter addressed to Gregoropoulos at the little narrow Calle del Pistor, and written while Gregoropoulos was employed by Aldus as corrector of Greek manuscript and Greek proof, would seem to imply that the famous printing-press stood in that street, if such a gutter can be called a street at all. It resembles no thoroughfares elsewhere in the world except the closes of Edinburgh; but it is not unlikely to have been the scene of the birth of the Aldines so dearly prized by the bookworms of to-day. The original Aldus is believed to have settled in Venice about 1488. As Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement remarks, he was no mere printer, and, although it is by that name now that he is most frequently regarded, he was a scholar before he was a printer, and he became a printer because of his scholarship. Concerning the many troublesome visitors to his place of business, who went there to gossip and to kill their time, Aldus wrote: "We make bold to admonish such in classical words, in a sort of edict placed over our door, 'Whoever you are, Aldo requests you, if you want anything, ask for it in a few words and depart, unless, like Hercules, you come to lend the aid of your shoulders to the weary Atlas. Here will always be found, in that case, something for you to do, however many you may be.'" A certain Hercules named Erasmus came once to lend his shoulders to the load, and found something to do. Erasmus in the workshop of Aldus, printing, perhaps, his own *Adages*, is a picture for a poet or a painter to conjure with. Venice in all its glory never saw a greater sight.—*From Literary Landmarks of Venice.*



HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY, an English scientist, born at Ealing, near London, May 4, 1825; died at Eastbourne, June 29, 1895. He was educated at the school in his native place, in which his father was one of the masters; afterward he studied medicine with a brother-in-law who was a physician; and attended lectures at the Medical School of the Charing Cross Hospital. In 1845 he passed his first examination at the University of London for the degree of M.B., taking honors in physiology; and in the following year was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the *Victory* for service at Haslar Hospital. In 1847 he was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, and spent the greater part of the ensuing three years off the eastern coast of Australia. In 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, receiving one of the Royal medals next year. In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines; Fullerian Professor of Physiology to the Royal Institution, and Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy to the University of London. In 1858 he was appointed Groonian Lecturer to the Royal Society, and chose for his subject the "Theory of the Vertebrate Skull." In 1860 he delivered a course of lectures to working-men at the School of Mines, his subject being "The Relation of Man to the



THOMAS H. HUXLEY.



Lower Animals." The views which he then propounded gave rise to much vehement controversy. In 1862 he delivered another course of lectures to working-men, which were subsequently published under the title of *Lectures on our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature*. In 1870 he was elected a member of the London School Board, where he took an active part in the opposition to denominational teaching. In 1872 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University; and in 1873 Secretary of the Royal Society, of which he was chosen President in 1883. In 1881 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries; but in 1885 he was compelled by ill-health to resign. In 1890 he wrote to the *Times* severely criticising General Booth's "Darkest England" scheme. In 1892 he was called to the Privy Council.

The following are Mr. Huxley's principal works: *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* (1866); *Introduction to the Classification of Animals* (1869); *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* (1870); *Manual of the Anatomy of the Vertebrated Animals* (1871); *Critiques and Addresses* (1873); *American Addresses* (1877); *Physiography; an Introduction to the Study of Nature* (1877); *Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals* (1877); *The Crayfish; an Introduction to the Study of Zoölogy* (1879); *Science and Culture* (1882); *The Origin of the Existing Forms of Animal Life*, being the Rede Lecture at Cambridge for 1883; *Essays on Some Controverted Questions* (1892); *Evolution and Ethics* (1893). Besides these he has delivered numerous lectures, which have been separately published.

THE RELATIONS OF MAN TO THE LOWER ANIMALS.

The question of questions to mankind—the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other—is the ascertainment of the place which man occupies in nature, and of his relations to the universe of things. Whence has our race come? what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's power over us? To what good are we tending?—these are the problems which present themselves anew and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world.

Most of us, shrinking from the difficulties and dangers which beset the seeker after original answers to these riddles, are contented to ignore them altogether, or to smother the investigating spirit under the feather-bed of respected and respectable tradition. But in every age one or two restless spirits, blest with that constructive genius which can only build a secure foundation, or cursed with the mere spirit of scepticism, are unable to follow in the well-worn and comfortable track of their forefathers and contemporaries; and, unmindful of thorns and stumbling-blocks, strike out into paths of their own. The sceptics end in the infidelity which asserts the problem to be insoluble, or in the atheism which denies the existence of any orderly progress and governance of things. The men of genius propound solutions which grow into systems of theology or philosophy; or, veiled in musical language which suggests more than it asserts, take the shape of the poetry of an epoch.

Each such answer to the great question—invariably asserted by the followers of its propounder, if not by himself, to be complete and final—remains in high authority and esteem, it may be for one century, or it may be for twenty; but, as invariably, time proves each reply to have been a mere approximation to the truth—tolerable chiefly on account of the ignorance of those by whom it was accepted, and wholly intolerable when tested by the larger knowledge of their successors.

In a well-worn metaphor a parallel is drawn between

the life of man and the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly ; but the comparison may be more just, as well as more novel, if for its former term we take the mental progress of the race. History shows that the human mind, fed by constant accessions of knowledge, periodically grows too large for its theoretical coverings, and bursts them asunder to appear in new habiliments, as the feeding and growing grub at intervals casts its too narrow skin and assumes another, itself but temporary. Truly the *imago* state of Man seems to be terribly distant ; but every moult is a step gained, and of such there have been many.

It will be admitted that some knowledge of Man's position in the animated world is an indispensable preliminary to the proper understanding of his position in the universe ; and this again resolves itself, in the long run, into an inquiry into the nature and the closeness of the ties which connect him with those singular creatures which have been styled the Man-like Apes. The importance of such an inquiry is indeed intuitively manifest. Brought face to face with these blurred copies of himself, the least thoughtful of men is conscious of a certain shock, due, perhaps, not so much to disgust at the aspect of what looks like an insulting caricature, as to the awakening of a sudden and profound mistrust of time-honored theories and strongly rooted prejudices regarding his own position in nature, and his relations to the Under-world of life ; while that which remains a dim suspicion for the unthinking becomes a vast argument, fraught with the deepest consequences, for all who are acquainted with the recent progress of anatomical and physiological sciences.

I now propose briefly to unfold that argument, and to set forth, in a form intelligible to those who possess no special acquaintance with anatomical science, the chief facts upon which all conclusions respecting the nature and the extent of the bonds which connect man with the brute world must be based. I shall then indicate the one immediate conclusion which, in my judgment, is justified by those facts ; and I shall finally discuss the bearing of that conclusion upon the hypotheses which have been entertained respecting the origin of Man.—
Man's Place in Nature.

THE CONCLUSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Leaving Mr. Darwin's views aside, the whole analogy of natural operations furnishes so complete and crushing an argument against the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes in the production of all the phenomena of the universe that, in view of the intimate relations between Man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, I can see no excuse for doubting that all are co-ordinated terms of nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed—from the inorganic to the organic—from blind force to conscious intellect and will. Science has fulfilled her mission when she has ascertained and enunciated truth; and were these pages addressed to men of science only, I should now close this Essay, knowing that my colleagues have learned to respect nothing but evidence, and to believe that their highest duty lies in submitting to it, however much it may jar against their inclinations.

But desiring, as I do, to reach the wider circle of the intelligent public, it would be unworthy cowardice were I to ignore the repugnance with which the majority of my readers are likely to meet the conclusions to which the most careful and conscientious study I have been able to give to this matter has led me. On all sides I shall hear the cry—"We are Men and Women, and not a mere better sort of Apes—a little longer in the leg, more compact in the foot, and bigger in the brain, than your brutal Chimpanzees and Gorillas. The power of knowledge—the consciousness of good and evil—the pitiful tenderness of human affections—raise us out of all real fellowship with the brutes, however closely they may seem to approximate us."

To this I can only reply that the exclamation would be most just, and would have my own entire sympathy, if it were only relevant. But it is not I who seek to base Man's dignity upon his great-toe, or insinuate that we are lost if an ape has a *hippocampus minor*. On the contrary, I have done my best to sweep away this vanity. I have endeavored to show that no absolute structural

line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves. And I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a physical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and intellect begin to germinate in the lower forms of life. At the same time, no one is more thoroughly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes ; or is more certain that whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes, of the only consciously intelligent denizen of the world.

We are indeed told by those who assume authority in these matters that the two sets of opinions are incompatible, and that the belief of the unity of origin of man and brutes involves the brutalization and degradation of the former. But is this really so? Could not a sensible child confute, by obvious arguments, the shallow rhetoricians who would force this conclusion upon us? Is it indeed true that the Poet, or the Philosopher, or the Artist, whose genius is the glory of his age, is degraded from his high estate by the undoubted historical probability—not to say certainty—that he is the direct lineal descendant of some naked and bestial savage, whose intelligence was just sufficient to make him a little more cunning than the fox, and by so much more dangerous than the tiger? Or is he bound to howl and grovel on all fours because of the wholly unquestionable fact that he was once an egg, which no ordinary power of discrimination could distinguish from that of the dog? Or is the philanthropist or the saint to give up his endeavors to lead a noble life because the simplest study of man's nature reveals, at its foundations, all the selfish passions and fierce appetites of the quadruped? Is the mother-love vile because the hen shows it ; or fidelity base because dogs possess it?

The common-sense of the mass of mankind will answer these questions without a moment's hesitation. Healthy humanity, finding itself hard-pressed to escape from real sin and degradation, will leave the brood-

ing over speculative pollution to the cynics and the "righteous overmuch," who, disagreeing in everything else, unite in blind insensibility to the nobleness of the visible world and inability to appreciate the grandeur of the place Man occupies therein. Nay, more thoughtful men, once escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence Man has sprung the best evidence of the splendor of his capacities, and will discern in his long progress through the Past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future.

They will remember that in comparing civilized man with the animal world one is as the Alpine traveller who sees the mountains soaring into the sky, and can hardly discern where the deep-shadowed crags and roseate peaks end, and where the clouds of heaven begin. Surely the awe-struck voyager may be excused if he at first refuses to believe the geologist, who tells him that these glorious masses are, after all, the hardest mud of primeval seas, or the cooled slag of subterranean furnaces—of one substance with the dullest clay, but raised by inward forces to that place of proud and seemingly inaccessible glory. But the geologist is right; and the due reflection on his teachings, instead of diminishing our reverence and our wonder, adds all the force of intellectual sublimity to the more æsthetic intuition of the uninstructed beholder.

And after passion and prejudice have died away, the same result will attend the teachings of the naturalist respecting that great Alps and Andes of the living world—Man. Our reverence for the nobility of manhood will not be lessened by the knowledge that Man is, in substance and structure, one with the brutes; for he alone possesses the marvellous endowment of intelligible and rational speech, whereby, in the secular period of his existence, he has slowly accumulated and organized the experience which is almost wholly lost with the cessation of every individual life in other animals; so that he now stands on the mountain-top, far above the level of his humble fellows, and transfigured from the grosser nature by reflecting, here and there, a ray from the Infinite Source of Truth.—*Man's Place in Nature.*

PROTOPLASM IN ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

Notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the power of the protoplasm in plants and animals, they present one striking difference, in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready-made; and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends, nothing at present is known. With such qualification as arises out of this fact, it may be truly said that all the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predicable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question.

If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions, and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat large size and irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail rather than in principle from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies, and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism—in that state in which it has just become distinguishable from the egg

in which it arises—it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles ; and every organ of the body was once no more than an aggregation of such corpuscles. Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units, variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character—namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But at the very bottom of the animal scale even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasms of those simplest forms of life which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock-builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad or attached end of the nettle-hair there lies a spherical nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen-grain or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises, as a man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances, it may well be asked,

How is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? Why call one plant and the other animal? The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable; and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant.

There is a living body called *Æthelium septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and, in one of its forms, is common upon the surface of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such. But the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, that *Æthelium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic features of animality. Is this a plant? or is it an animal? Is it both? or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom—a sort of No Man's Land—for all these intermediate forms. But as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this No Man's Land and the Vegetable World, on the one hand, or the Animal, on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty, which before was single.

Protoplasm—simple or nucleated—is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter, which—bake it and paint it as he will—remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod. Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate; and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.—*The Physical Basis of Life.*





HUYGHENS, CONSTANTINE, a Dutch poet, born at the Hague, September 4, 1596; died at Hofwijk, March 28, 1687. He was educated at Leyden, and was employed in various governmental capacities. Having been in Italy, and three times in England, as an ambassador, he succeeded his father as State Secretary in 1625. In the same year he published his poems with the collective title *Otia, of Ledighe Uren*; and in 1658 he began the issue, in twenty-seven parts, of the collection known as *Korenbloemen*. Additional verses have been since gathered and published under the title *Cluyswerk*.

Huyghens was one of the greatest masters of metrical form of his age. In an epistle to the poetess Tesselschade he uses, with the utmost ease and at great length, a stanza of which this is an example:

Tesselschaedje,
Kameraedje,
Die dit praetje
 Uit mijn hert,
En van binnen
Uyt het spinnen
Van mijn sinnen,
 Hebt ontwert.

“This,” says Edmund Gosse, “is more like one of the lovely creations of Victor Hugo or of Swinburne than a production of the heavy and fettered Teutonic tongues of the seventeenth century.

But," continues this able critic, "in respect of mastery over form Huyghens is *facile princeps* among the Dutch poems of his time or since." When Tesselschade died of grief after her daughter's death, all the poets wrote memorial verses; the most touching and simple of which were those of Huyghens, of which Mr. Gosse has given us the following version :

TESSELSCHADE'S GRAVE.

'Tis Tesselschade's Grave !

Let no one vainly try

To measure out in words her matchless quality ;

The honor that men give the Sun to her they gave.

And why in death she lay,

Listen, I will relate :

O mothers, think, it was her daughter sealed her fate,

And she who owed her life took life from her away.

The child had little blame ;

The mother saw her die,

And died that she to keep her company might try.

So perished Tesselschâ through her own tender aim !

—*From Korenbloemen.*





HUYSMANS, JORIS KARL, a French naturalistic novelist, born in Paris, February 5, 1848. His father and grandfather were noted painters; and among his ancestors was Cornelius Huysmans, whose works are admired by visitors to the Louvre. He studied law; was for a while in the Department of the Interior; and about 1874 he began to devote himself to literature. In that year he published his *Drageoir aux Épices*; and the following year he issued *Marthe*. These first works showed the naturalistic tendencies of the writer; and the disciple of the Zola school is clearly seen in his later novels: *Sac au Dos* (1878); *Sœurs Vatarde* (1879); *Les Croquis Parisiens* (1880); *En Ménage* (1881); *À Vau l'Eau* (1883). A reaction toward a kind of indefinite spiritualism is seen in *À Rebours* (1885); *En Rade* (1887); *Là Bas* (1889); *En Route* (1895).

Speaking of this latter work, Professor Wells says the author "has joined those pessimists 'who have grown tired of the devil and are trying a reconciliation with God,' and has given us a study of monastic dilettanteism, which leads his hero to the weary conclusion that he is 'too much a man of letters to be a monk, and has already too much of the monk to live with men of letters;' and one turns gladly from such perversions of genius." But few of his works have been translated into English.

FRANCE AND MYSTICISM.

All exalted writers are foreigners. Saint Denys the Areopagite was a Greek ; Eckhart, Tauler, Suso, Sister Emmerich, were Germans : Ruysbröck came from Flanders ; Saint Teresa ; Saint John of the Cross, Saint Marie d'Agreda, were Spaniards ; Father Faber was English ; Saint Bonaventure, Angela of Foligno, Magdalen of Pazzi, Catherine of Genoa, Jacopo de Voragine, were Italians. France can count religious authors, more or less celebrated, but very few mystical writers properly so called. It cannot be denied, the genius of our race cannot easily follow and explain how God acts when he works in the central depths of the soul, which is the ovary of thought, the very source of conception. It is refractory at explaining, by the expressive power of words, the crash or the silence of grace. Bursting forth in the domain which is wasted by sin it is inapt at extracting from that secret world such works of psychology as those of Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross, such works of art as those of Voragine and Sister Emmerich. Besides that our field is scarcely arable and our soil harsh, where shall we find the laborer who sows and harrows it ; who prepares, not indeed a mystical harvest, but even any spiritual fruit capable of assuaging the hunger of the few who stray and are lost, and fall from inanition in the icy desert of our time ?—*From En Route ; translated by C. KEGAN PAUL.*





IBSEN, HENRIK, a Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien, a small village on Langesund Fjord, Norway, March 20, 1828. While in his twentieth year he became an apothecary's clerk in the village of Grimstad, during which period he wrote several poems which were published in country papers, and of which but one, *Til Ungarn*, survives. While preparing for Christiania University he wrote a drama, entitled *Catalina*, which was rejected by the theatres and publishers, and was printed at last at the expense of a friend, the total sales being but thirty copies. The same year he entered Christiania University and began writing for the daily and other periodicals, and he closed the year by obtaining the presentation of a one-act play, *Kjaempehöjen*, at the Christiania Theatre. At this period Ibsen was a Radical and a pronounced Socialist, a contributor to the famous Michael Thrane's paper, and one of a party of students who made an organized protest against the expulsion of another leading agitator from the country. Ibsen narrowly escaped imprisonment with Thrane when the latter was arrested and his paper suppressed. Ibsen also afterward joined two other young Radicals in founding the weekly, *Andhrimner*. His Christiania career was cut short by the offer of the post of theatre director and dramatic author for the theatre at Bergen, the second city of Norway, with a



trip abroad to study methods and an engagement for five years. No doubt the poet's remarkable dramatic handling is largely due to his having accepted this proposal and thus having long studied the drama from the stand-point of the actual presentation. His first drama at Bergen, *Sancthansnat*, was not successful and was not published. The next, *Fru Inger til Ostraat*, a play based upon that period of Norway's history when her ancient Kings were making their last stand against the triumphant Danish invaders, was well received and is still considered one of his best acting dramas. It is especially noteworthy as furnishing a female tragic part only comparable in modern tragedies to that of Lady Macbeth. Two other dramas, based upon the almost mythical stories of the Viking period, *Gildet Paa Solhaug* and *Haermaendene paa Helgeland*, were also successful. A short poetical drama, *Olaf Liljekrans*, was also produced but not published. From fragments of this, Henrik Jaeger, Ibsen's biographer, is of the opinion that it was a rude sketch of the same motive which afterward produced Ibsen's greatest dramatic poem, *Brand*.

When his engagement closed, Ibsen returned to Christiania, and in company with Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson and others organized the pro-Norsk literary and dramatic movement which resulted in the founding of an opposition theatre at Christiania, known as the Norsk Theatre, at which everything deemed Danish was excluded. The movement was so far successful that the other theatre had to bend to popular opinion and dismiss its Danish actors. Ibsen's Bergen-trained

actors soon became the favorites. But two theatres made returns small for both, and not only was the reward of playwrights small, but at last the Norsk Theatre had to succumb. While the pro-Norsk movement was popular, Ibsen was not regarded as queer and out of harmony with the prevailing literary spirit, which was pervaded by Björnson's earlier romantic and idyllic tales. Ibsen produced two dramas, one *Kongsemnerne*, based on events of the period of the early Kings of Norway, and the other, *Kjaerlighedens Komedie*, the precursor of his social dramas. The latter he tried to write in prose, but, after several attempts, abandoned that idea and wrote it in rhymed verse, being unable to give over the dignified language of historical drama and employ the speech of the modern drawing-room in a moment's time. This drama offended the public, being practically a defence of *mariage de convenance*, a position especially distasteful to those who were imbued with the Björnsonesque spirit of that day. Björnson and Ibsen, who had been classmates, were then and always firm friends. During this period Ibsen wrote his two greatest lyric poems, *Terje Viken* and *Paa Viderne*.

The Norwegian Storting had voted Björnson a "digtergage" or poet's pension. A motion to give the same to Ibsen was rejected, but a small sum was granted him wherewith to travel. He visited Germany, Austria, Italy, and France, being absent from Norway for ten years. In the first year he wrote *Brand*, and in the second *Peer Gynt*, two great symbolical dramas in verse, of the general character of Goethe's *Faust*, which were

brought out by his new publishers, in Copenhagen. Though symbolical, they had a strong human interest, and were instantly successful, being regarded as the most powerful interpretations of Norwegian racial character ever published.

It was five years after his departure from Norway before he published a prose drama for actual stage presentation, *De Unges Forbund*. This was the first of his great modern social dramas, and its perfection of expression shows a marvellous change since when he had been compelled to write a social play in verse in order to express himself. The presentation of this drama at Christiania caused great excitement, and from that moment Ibsen's sway over the Norwegian stage was complete. Already, in 1866, his accomplishments as a poet had brought him the "digtergage."

He returned to Norway a short time in 1873, at about the time that his double drama, *Kejser og Gallilæer*, based on the career of the Emperor Julian, was published. Though in prose, this is a symbolical novel of the type of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*. For many years Ibsen resided at Munich, occasionally returning to Norway. At Munich most of his social dramas have been written, viz: *Samfundets Stotte*, *Et Dukkehjem*, *Gjengangere*, *En Folkefiende*, *Vildanden*, *Rosmersholm*, and *Fruen fra Havet*. While living in Christiania he produced *Hedda Gabler*, *Bygmester Solness*, *Lille Eyolf*, and *John Gabriel Borkman*. Of his social dramas the most famous are *Et Dukkehjem*, *Gjengangere*, and *En Folkefiende*.

His plays have been translated into all the principal languages. In English a complete edi-

tion has been prepared by William Archer, all being authorized translations excepting that of *Brand*. Of this poem one unauthorized verse and one prose translation have already appeared. The authorized translation has not yet been published, but by permission of the translator, Miles Menander Dawson, we reproduce a selection from his manuscript. We also reproduce a selection from William Archer's translation of *En Folkefiende*, which he translates *An Enemy of Society*. A translation of Ibsen's longest lyrical poem, *On the Heights*, may be found in *Poems of the New Time*, by M. M. Dawson.

The following is a complete list of Ibsen's dramas, with the titles in English: *Cataline*; *Lady Inger of Ostraat*; *The Feast at Solhaug*; *The Warriors at Helgeland*; *Claimants of the Throne*; *The Comedy of Love*; *Brand*; *Peer Gynt*; *The Young Men's League*; *Emperor and Galilean*; *The Pillars of Society*; *Nora*; or, *a Doll-House*; *Ghosts*; *An Enemy of Society*; *Wild Duck*; *Rosmersholm*; *The Lady from the Sea*; *Hedda Gabler*; *Builder Solness*; *Little Eyolf*, and *John Gabriel Borkman*.

A ROTTEN FOUNDATION FOR PROSPERITY.

Burgomaster. [After a pause.] Was it really necessary to make all those investigations behind my back?

Dr. Stockman. Yes, till I was absolutely certain I——

Bur. And so you are certain now?

Dr. S. Yes, and I suppose it has convinced you, too?

Bur. Is it your intention to submit this statement to the board of directors as an official document?

Dr. S. Of course. Why something must be done in the matter, and that promptly.

Bur. After your wont, brother, you use very strong

expressions in your statement. Why, you actually say that what we offer our visitors is a persistent poison!

Dr. S. But, Peter, can it be called anything else? Only think—poisonous water both internally and externally! And that for poor sick folk who come to us in good faith, and who pay us heavily to heal them.

Bur. And from this you come to the conclusion that we must build a sewer which will carry off all the supposed impurities from the Miller's Dale, and relay all the water-pipes?

Dr. S. Yes. Can you suggest any other alternative? I know none.

Bur. I looked in at the town engineer's this morning, and so—half in jest—I brought up the subject of these alterations as of a matter we might, possibly, have to take into consideration at some future time.

Dr. S. Possibly at some future time!

Bur. He smiled at my apparent extravagance—naturally. Have you taken the trouble to reflect upon what these proposed alterations would cost? From the information I have received, these expenses would most likely run up several hundred thousand crowns!

Dr. S. So much as that?

Bur. Yes. But the worst is to come. The work would take at least two years.

Dr. S. Two years; do you mean to say two whole years?

Bur. At least. And what are we to do in the meanwhile with the Baths? Are we to close them? For that is what it would come to. Besides, do you believe anyone would come here if the rumor got abroad that the water is injurious to health?

Dr. S. But, Peter, you know it is injurious.

Bur. And all this now, just now, when the baths are beginning to do well. Neighboring towns, too, have some idea of establishing baths. Don't you see that they would at once set to work to divert the full stream of visitors to themselves! It's beyond a doubt! And we should be left stranded! We should probably have to give up the whole costly undertaking; and so you would have ruined your native town.

Dr. S. I—ruined!

Bur. It is only through the baths that the town has

any future worth speaking of. You surely know that as well as I do.

Dr. S. But what do you think should be done?

Bur. Your statement has not succeeded in convincing me that the condition of the water at the baths is as serious as you represent.

.
Bur. As you have been so garrulous in talking about this unpleasant business to outsiders, although it should have been kept an official secret, of course it can't be hushed up. All sorts of rumors will be spread everywhere, and the evil disposed among us will swell these rumors with all sorts of additions. It will, therefore, be necessary for you to meet these rumors.

Dr. S. I? How? I don't understand you.

Bur. We venture to expect that after further investigation you will come to the conclusion that the affair is not nearly so dangerous or serious as you had at the first moment imagined.

Dr. S. Ah, ha! So you expect that?

Bur. Furthermore, we shall expect you to have confidence in the board of directors, and to express your belief that they will thoroughly and conscientiously carry out all measures for the removal of every shortcoming.

.
Dr. S. Pshaw! What's that to me? What the devil do I care! I will be free to speak out upon any subject on earth.

Bur. As you please. But not a word about the baths——

Dr. S. [*Shouting.*] You forbid! You!—such fellows——

Bur. I forbid you that—I, your chief; and when I forbid you anything, you'll have to obey.

Dr. S. [*Controlling himself.*] Peter, really, if you weren't my brother——

[*PETRA throws open the door.*]

Petra. Father, you should not submit to this!

[*MRS. STOCKMAN following her.*]

Mrs. Stockman. Petra, Petra!

Bur. Ah! So we've been listening!

Mrs. S. You spoke so loud; we couldn't help—

Petra. Yes, I did stand there and listen.

Bur. Well, on the whole, I'm glad—

Dr. S. [*Coming nearer to him.*] You spoke to me of forbidding and obeying—

Bur. You forced me to speak in that tone.

Dr. S. And have I, in a public declaration, to give myself the lie?

Bur. We consider it absolutely necessary that you should issue a statement in the terms I have requested.

Dr. S. And if I don't obey?

Bur. Then we shall ourselves put forth a statement to reassure the public.

Dr. S. Well and good. Then I'll write against you. I hold to my opinion. I shall prove that I am right, and you are wrong. And what will you say to that?

Bur. I shall then be unable to prevent your dismissal.

.

Dr. S. It is I who have the real good of the town at heart. I want to lay bare the evils that, sooner or later, must come to light. Ah! You shall yet see that I love my native town.

Bur. You, who, in your blind obstinacy, want to cut off the town's chief source of prosperity.

Dr. S. The source is poisoned, man! Are you mad? We live by trafficking in filth and garbage. The whole of our developing social life is rooted in a lie.

Bur. Idle fancies—or something worse. The man who makes such offensive insinuations against his own native place must be an enemy of society.

Dr. S. [*Going toward him.*] And you dare to—

Mrs. S. [*Throwing herself between them.*] Thomas!

Petra. [*Seizing her father's arm.*] Oh! hush, father.

Bur. I will not expose myself to physical violence. You are warned now. Reflect upon what is due to your family. Good-by.

.

Dr. S. [*Struggling with himself and clinching his hands.*] And such threats this office-mopger dares

utter to a free and honest man ! Isn't it horrible, Katrine ?

Mrs. S. Yes ; that he is behaving badly to you is certainly true. But, good God ! There is so much injustice to which we must submit here on earth ! Here are the boys. Look at them ! What is to become of them ? Oh ! no, no, you cannot find it in your heart.

[EJLIF and MORTEN with school-books have entered meanwhile.]

Dr. S. The boys ! [Suddenly stands still firmly and decidedly.] Never, though the earth should crumble, will I bend my neck beneath the yoke. [Goes toward his room.]

Mrs. S. [Following him.] Thomas, what are you going to do ?

Dr. S. [At the door.] I want to have the right to look into my boys' eyes when they are grown men. [Exit into room.]

Mrs. S. [Bursts into tears.] Ah ! God help and comfort us all.

Petra. Father is brave ! He will not give in.

[Curtain.]

—ARCHER'S Translation of latter part of Act II. of *An Enemy of Society*.

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING ?

Agnes. Robbed of all—all taken away—
All which bound my soul to clay !

For a time she stands motionless. Little by little the expression on her face changes to beaming joy. BRAND enters. She bounds rejoicing to meet him, throws her arms about his neck and cries :

I am free, Brand, I am free !

Brand. Agnes !

Agnes. Night has passed from me !
All the terrors which oppressed
Like a heavy sea my breast
Lie at the bottom of the void !
Will is victor in the fray ;

All the clouds are rolled away,
 The threatening thunder-clouds destroyed !
 Across death's current through the night
 I catch a gleam of morning light !
 The churchyard, churchyard ! To my ears
 The word conveys no thought of tears,
 It doth no sleeping wound awaken—
 Our child has been to heaven taken !

Brand. Yes, victor, Agnes, now art thou !

Agnes. Yes, truly, surely, victor, now !

A victor over death am I !
 Oh, Brand, look upward, look on high !
 See you Alf before the throne,
 Happy as in days gone by.
 Stretching forth his hands toward us ?
 Did I a thousand voices own,
 If I dared and if I could,
 Not a single one I would
 To recover him upraise !
 Oh, how great, how rich our Lord is
 In inventing means and ways !
 The sacrifice of baby hath
 Redeemed my wandering soul from death !
 He was given me but to lose ;—
 From on high to victory woos !
 Thanks, you led me by your hand ;
 Patiently for me you strove.
 I saw you struggle with your love.
 Now in the vale of choice you stand ;
 Now on yourself the lot doth fall
 Of choosing : Is it naught or all ?

Brand. What meaning do your strange words cover ?

The battle now is surely over.

Agnes. Do you forget the proverb, wise :
 "The soul that sees Jehovah dies ?"

Brand. [*Shrinks back.*] Oh, what a light you kindle !

Woe

Unto me ; be it never so !
 My hands are mighty ; you shall stay ;
 I will not let you from me stray !
 All I have brought to pass, undo ;
 Take all things else from me away—
 I am content—but oh, not you !

Agnes. Choose, then ; you at the cross-road stand !
 What I shall be is in your hand !
 Put out the light which in me glows ;
 Shut down the fount of Christmas joy ;
 Give me once more my idol-clothes,—
 The woman's out there with her boy—
 Once again my soul replace
 In those blind and thoughtless days ;
 Once more restore me to the slough
 Where stupidly I sinned till now !
 You have the power so to do ;
 Little could I oppose to you !
 Clip my wings, my soul restrain,
 Hang again upon my heel
 The lead-ball of humdrum existence,
 Bind me, push me down again—
 Down thither whence by your assistance—
 And by yours only—I have risen !
 You have the power thus to deal—
 You who rescued me from prison !
 Let me live once more as then,
 Writhing in the darkness hid.
 If you wish to do so and
 Dare, I am your wife again ;—
 Choose, you at the cross-road stand !

Brand. Woe unto me if I did !
 Oh, but far from here and far
 From where your sorrow's memories are,
 Life and solace you will find !
Agnes. Have you forgotten, then, that you
 Does consecrated baptism bind—
 Aye, and sacred offering, too ?
 Forgotten the thousand spirits there,
 Given over to your care—
 Whom you did safely undertake
 To lead to heaven at God's command
 And to salvation ? Choose ! For at
 The cross-road you yourself now stand !

Brand. There is no choice for me to make !

Agnes. [*Clasps her arms about his neck.*] Thanks for
 all and thanks for that !
 Faithfully your child you led.

Now heavy clouds hang over me,
But you will watch beside my bed.

Brand. Sleep : your day's work now is done !

Agnes. Done and evening begun !

Now I am weary ; victory
Did all my little strength divest.
To praise God is a task, now light !
Brand, good-night.

Brand. Good-night !

Agnes. Good-night !

Thanks for all ; now I will rest. [*Exit Agnes.*]

Brand. [*Presses his hands to his breast.*] Soul, be
steadfast—falter never !

Vict'ry is to all surrender.
Loss the highest gain will render ;
The lost alone is thine forever.

[*Curtain.*]

—DAWSON'S *Translation of latter part of Act
IV. of Brand.*





IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, one of the Apostolic Fathers of the Church, concerning whose life little is certainly known. He was one of the earliest successors of the Apostles and is supposed to have been a native of Syria. According to Eusebius he was a disciple of St. John, and was made Bishop of Antioch in the year 69. He filled this station for about forty years, when the Emperor Trajan began a persecution of the Christians. Of even the date and place of his martyrdom there are contradictory accounts. According to one, he suffered at Antioch in 107; according to another, at Rome in 115. The *Martyrium Ignatii*, which professes to have been written by an eye-witness, gives the latter account. Of the writings of Ignatius (besides eight epistles attributed to him which are undoubtedly spurious) there are seven epistles which are generally, though not quite universally, accepted as genuine. The most important of these, and one the genuineness of which is not disputed, is that to the Romans. This was written from Smyrna, while he was being taken under a military guard to Rome, and forwarded by way of Ephesus. Its main object is to inform the disciples at Rome that he is being conveyed thither, with the full expectation, and even longing, to be thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre; and he beseeches the Christians at Rome to make no effort to prevent this martyrdom.

HIS DESIRE FOR MARTYRDOM.

I write to all the churches, and impress upon all that I shall willingly die for God, unless ye hinder me. I beseech of you not to show an unseasonable good-will toward me. Suffer me to become food for the beasts, through whose instrumentality it will be granted me to attain to God. I am the wheat of God, and am ground by the teeth of the wild beasts, that I may be found the pure bread of God. Rather entice the wild beasts, that they may become my tomb, and may leave nothing of my body ; so that when I have fallen asleep, I may not be found troublesome to anyone. Then shall I be found a true disciple of Jesus Christ, when the world shall not see so much as my body. Entreat the Lord for me that by these instruments I may be found a sacrifice to God. I do not, as Peter and Paul, issue commandments unto you. They were apostles of Jesus Christ, but I am the very least ; they were free, as the servants of God ; while I am, even until now, a servant. But when I suffer, I shall be the freed-man of Jesus Christ, and shall rise again emancipated in Him. And now, being in bonds for Him I learn not to desire anything worldly or vain.

From Syria even unto Rome I fight with beasts, both by land and sea, both by night and day, being bound to ten leopards—I mean a band of soldiers who, even when they receive benefits, show themselves all the worse. But I am more instructed by their injuries ; *yet am I not thereby justified.* May I enjoy the wild beasts that are prepared for me ; and I pray that they may be found eager to rush upon me, which also I will entice to devour me speedily, and not deal with me as with some, whom, out of fear, they have not touched. But if they be unwilling to assail me, I will compel them to do so. Pardon me : I know what is for my benefit. Now I begin to be a disciple, and have no desire after anything visible or invisible, that I may attain to Jesus Christ. Let fire and the cross ; let the crowds of wild beasts ; let breakings, tearings, and separations of bones ; let bruising to pieces of the whole body ; and let the very torments of the devil come upon me : only let me attain to Jesus Christ.

All the ends of the world, and all the kingdoms of this earth, shall profit me nothing. It is better for me to die for the sake of Jesus Christ than to reign over all the ends of the earth. *For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?* I long after the Lord, the Son of the true God and Father, even Jesus Christ. Him I seek, who died for us and rose again. Pardon me, brethren: do not hinder me in attaining to life; for Jesus is the life of believers. Do not wish to keep me in a state of death, for life without Christ is death. While I desire to belong to God, do not ye give me over to the world. Suffer me to obtain pure light: when I have gone thither, I shall indeed be a man of God. Permit me to be an imitator of the passion of Christ, my God. If anyone has Him within himself, let him consider what I desire, and let him have sympathy with me, as knowing how I am straitened. . . .

Remember in your prayers the church which is in Syria, which, instead of me, has now for its shepherd the Lord, who says, *I am the good Shepherd*. And He alone will oversee it, as well as your love toward Him. But as for me, I am ashamed to be counted one of them; for I am not worthy, as being the last of them, and one born out of due time. But I have obtained mercy to be somebody, if I shall attain to God. My spirit salutes you, and the love of the churches which have received me in the name of Jesus Christ, and not as a mere passer-by. For even those churches which were not near to me in the way have brought me forward, city by city.

Now I write these things to you from Smyrna by the Ephesians, who are deservedly most happy. There is also with me, along with many others, Crocus, dearly beloved by me. As to who have gone before me from Syria to Rome for the glory of God, I believe that you are acquainted with them; to whom do ye make known that I am at hand.—*Translation of* ROBERTS and DONALDSON.



IMLAH, JOHN, a Scottish song-writer, was born at Aberdeen, November 15, 1799; died at St. James's, in Jamaica, January 9, 1846. He was the son of an innkeeper in his native city, where he received a good education at the grammar-school, and was then apprenticed as a piano-tuner to a local music-dealer. He became an expert tuner, and secured a position with a London house, for which he travelled professionally during most of the summer in Scotland. In 1827 he published a collection of lyrics in the Scottish dialect under the title *May Flowers*. In 1841 he issued another collection entitled *Poems and Songs*. He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and to Macleod's *National Melodies*. He died of yellow fever while visiting a brother in the West Indies. His songs are rich in fancy, and show a true instinct for the music of words. Many of them have won considerable favor, and have found a place in all Scottish hearts, for they tell of the simple home-life of the land of glens and lochs, and the breeze from the moor blows once more in the face of the wanderer who reads their homely lines in foreign lands. One of the best known of these is *There Lives a Young Lassie Far Down Yon Lang Glen*; another, *Oh, Gin I Were Where Gadie Rins*, is a special favorite, and its tune was long the quick-march of the Aberdeen City Rifle Battalion.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Rise, rise ! Lowland and Highland men,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come and early ;
Rise, rise ! Mainland and Island men,
Belt on your broad claymores ; fight for Prince
Charlie !
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothie, the shieling :
Bugle and battle-drum,
Bid chief and vassal come :
Bravely our bag-pipes the pibroch are pealing.

When hath the tartan-plaid mantled a coward ?
When did the blue-bonnet crest the disloyal ?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart ;
Follow your leader, the rightful, the royal !
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald MacDonald !
Lovat ! Lochiel ! with the Grant and the Gordon !
Rouse every loyal kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on !





IMMERMANN, KARL LEBRECHT, a German dramatist, poet, and romance-writer, born at Magdeburg, Prussia, April 24, 1796; died at Düsseldorf, Prussia, August 25, 1840. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Magdeburg and in the University of Halle. He served in the Prussian army in 1815, and then returned to Halle to complete his studies. A pamphlet written by him, "On the Contentions of the Students at Halle," was solemnly burned by the students at the Wartburg Feste. Soon afterward Immermann was appointed Refendary at Magdeburg. Thence he went to Münster, and thence to Düsseldorf, in 1827, as Counsellor of the Provincial Court. Here he divided his time between his official duties and efforts to bring the theatre to a permanently higher standard. He was the author of many plays, of a volume of poems, and of several romances. Among his tragedies are *The Vale of Ronceval* (1822); *King Periander* (1823); *Cardenis and Celinde* (1826); *Frederick III.* (1828), and *Ghismonda* (1839). His best comedies are *The Princes of Syracuse* (1821); *The Eye of Love* (1828); *Disguises* (1828), and *The School of the Devout* (1829). He wrote a mythical play, *Merlin* (1831); a *Trilogy of Alexis* (1832); a dramatic poem, *The Tragedy in the Tyrol* (1827), and *Poems* (1825). His chief romances are *Tulifäntchen* (1827); *Die Epigonen* (1836), and *Münchhausen* (1839).

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S MADNESS.

The school-master, Agesilaus, who had formerly been called Agesel, had filled the office of instructing the youth of a neighboring village in reading and writing. He dwelt in a mud cottage, the only apartments in which were his school-room and his bedroom; and he had a salary of thirty gulden a year, besides the schooling money, which was twelve kreuzer for a boy, and six for a girl; a grass-plot for a cow, and the right of driving two geese into a common. He performed his duties without blame; taught the children to spell according to the old fashion, that had been in use in the village for upward of a hundred years: *G-e Ge, s-u-n-d, sund, h-e-i-t, heit, Gesundheit* (health), etc.; and advanced the cleverest so far that they were frequently able to read print without any extraordinary effort. And for writing, there were some that left his hands capable of forming their own name; that is, if they were not hurried, but had proper time given them. Under this system, our school-master had attained the age of fifty years. Then it happened that the general advance of the age called forth in the land a new method of instruction, which was destined to reform even the village school-masters. His superiors sent him an Accidence of the German language—one of those which profess to base the science of *A, B, C* on deep and philosophical principles—and at the same time directed him to rationalize his hitherto crude empiricism: first to instruct himself from the book, and then to begin the new method of teaching youth.

The school-master read the book through, and he read it through again, and he read it backward, and he read it from the middle, and he did not know what he had read. For it treated of *Stimmlauten*, and *Millauten*, of *Auf-In*, and *Umlauten*; he was, above all things, to learn to deaden (*turben*) and to sharpen (*verdunnen*) the sounds; to produce them by aspiration, hissing, pressing, gurgling, and talking through the nose; he learned that the language had roots and by-roots; and lastly, he learned that *I* was the pure original sound, and that this was produced by a strong pressure of Adam's apple against the palate.

He prayed to God to enlighten him in this darkness, but the heavens seemed of brass, and his prayer bounded back. He sat down before the book with his spectacles on his nose, that he might see more clearly, although by daylight he could do very well without glasses. Alas ! to his armed eyes, the frightful enigma of aspirated sounds, and hissing sounds, and pressing sounds, and nasal sounds, and throat sounds were but the more conspicuous ! He put the book away, he fed his geese, and he gave a boy who came to tell him that his father would not pay the school-money two good boxes on the ear, that he might by practice gain some solution of the theory. All in vain ! He ate a sausage to fortify the outer man. All to no purpose ! He emptied a whole mustard-pot, because he had heard that this condiment sharpened the intellect. Fruitless effort !

At night, when he went to sleep, he laid the book under his pillow ; but alas ! on the following morning, he found that neither roots nor by-roots had penetrated his head. Willingly would he have swallowed the book, as St. John swallowed that brought by the angel, at the risk of the severest bodily pain, could he by that method have made himself master of its contents ; but after what he had already experienced, what hope had he of the result of so bold an attempt ?

He sat himself down on his grass-plot by the cow, which was lowing empirically, careless about the rational production of sounds ; he stuck his arms in his side, he pressed the Adam's apple smartly against the palate, and uttered such sounds as could be produced in this fashion. They were strange sounds, indeed so strange that the cow looked up from the grass, and eyed her master with compassion. A number of peasants were attracted by the sound ; they stood wondering and curious around the school-master. "Neighbors," cried he resting a moment from his exertions, "just observe whether this is the pure primitive *I*." He then repeated the process. "God help us," cried the peasants, retiring home, "the school-master is cracked, he squeaks like a pig." — *Münchhausen*.



INGELEND, THOMAS, an English dramatist, who flourished in 1560; but of whose birth and death nothing is known. He says of himself that he studied at Cambridge; and he is generally supposed to have belonged to Christ College. Sidney Lee, who wrote an account of Ingelend, says: "He may be the Thomas Ingelend who married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Walter Apparye, and had a son William, who as heir of his mother claimed copyhold lands at Clyffe, Northamptonshire. He was the author of *A Pretie and New Enterlude called the Disobedient Child*. It is a very rudimentary essay in dramatic art. It is without date, but may be assigned to 1560. It concludes with a prayer for Queen Elizabeth. It is thought to have suggested a once popular ballad on the obedience of children, which bears date 1564. The interlude was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1848, and is to be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

MY FANTASY WILL NEVER TURN.

Spite of his spite, which that in vain,
Doth seek to force my fantasy,
I am professed for loss or gain,
To be thine own assuredly :
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn !

Although my father, of busy wit,
Doth babble still, I care not though ;

I have no fear, nor yet will flit,
As doth the water to and fro ;
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn !

For I am set and will not swerve,
Whom spiteful speech removeth nought ;
And since that I thy grace deserve,
I count it is not dearly bought ;
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn !

This day I intended for to be merry,
Although my hard father be far hence.

I know no cause for to be heavy,
For all this cost and great expense.
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn !

—*From The Disobedient Child.*





INGELOW, JEAN, an English poet and romance-writer, born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1830; died at Kensington, July 20, 1897. Her father was a banker and a man of superior intellectual culture. As a child Miss Ingelow was exceedingly shy and reserved. Her first publication was *Tales of Orris* (1860). She first came into public notice as a poet when her volume of poems containing *Divided*, *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, and the *Songs of the Siren*, was published in 1863. The verses caused something of a sensation in the literary world of England, and the author secured immediate recognition as a poet of high rank. During the latter part of her life Miss Ingelow lived in London, and three times a week she gave what she called a "copyright dinner" to twelve needy persons just discharged from the hospitals. She published *A Story of Doom, and Other Poems* (1867); *Monitions of the Unseen and Poems of Love and Childhood* (1870), and *Poems of the Old Days and the New* (1885). She wrote several works for the young, among which were *Studies for Stories* (1864); *Poor Matt* (1866); *Stories Told to a Child*, two series (1866-72); *A Sister's Bye-Hours* (1868); *Mopsa the Fairy* (1869); *Little Wonder-Horn* (1872); *Home Thoughts and Home Scenes*, *The Suspicious Jackdaw*, *The Grandmother's Shoe*, *The Golden Opportunity*, *The Moorish Gold*, *The Minnows with Silver Tails*, *Two Ways of Telling a Story*, *The Wild*

Duck Shooter. Her second series of poems was published in 1876, and her third series in 1885. She was also the author of several novels: *Off the Skelligs* (1873); *Fated to be Free* (1874); *Sarah de Berenger* (1881); *Don John* (1881); *John Jerome* (1886), and *A Motto Changed* (1894).

Miss Ingelow's writings were popular in America, as well as in England. In 1874 her poems had reached a sale of 98,000 copies in this country. Of her prose works 35,000 volumes had been sold here. She was a writer of the widest popularity. She had among other requisites for poetical composition what the critics called the gift of clear, strong, and simple language, and her pictures showed at once accurate observation of nature combined with a strong sympathy with the common interests of life.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven :
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old ; I can write a letter ;
 My birthday lessons are done ;
 The lambs play always, they know no better ;
 They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low ;
 You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing.—
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
 That God has hidden your face ?
 I hope if you have you will be forgiven,
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
 You've powdered your legs with gold !
 O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
 O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;
 I will not steal them away ;
 I am old ! you may trust me, linnet—
 I am seven times one to-day.

REGRET.

O that word Regret !
 There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,
 " Let us alone, Regret ! We are content
 To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
 For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes ;
 It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
 But 'plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
 And over : sorrows humanize our race ;
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
 And memory of things precious keepeth warm
 The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
 That have lost nothing ; they are poorer far
 Who, losing, have forgotten ; they most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they *might* forget.
 For life is one, and in its warp and woof
 There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
 Where there are sombre colors. It is true
 That we have wept. But O ! this thread of gold,
 We would not have it tarnish ; let us turn
 Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
 And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

I.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip-time when hedges sprout ;
It makes me sigh to think on it—but yet
My days will not be better days when I forget.

II.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow ;
When I remember this, I mourn—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were white as cream ;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam,
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear ;
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.
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Fair full the lights, the harbor-lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
All for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding-gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.



INGEMANN, BERNHARD SEVERIN, Danish poet and novelist, was born at Torkildstrup, in the island of Falster, May 28, 1789; died at Copenhagen, February 24, 1862. He was educated at the University of Copenhagen; and it was while a student there that he published, in 1818, his first collection of poems. In 1822 he became an instructor of Danish language and literature in the Royal Academy of Sorøe, near Copenhagen. His literary career is divided into three distinct periods. The first of these, extending from 1811 to 1814, is generally considered to embrace his best lyrical productions: *Procne* (1811), the collection already mentioned, and the allegorical epic of *De Sorte Riddere* (1814). The second, or dramatic period, ending in 1822, was marked by the appearance of numerous tragedies, which have maintained their place on the national stage, and among which the best are his *Masan-iello* (1815); *Blanca* (1815), his most popular play; *Rösten i Oerken* (1815); *Hyrden af Tolosa* (1816); *Reinald Underbarnet* (1816), generally considered by critics to be his best drama; and *Tasso's Befriede* (1819). After this period his writings are characterized either by a leaning to historical disquisition, or a strongly religious bias. His historical romances were inspired by the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and have made him, next to Andersen, the most popular children's writer that

Denmark has produced. The best of these romances are *Valdemar Seir* (1826) and *Erik Menved's Barndom* (1828), which were followed by *Erik og de Fredløse* (1833) and *Prins Otto af Danmark og Hans Samtid* (1835). *Dronning Margrete* (1836) and *Holger Danske* (1837) are very successful poems. His spirituality finds expression in *Hoejmessepralmer* (1825); *Blade af Jerusalem's Skomager's Lommebog* (1833); *Morgen- og Aftensange* (1837); in *Salomon's Ring* (1839), and in his allegorical poem *Guldæblet* (1856). His writings, both prose and poetry, while not strong, and while often betraying much inaccuracy of statement, are characterized by grace and delicacy of style and by intense patriotism. The *Foreign Quarterly Review*, for April, 1838, concluded a long review of Ingemann's works in these words: "From the works before us we look upon Ingemann as endowed with considerable poetic power; and especially the talent of conceiving and graphically delineating the past of Scandinavian times."

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN.

Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard,
Where many kind deeds she wrought :
If the winter were sharp, and the landlord hard,
Her gate the indigent sought.

With her hand the hungry she loved to feed ;
To the sick she lent her aid :
The prisoner oft from his chains she freed ;
And for the souls of the sinners prayed.

But Denmark's land was in peril dire :
The Swedes around burst in and slew ;
The castle of Martha they wrapped in fire ;
To the church the good lady flew.

She dwelt in the tower both night and day,
There unto her none repaired ;
Near the church-roof sat the dull owl gray,
And upon the good lady glared.

And in the Lord's house she dwelt safe and content,
Till the foes their departure had ta'en ;
Then back to her castle in ruins she went,
And bade it be builded again.

There found the houseless a cover once more,
And the mouths of the hungry bread.
But all in Karisse-town wept sore,
As soon as Dame Martha was dead.

And when the Dame lay in her coffin, and smiled
So calm with her pallid face,
Oh, there was never so little a child
But was brought on her to gaze.

The bell on the day of the burial tolled,
And youth and age shed a tear ;
And there was no man so weak and old
But had helped to lift the bier.

And when they the bier set down for a space,
And rested upon the church-road,
A fountain sprang forth in that very same place,
And there to this hour has it flowed.

God bless forever the pious soul !
Her blessings no lips can tell :
Oft straight have the sick become sound and whole,
Who have drunk at Dame Martha's Well.

The tower yet stands with the gloomy nook,
Where Dame Martha sat of old ;
Oft comes a stranger thereon to look,
And hears with joy the story told.

—*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*



ROBERT INGERSOLL.



INGERSOLL, ROBERT GREEN, an American lawyer and political and anti-Christian orator and writer, was born at Dresden, N. Y., August 11, 1833, and died at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., July 21, 1899. Young Ingersoll's boyhood was spent in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Tennessee. He taught school for a time in Tennessee, studied law, and began its practice in Shawneetown, Ill., in 1854. In 1857 he removed to Peoria, and became active in politics; and in 1860 was defeated as Democratic candidate for Congress. He was Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry throughout the Civil War, during which he became a staunch Republican. He was appointed Attorney-General for Illinois in 1866; attracted wide attention by a remarkable speech naming Blaine for Republican presidential nominee in 1876; and refused the post of Minister to Germany in 1877. His first publication, *The Gods, and Other Lectures*, appeared in 1876; and in 1882 he began, with others, a series of articles entitled *The Christian Religion*, and popularly known as "the *North American Review* controversy." His works include also, besides many fugitive pieces, *The Ghosts, and Other Lectures* (1879); *Some Mistakes of Moses* (1879); *Lectures Complete* (1883); *Orthodoxy* (1884); *Prose Poems and Selections* (1884); *Great Speeches* (1887); *Wit, Wisdom, and Eloquence* (1887); *Liberty in Literature* (1890); *The Ingersoll Controversy* (1892), from the New York *Evening Telegram*; *Is Suicide a*

Sin? (1894), with *Replies and Rejoinder*. A large number of miscellaneous pamphlets have been issued, and he has written introductions to the writings of others; notably to Denslow's *Modern Thinkers* and Beall's *The Brain and the Bible*. Among his famous speeches are numbered the funeral address over his brother's grave, and the Decoration Day oration in New York in 1882.

"Colonel Ingersoll," says the Hon. William E. Gladstone, "writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm, and invective, may, in consequence, be said to constitute the staple of his work; and if argument or some favorable admission here and there peeps out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren heights for his favorite and more luxurious galloping grounds beneath. . . . He assures us that he has read the Scriptures with care; and I feel bound to accept this assurance, but at the same time to add that if it had not been given I should, for one, not have made the discovery, but might have supposed that the author had galloped, not through, but about, the sacred volume, as a man glances over the pages of an ordinary newspaper or novel."

A TRIBUTE TO EBEN. C. INGERSOLL.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that

marks the highest point ; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down the eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jewelled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad, and deep, and dark, as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock ; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, the wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words : "For Justice all place a temple, and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only peace. He added to the sum of human joy ; and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word ; but in

the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubt and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.

And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

A VISION OF THE WAR.

(Delivered at the Soldiers' Reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 21, 1876.)

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver notes of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring, with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—

standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone—and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all, we are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn with shells, in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with his last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the cruel strokes of whips—we see hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, women, and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school-houses

and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead : Cheers for the living ; tears for the dead.





IRENÆUS, Bishop of Lyons, one of the Fathers of the Church, born probably at Smyrna about 135; died at Lyons about 202, a victim to the persecution of Septimus Severus. He was a pupil of Polycarp, a disciple of John; was ordained a priest, labored in Gaul among the Greek colonists on the Rhone, and was made Bishop of Lyons about 178, succeeding Pothinus, who was the first to occupy that see. He is said to have wisely administered the affairs of the churches under his jurisdiction and been held in high veneration by the people. He was a believer in the millennium, and entertained ideas on that subject which some considered extravagant. Irenæus was best known by his endeavors to counteract the teachings of the Gnostics, and his attempts to mediate between the Bishops of Rome and the churches of Asia Minor in their dispute over the proper time for celebrating Easter. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was instituted on the fourteenth day of the Jewish month Nisan, and it was the opinion of the churches of Asia Minor that that day should be observed; on the other hand, our Lord was crucified on a Friday and rose on a Sunday, and the churches of Alexander and Rome held that the two events should always be commemorated on a Friday and a Sunday respectively. In the time of Irenæus, Victor, Bishop of Rome, made strenuous efforts to bring about uni-

formity of celebration, and, failing to convince the churches of Asia Minor that the Western usage was the true one, he proposed to declare those churches heterodox, and to cut them off from ecclesiastical fellowship. The interference of Irenæus was intended to dissuade the Pope from this hasty action, and his letter is interesting, not merely for its peace-loving sentiments, but because of the valuable information it gives upon the usages of the churches of the East and of the West. It is from Irenæus, also, that we get the earliest form of the creed, which afterward, through the labors of councils and theologians, became what we now know as the Niceno-Constantinopolitan creed. It is difficult to state with precision what Irenæus holds about the nature of the effect of Christ's work of reconciliation upon man. He makes great use of metaphor, and evidently had not learned to express himself otherwise. The doctrine was still in its pictorial state in his mind. Still, traces appear of that tendency, afterward common in the Greek Church, to make the incarnation rather than the crucifixion and ascension of our Lord the most important part of his work, and to look upon the effect of that work as a transfusion of the incarnation through redeemed humanity. The doctrine of the sacraments is also too metaphorically expressed to admit of precise statement, but Irenæus seems to have been of the opinion that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper it is the heavenly body of Christ which is actually partaken of in the elements, and that such participation gives immortality.

His principal work, *Adversus Hæreses*, is es-

teemed the most valuable relic of early patristic literature. Of this work in the original Greek only a small fragment of the first Book is extant. But there is a very ancient, though somewhat rude, translation of the entire five books.

THE APOCALYPTIC "BEAST" AND HIS NUMBER.

It is more certain, and less hazardous, to await the fulfilment of prophecy than to be making surmises, and casting about for any names that present themselves, inasmuch as many names can be found possessing the number mentioned (666); and the same question will, after all, remain unsolved. For if there are many names found possessing this number, it will be asked which among them shall the coming man bear. It is not through a want of names containing the number of that name that I say this, but on account of the fear of God and zeal for the truth.

The name *Euanthas* contains the required number, but I make no allegation regarding it. Then also *Lateinos* has the number 666; and it is a very probable solution—this being the name of the last kingdom of the four seen by Daniel. For the Latins are they who at present bear rule; I will not, however, make any boast over this coincidence. *Teitan* (the first syllable being written with the two Greek vowels *e* and *i*) among all the names which are found among us, is rather worthy of credit. For it has in itself the predicted number, and is composed of six letters, each syllable containing three letters; and the word itself is ancient and removed from ordinary use; for among our kings we find none bearing this name *Titan*, nor have any of the idols which are worshipped in public among the Greeks and barbarians this appellation. Among many persons, too, this name is accounted divine, so that even the Sun is termed *Titan* by those who do now hold sway. This word, too, contains an outward appearance of vengeance, and of one inflicting merited punishment; because he (Antichrist) pretends that he vindicates the oppressed. And besides this, it is an ancient name, one

worthy of credit, of royal dignity, and, still further, a name belonging to a tyrant.

Inasmuch, then, as this name *Titan* has so much to recommend it, there is a strong degree of probability that, from among the many names suggested, we infer that perchance he who is to come shall be called "*Titan*." We will not, however, incur the risk of pronouncing positively as to the name of Antichrist; for if it were necessary that his name should be distinctly revealed in this present time, it would have been announced by him who beheld the apocalyptic vision. For that was seen no very long time since, but almost in our day, toward the end of Domitian's reign.

But he indicates the *number* of the name now, that when this man comes we may avoid him, being aware who he is. The *name*, however, is suppressed, because it is not worthy of being proclaimed by the Holy Spirit. For if it had been declared by Him, Antichrist might perhaps continue for a long period. But now as "he was, and is not, and shall ascend out of the abyss, and goes into perdition," as one who has no existence; so neither has his name been declared, for the name of that which does not exist is not proclaimed.—*Translation of* ROBERTS and DONALDSON.





IRVING, EDWARD, a Scottish pulpit orator, born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, August 4, 1792; died at Glasgow, December 7, 1834. He graduated at the University in 1809; became a teacher of mathematics at Haddington, and in 1812 rector of the Academy at Kirkcaldy. Some of the citizens of the town became dissatisfied with him, and set up an opposition academy, of which Thomas Carlyle, who had just taken his degree at Edinburgh, was made master. A warm friendship, however, sprang up between the young men, both of whom pursued for several years the studies required of candidates for the ministry of the Scottish Church. In 1818 Irving and Carlyle returned to Edinburgh for a while. In 1819 Irving became an assistant of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow. In 1822 he was invited to become the pastor of the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Square, London.

Irving almost at once became the rage in London. In 1825 he began to announce the convictions to which he had been brought in relation to the speedy second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and other topics more or less connected therewith. In 1830 he was brought before the London Presbytery upon a charge of heresy; but he denied the authority of that Presbytery, and appealed to the Presbytery of Annan, by which he had been ordained. About this time he became convinced of the truth of the doctrine of "the gift

of tongues." A sudden revulsion of public feeling toward him took place, and Irving's course was condemned by a large portion of his own congregation. The Scottish Presbytery deposed him from their ministry; and he organized a new "Apostolical Church." But his health began to give way, and he set out, in accordance with what he believed to be a divine call, for Scotland, where he died in a few weeks at the age of forty-two. Two series of the works of Irving have been published: the *Collected Writings* (5 vols., 1854-55), and the *Prophetical Works* (2 vols., 1857-70). His life has been written by Mrs. Oliphant (1852).

THE INTERPRETATION OF TONGUES.

The interpretation of tongues did not consist in their knowledge of the strange words, or the structure of foreign languages. It was nothing akin to translation; the Spirit did not become a school-master at all; but brought to the man's soul, with the certainty of truth, that this which He was giving him to utter was the interpretation of the thing which the other had just spoken. This conviction might be brought to the spirit of the speaker himself, and then he was his own interpreter; but it was more frequent to bestow that gift upon another. This provision of an order who should interpret, as well as an order who should speak with tongues, shows that the gift of tongues had a higher origin than from the variety of languages amongst men. If it had been merely for preaching the truth to people of other languages, an order of interpreters would never have been required at all. If it had only been given for conveying the truth to foreign nations, then why have so many in each church—like the church of Corinth? . . .

Let us consider this twofold ordinance as one, and see what it yieldeth. If there should be in one church an order of men, of whom the Spirit so manifestly took possession as to make them utter the mysteries of godli-

ness in an unknown tongue, and another order of men to whom the Spirit divided the power of interpreting the same, the first impression that would be made by it is, that verily God was in us of a truth ; as truly as He was in the Shechinah of the holy place ; and the next, that He was speaking forth oracles for our obedience. The unknown tongue, as it began its strange sounds, would be equal to a voice from the glory, " Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," or " This is my son, hear ye him : " and everyone would say, " Oh that I knew the voice ; " and when the man with the gift of interpretation gave it out in the vernacular tongue, we should be filled with an awe that it was no other than God who had spoken it. Methinks it is altogether equal to the speaking with the trumpet from the thick darkness of the mount, or with a voice of thunder as from the open vault of heaven.

The using of man's organs is, indeed, a mark of a new dispensation, foretold as to come to pass after Christ ascended upon high, when He would receive gifts and bestow them on men, that the Lord God might dwell, might have an habitation in them. Formerly the sounds were syllabled we know not how, because God had not yet prepared for Himself a tent of flesh ; which he accomplished to do first in Jesus of Nazareth, and is now perfecting in His Church, who are His temple, in whom He abideth as in the holy place, and He speaketh forth His oracles in strange tongues. . . .

This gift of tongues is the crowning act of all. None of the old prophets had it ; Christ had it not ; it belongs to the dispensation of the Holy Ghost proceeding from the risen Christ ; it is the proclamation that man is enthroned in heaven ; that man is the dwelling-place of God ; that all creation, if they would know God, must give ear to man's tongue, and know the compass of reason. It is not we that speak ; but Christ that speaketh. It is not in us as men that God speaks ; but in us as members of Christ, as the Church and Body of Christ, that God speaks. The honor is not to us, but to Christ ; not to the Godhead of Christ, which is ever the same, but to the manhood of Christ, which hath been raised from the state of death to the state of being God's temple, God's most holy place, God's Shechinah, God's oracle, for ever and ever.

Shortly after the death of Irving, Carlyle wrote a noble tribute to the man. Still nobler is what he said of him, many years after in one of his talks, as given by William H. Milburn :

CARLYLE UPON IRVING.

At length the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake to him, saying : " Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest ! " And he arose, and girded up his loins, and putting the trumpet of the Almighty to his lips, he blew such a blast as that men started in strange surprise, and said that the like had not been heard since the days of the Covenant itself. And from Scotland he came to this great Babel, and stood up in the pulpit of the Hatton Garden Chapel: the herculean form of him erect ; his eye blazing as with a message from his God ; and his voice waxing louder and louder as doth a trumpet. And the great, the learned, and the high, the titled, the gifted, and the beautiful came round about him ; and sat mute and spell-bound, listening to his wonderful words. And they thought—(for you know that fools will ever think according to folly, which is their nature)—they thought that because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not looking at them at all. He was trying to do what no mortal man can do and live.

I have heard that the eagle's eye sometimes sustains eclipse ; that the curtain of darkness falls over the pupil of his eye by the steadfast gazing at the brightness of the sun. It was thus with my poor friend Irving. The fools said—(let the fools have their own way—they know no better)—the fools said that Irving was *daft*—that his head was turned with popular applause. He was not *daft*—he was *DAZED*. The curtain of darkness had fallen over the pupil of the eagle's eye by too steadfast gazing at the sun. In blindness and loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep, and in the silence of the sepulchre they laid him away until the Judgment Day.



IRVING, THEODORE, an American divine and historian, was born in New York City, May 9, 1809; died there, December 20, 1880. He was a son of Washington Irving's brother Ebenezer—"Uncle Brom"—and having joined his uncle in Europe, he there spent some years in study, devoting himself particularly to modern languages, and then, at London, to the law. He was for twelve years Professor of History and Belles-lettres in Hobart College; and in 1848 he became Professor of History and Belles-lettres in the College of the City of New York. In 1854 he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and was successively minister of Christ Church, Bay Ridge; St. Andrew's, Staten Island, and Ascension Parish, Staten Island. In 1874 he became rector of a school for young ladies in New York City. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical press. His published works include *The Conquest of Florida by De Soto* (1835); *The Fountain of Living Waters* (1854)—"the whole object of which is to lead erring and wandering souls to Christ;" *Tiny Footfalls* (1869), and *More Than Conquerors*.

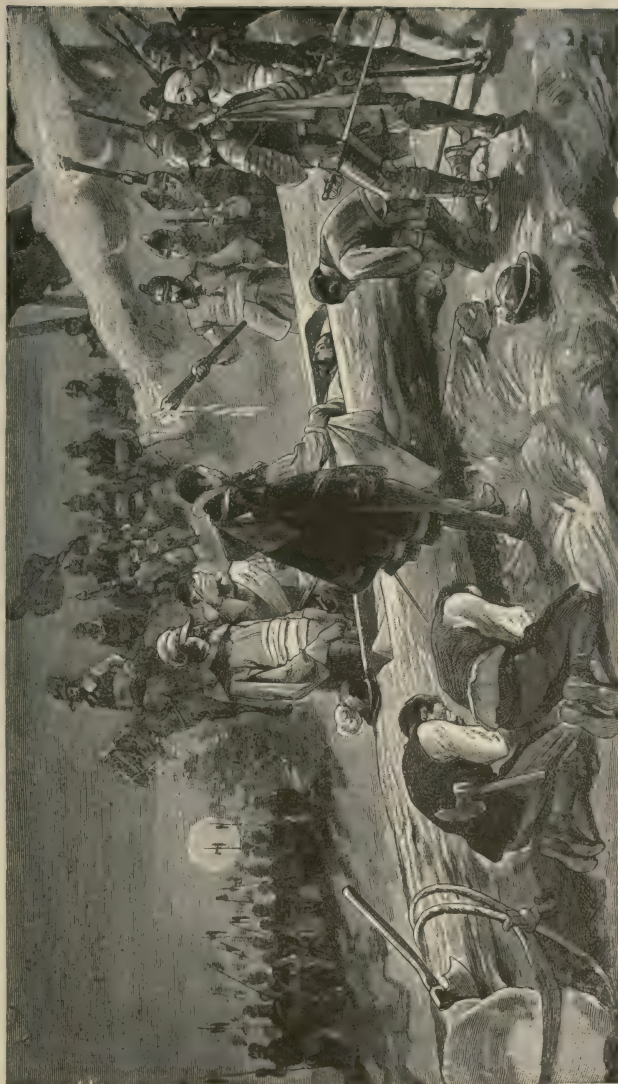
The *Methodist Quarterly Review* calls Irving's *Fountain* "a sweet and tender appeal in behalf of spiritual religion." Of his *Conquest of Florida* the *Athenæum* said—hinting at the author's relationship to Washington Irving: "In their style, too,

these volumes are *related* to the pure and graceful writing of the author of the *Life of Columbus*. The *History* is hardly a thing to read or criticise without a spark of the old *ballad* spirit being lighted within us; and we had better close our notice, lest we be tempted to try the indiscretion of a rhyme."

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

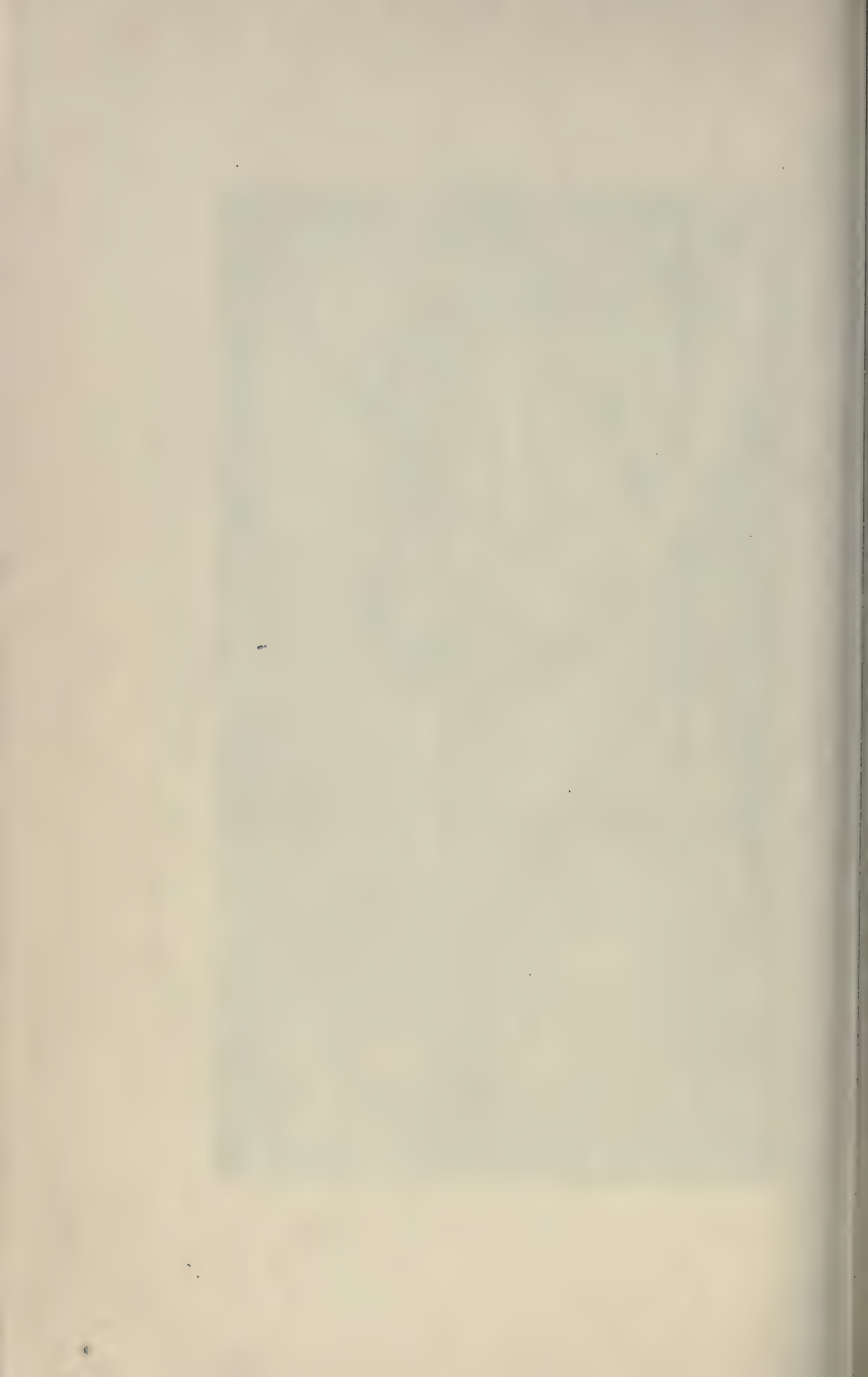
The death of the Governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and they sorrowed the more because they could not give him a proper sepulture, nor perform the solemn obsequies due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored. They feared to bury him publicly, and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment, and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards; tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piece-meal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their Governor and commander. Besides, De Soto had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and his valor; and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded, lest finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt, and fall upon their handful of troops.

For these reasons they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain, near the village, from whence the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. Here he was interred, in silence and in secret, with many tears of the priests and cavaliers, who were present at his mournful obsequies. The better to deceive the Indians, and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out, on the following day, that the Governor was recovering



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

"The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the river, where it was committed to the stream."



from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses.

They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the pits, and over the very grave of their commander; but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

With all these precautions, they soon found out that the Indians suspected, not only the death of the Governor, but the place where he lay buried; for in passing by the pits, they would stop, look round attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling assured that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be secure from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually.

Accordingly, Juan de Anasco, and other officers, taking with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under pretence of fishing, and amusing themselves; and sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found, in the mid-channel, a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side, of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the centre of the river, where, in presence of several priests and cavaliers, it was committed to the stream, and they beheld it sink to the bottom, shedding many tears over this second funeral rite, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to heaven.—*The Conquest of Florida.*



IRVING, WASHINGTON, a popular American historian and novelist, born in New York, April 3, 1783; died at Irvington, near New York, November 28, 1859. His father, a native of Scotland, was a prosperous merchant in New York. Washington, the youngest of his eleven children, was placed in a law-office, and was in time admitted to the bar, but he never entered into practice. In 1804, his health being delicate, he set out on a tour in Europe, from which he returned in 1806. In conjunction with his brother William and James R. Paulding, he set up *Salmagundi*, a periodical modelled somewhat upon Addison's *Spectator*. His *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, was published in 1809. His brothers, Ebenezer and Peter, had set up a mercantile house in New York, with a branch in England, managed by Peter. In 1810 Washington Irving was admitted as a partner in this house, having an interest of one-fifth. In 1815 he went to England, but found that the business there was not prosperous. The house became bankrupt in 1818; and Irving was thrown upon his pen for a livelihood. In 1819 appeared the first number of his *Sketch-Book*, which was continued for about two years. His subsequent writings will be named consecutively, in the order of their publication.

In 1826 he became United States Secretary of Legation at Madrid. At the suggestion of Mr.

Alexander H. Everett, the Minister to Spain, he commenced the translation of Navarete's *Voyages of Columbus*, but he abandoned the mere work of translation, and wrote instead his own *Life and Voyages of Columbus*. In 1829 he was appointed United States Secretary of Legation at London, where he remained until 1832, when he returned to America after an absence of seventeen years.

Soon afterward he purchased a cottage on the banks of the Hudson, which he partly rebuilt, and named "Sunnyside." He himself was never married, the lady to whom he was betrothed having died more than a quarter of a century before. But Sunnyside became the home of an elder brother and his daughters. In 1842, at the instance of Daniel Webster, he was appointed by President Tyler as Minister to Spain. He resigned this post in 1846, and returned to America, where the remaining thirteen years of his life were passed. He now set himself seriously to work upon the *Life of Washington*, which he had had in contemplation for several years. Volumes I. and II. appeared in 1855; Vol. III. in 1856; Vol. IV. in 1857; Vol. V. in 1859.

The following is a list of the works of Irving: *Salmagundi*, only in part by Irving (1807); *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (1809); *The Sketch-Book* (1819-20); *Bracebridge Hall* (1822); *Tales of a Traveller* (1824); *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828); *The Conquest of Granada* (1829); *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus* (1831); *The Alhambra* (1832); *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835); *Astoria* (1836); *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837); *Oliver Goldsmith* (1849); *Mahomet and His Successors*

(1850); *Wolfert's Roost, and Other Sketches*, mostly written some years earlier (1855); *Life of Washington* (1855-59). The standard *Life of Irving* is that by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, which includes his *Letters* (4 vols., 1862-63). Besides this is Charles Dudley Warner's *Life of Irving*, in "American Men of Letters" (1881).

PETER STUYVESANT AND JAN RISINGH AT THE BATTLE
OF FORT CHRISTINA.

No sooner did these two rival heroes come face to face than they each made a prodigious start, such as is made by your most experienced stage champions. Then did they regard each other for a moment with bitter aspect, like two furious ram-cats on the very point of clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves in one attitude, then in another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left; at last they went at it with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this dreadful encounter. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a fearful blow with the full intent of cleaving his adversary to the very chin; but Risingh nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly that, glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen that he always carried swung on one side; thence pursuing its trenchant course it severed off a deep coat-pocket stored with bread-and-cheese—all which dainties rolling among the armies occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores thus wofully laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The biting steel clove through the stubborn ram-beaver, and would infallibly have cracked his crown, but that the skull was of such adamant hardness that the brittle weapon shattered into pieces, shedding a thousand sparks, like

beams of glory, round his grizzly visage. Stunned by the blow the valiant Peter reeled, turned up his eyes, and beheld fifty thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament. At length missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came on his seat of honor, with a crash that shook the surrounding hills, and would infallibly have wrecked his anatomical system, had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet, which Providence, or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, or some kindly cow, had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of that noble maxim cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but just as he was stooping to give the fatal blow, the ever vigilant Peter bestowed him a sturdy thwack over the scone with his wooden leg, that set some dozen chimes of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and in the meantime the wary Peter espying a pocket-pistol lying hard by (which had been dropped from the wallet of his faithful squire and trumpeter, Van Corlaer), discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mistake: it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a sturdy little stone pottle, charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Van Corlaer always carried about with him by way of replenishing his valor. The hideous missive sang through the air, and, true to its course as was the mighty fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the huge head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence. This heaven-directed blow decided the eventful battle. The ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sank upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; a death-like torpor seized upon his giant frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such tremendous violence that old Pluto started with affright lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

This fall was the signal of defeat and victory. The Swedes gave way; the Dutch pressed forward. The former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued; some entered with them pell-mell through the sally-

port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the impregnable fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of fully ten hours, was finally carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side.

Had the inexorable Fates only allowed me some half a score of dead men, I had been content; for I would have made them such heroes as abounded in the olden time, but whose race is unfortunately now extinct—any one of whom, if we may believe those authentic writers, the poets, could drive great armies like sheep before him, and conquer and desolate whole cities by his single arm. But seeing that I had not a single life at my disposal, all that was left me was to make the most of my battle by means of kicks and cuffs, and bruises, and such-like ignoble wounds.—*History of New York.*

THE AWAKING OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning; the birds were hopping and twittering amongst the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breathing the pure mountain-breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep: the strange man with the keg of liquor; the mountain-ravine; the wild retreat among the rocks; the woe-begone party at nine-pins; the flagon. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock

falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared—but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol—and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he arose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain-beds do not agree with me," thought Rip: "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I should have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain-stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such an opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities.

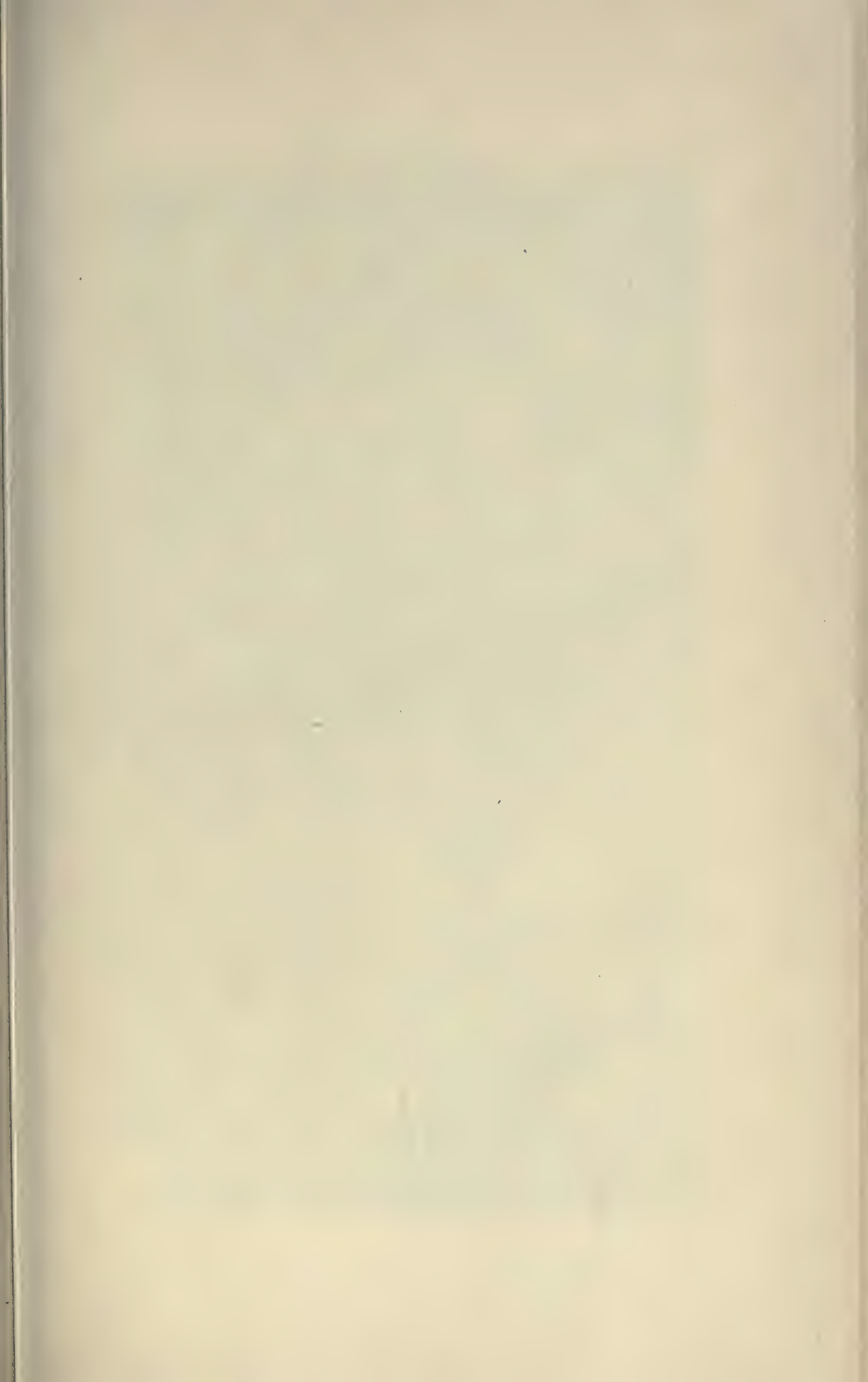
What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty

firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward. As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise: and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was not his native village which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon, last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting at every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay; the roof fallen in, the windows scattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This deso-





BOABDIL (EL CHICO) SURRENDERS THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE MOORS TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

Painting by F. Pradilla.

lateness overcame all his connubial tears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.—*Sketch-Book.*

HOW THE CASTILIAN SOVEREIGNS TOOK POSSESSION OF GRANADA.

When the Castilian sovereigns had received the keys of Granada from the hands of Boabdil el Chico, the royal army resumed its triumphant march. As it approached the gates of the city, all in the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph, and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tenderness by the sovereigns. The King hailed them as good Spaniards, as men loyal and brave, as martyrs to the holy cause; the Queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands, and they passed on before the squadrons of the army singing hymns of jubilee.

The sovereigns did not enter the city on this day of its surrender, but waited until it should be fully occupied by their troops, and public tranquillity insured. The Marques de Villena and the Count de Tendilla, with three thousand cavalry and as many infantry, marched in and took possession, accompanied by the proselyte prince Cidi Yahye, now known by the Christian appellation of Don Pedro de Granada, who was appointed chief alguazil of the city, and had charge of the Moorish inhabitants, and by his son, the late Prince Alnayar, now Don Alonzo de Granada, who was appointed admiral of the fleets. In a little while every battlement glistened with Christian helms and lances, the standard of the faith and of the realm floated from every tower, and the thundering salvos of the ordnance told that the subjugation of the city was complete. The grandees and cavaliers now knelt and kissed the hands of the King and Queen and Prince John, and congratulated them on the acquisition of so great a kingdom; after which the royal procession returned in state to Santa Fé.

It was on the sixth of January, the Day of Kings and the festival of the Epiphany, that the sovereigns made their triumphal entry. The King and Queen (says the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida) looked, on this occasion, as more than mortal; the venerable ecclesiastics, to whose advice and zeal this glorious conquest ought in a great measure to be attributed, moved along with hearts swelling with holy exultation, but with chastened and downcast looks of edifying humility; while the hardy warriors, in tossing plumes and shining steel, seemed elevated with a stern joy at finding themselves in possession of this object of so many toils and perils. As the streets resounded with the tramp of steeds and swelling peals of music, the Moors buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their dwellings. There they bewailed in secret the fallen glory of their race, but suppressed their groans, lest they should be heard by their enemies and increase their triumph.

The royal procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral. Here the sovereigns offered up prayers and thanksgivings, and the choir of the royal chapel chanted a triumphant anthem, in which they were joined by all the courtiers and cavaliers. Nothing (says Fray Antonio Agapida) could exceed the thankfulness to God of the pious King Ferdinand for having enabled him to eradicate from Spain the empire and name of that accursed heathen race, and for the elevation of the cross in that city wherein the impious doctrines of Mohammed had so long been cherished. In the fervor of his spirit, he supplicated from heaven a continuance of its grace, and that this glorious triumph might be perpetuated. The prayer of the pious monarch was responded to by the people, and even his enemies were for once convinced of his sincerity.

When the religious ceremonies were concluded, the court ascended to the stately palace of the Alhambra, and entered by the great Gate of Justice. The halls lately occupied by turbaned infidels now rustled with stately dames and Christian courtiers, who wandered with eager curiosity over this far-famed palace, admiring its verdant courts and gushing fountains, its halls decorated with elegant arabesques and storied with in-

scriptions, and the splendor of its gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings.

It had been a last request of the unfortunate Boabdil—and one which showed how deeply he felt the transition of his fate—that no person might be permitted to enter or depart by the gate of the Alhambra through which he had sallied forth to surrender his capital. His request was granted; the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day—a mute memorial of that event. The Spanish sovereigns fixed their throne in the presence-chamber of the palace, so long the seat of the Moorish royalty. Hither the principal inhabitants of Granada repaired to pay them homage and kiss their hands in token of vassalage; and their example was followed by deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Alpuxarras, which had not hitherto submitted.

Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting; equalling (says Fray Antonio Agapida) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration, and ending, like that, in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. This great triumph of the holy Catholic faith, according to his computation, took place in the beginning of January in the year of our Lord 1492, being 3,655 years from the population of Spain by the patriarch, Tubal; 3,797 from the general deluge; 5,453 from the creation of the world, according to Hebrew calculation; and in the month Rabic, in the eight hundred and ninety-seventh year of the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed; whom may God confound! saith the pious Agapida.—*The Conquest of Granada.*

THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus was devoutly pious. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody

of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves bordering the wild shores of this heathen land. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the communion previous to embarkation. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and benign composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, and free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions.

It cannot be denied, however, that his piety was mingled with superstition, and darkened by the bigotry of the age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all nations which did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments be inflicted for their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In so doing he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feelings which he had originally entertained and expressed toward this gentle and hospitable people. But he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies at the unprofitable results of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character to observe that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown; and that when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so that the question was finally settled in favor of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable Bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have

doubted it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

These remarks in palliation of the conduct of Columbus are required by candor. It is proper to show him in connection with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

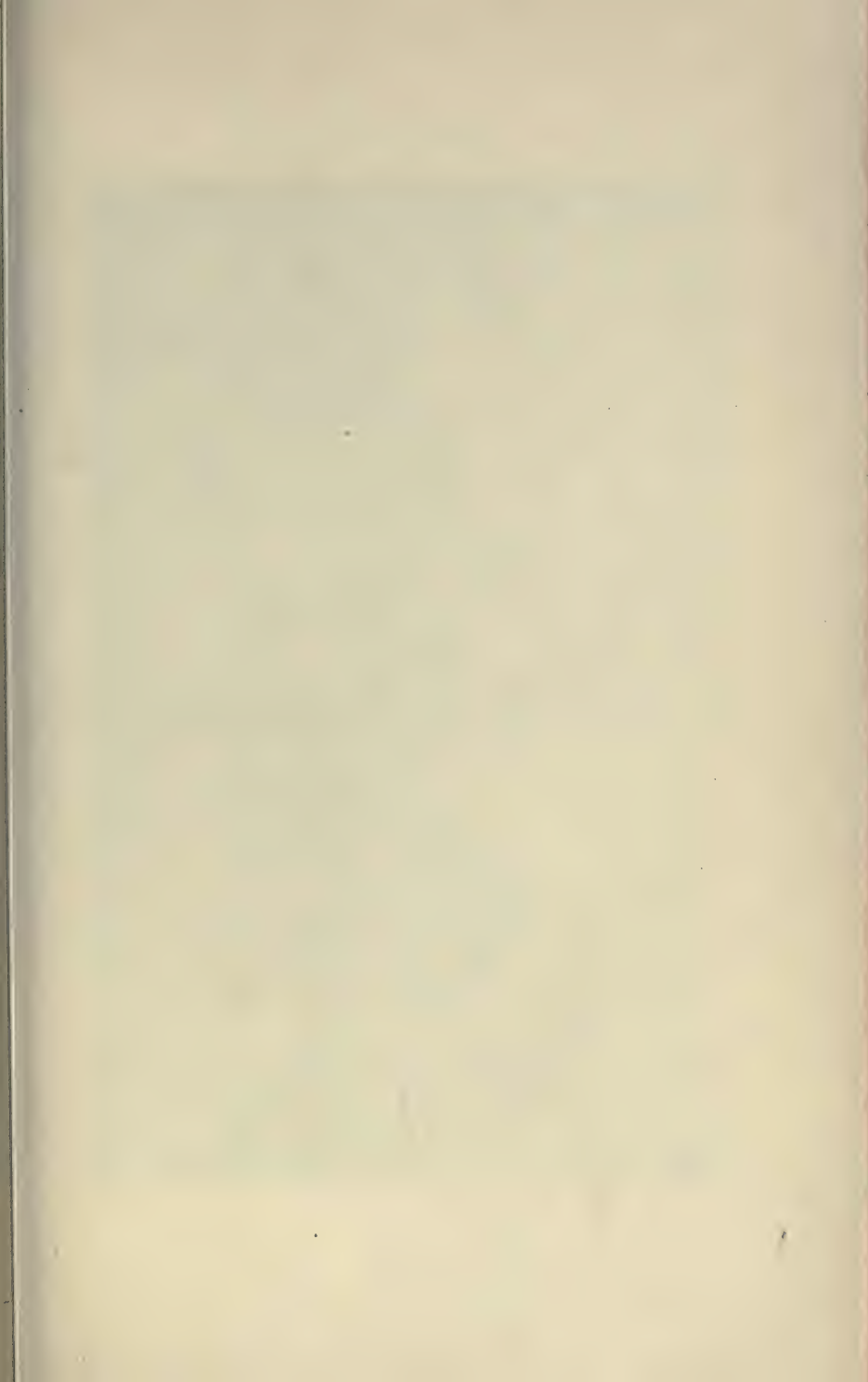
We have already hinted at a peculiar trait in his rich and varied character: that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the Catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and a glorious world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer but more grovelling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity: such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles in Hispaniola and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent, imaginative and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his

character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived ; nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world ; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived." For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his time.

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real value of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man ! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity !

Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice ; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by





MT. VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.
From a photograph.

the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit by the strong powers of his mind, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others: but far greater praise is due to him for his firmness in governing himself.—*Life and Voyages of Columbus.*

WASHINGTON'S EARLY MARRIED LIFE AT MOUNT
VERNON.

Mr. Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, had left large landed property and forty-five thousand pounds sterling in money. One-third fell to his widow in her own right; two-thirds were inherited equally by her two children—a boy of six and a girl of four years of age. By a decree of the General Court, Washington was intrusted with the care of the property inherited by the children; a sacred and delicate trust which he discharged in the most faithful and judicious manner: becoming more like a parent than a mere guardian.

From a letter to a correspondent in England, it would appear that he had long entertained a desire to visit that country. His marriage had put an end to all travelling expectations. In the letter from Mount Vernon, where he had taken up his residence not long after his marriage, he writes:

"I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." This was no Utopian dream transiently indulged amid the charms of novelty. It

was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate and enduring inclinations. Throughout the whole course of his career agricultural life appears to have been his *beau idéal* of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurred with unflagging interest whenever enabled to indulge his natural bias.

Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furled his sails and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was endeared to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy days he had passed with that brother in the days of boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling. The mansion was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture, each having its allotted laborers. Much, however, was still covered with wild wood, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets—haunts of deer and lurking-places of foxes. The whole woody region along the Potomac from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests and hills and picturesque promontories, afforded sports of various kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. "No estate in Virginia," observes he in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herrings, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water. Several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

These were as yet the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entails. Many of the wealthy planters were

connected with old families in England. The young men, especially the elder sons, were often sent to finish their education there. The governors of Virginia were from the higher ranks of society, and maintained a corresponding state. The "Established," or Episcopal Church, predominated throughout the "Ancient Dominion," as it was termed. Each county was divided into parishes, as in England—each with its parochial church, its parsonage, and glebe. Washington was vestryman of two parishes—Fairfax and Truro; the parochial church of the former was at Alexandria, ten miles from Mount Vernon: of the latter at Pohick, about seven miles. The church at Pohick was rebuilt on a plan of his own, and in a great measure at his expense. At one or other of these churches he attended every Sunday when the weather and the roads permitted. His demeanor was reverential and devout. Mrs. Washington knelt during the prayers; he always stood, as was the custom at that time. Both were communicants.

A style of living prevailed among the opulent Virginian families in those days that has long since faded away. The houses were spacious, commodious, liberal in all their appointments, and fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted liberality of their owners. Nothing was more common than to see handsome services of plate, elegant equipages, and superb carriage-horses all imported from England. The Virginians have always been noted for their love of horses—a manly passion which, in those days of opulence, they indulged without regard to expense. The rich planters vied with each other in their studs, importing the best English stocks. Mention is made of one of the Randolphs of Tuckahoe, who built a stable for his favorite dapple-gray horse, Shakespeare, with a recess for the bed of the negro groom, who always slept beside him at night.

Washington by his marriage had added above one hundred thousand dollars to his already considerable fortune, and was enabled to live in ample and dignified style. His intimacy with the Fairfaxes, and his intercourse with British officers of rank, had perhaps had their influence on his mode of living. He had his chariot-and-four, with black postilions in livery, for the

use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. As for himself, he always appeared on horseback. His stable was well filled and admirably regulated. His stud was thoroughbred and in excellent order. His household books contain registers of the names, ages, and marks of his various horses; such as Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant, Magnolia (an Arab), etc. Also his dogs, chiefly foxhounds—Vulcan, Singer, Ringwood, Sweet-lips, Forrester, Music, Rockwood, Truelove, etc.

He was an early riser—often before daybreak in the winter, when the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe-cakes), formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse and visited those parts of his estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand. Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock.

If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters, passing part of his time in reading, and occasionally reading aloud to the family. He treated his negroes with kindness; attended to their comforts; was particularly careful of them in sickness, but never tolerated idleness; and exacted a faithful performance of all their allotted tasks.

Occasionally he and Mrs. Washington would pay a visit to Annapolis, at that time the seat of government of Maryland, and partake of the gayeties which prevailed during the session of the Legislature. The society of these seats of provincial governments was always polite and fashionable, and more exclusive than in these republican days—being, in a manner, the outposts of the English aristocracy, where all places of dignity or profit were secured for younger sons and poor but proud relatives. During the session of the Legislature, dinners and balls abounded, and there were occasional attempts

at theatricals. The latter was an amusement for which Washington always had a relish, though he never had an opportunity of gratifying it effectually. Neither was he disinclined to mingle in the dance ; and we remember to have heard venerable ladies—who had been belles in their days—pride themselves on having had him for a partner, though, they added, he was apt to be a ceremonious and grave one.

In this round of rural occupations and rural amusements, and social intercourse Washington passed several tranquil years—the halcyon period of his life. His already established reputation drew many visitors to Mount Vernon. Some of his early companions in arms were his occasional guests, and his friendships and connections linked him with some of the most prominent and worthy people of the country, who were sure to be received with cordial but simple and unpretending hospitality. His marriage was unblessed with children ; but those of Mrs. Washington experienced from him parental care and affection, and the formation of their minds and manners was one of the dearest objects of his attention. His domestic concerns and social enjoyments, however, were not permitted to interfere with his public duties. He was active by nature, and eminently a man of business by habit, and whatever trust he undertook, he was sure to fulfil it with scrupulous exactness.

About this time we find him engaged, with other men of enterprise, in a project to drain the great Dismal Swamp, and render it capable of cultivation. This vast morass was about thirty miles long and ten miles wide, and its interior but little known. With his usual zeal and hardihood he explored it on horseback and on foot. In many parts it was covered with dark and gloomy woods of cedar, cypress, and hemlock, or deciduous trees, the branches of which were hung with long, drooping moss. Other parts were almost inaccessible from the density of brakes and thickets, entangled with vines, briars, and creeping plants, and intersected by creeks and standing pools. Occasionally the soil, composed of dead vegetable fibre, was over his horse's fetlocks ; and sometimes he had to dismount and make his way on foot over a quaking bog that shook beneath his tread.

In the centre of the morass he came to a great piece of water, six miles long and three broad, called Drummond's Pond, but more poetically celebrated as the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. It was more elevated than any other parts of the Swamp, and capable of feeding canals by which the whole might be traversed. Having made the circuit of it, and noted all its characteristics, he encamped for the night upon the firm land which bordered it, and finished his explorations on the following day. To his wisdom may be traced the subsequent improvements and prosperity of that once desolate region.—*Life of Washington.*

WASHINGTON IN WRATH.

On the 14th of September, 1776, Washington's baggage was removed to King's Bridge, whither headquarters were to be transferred the same evening; it being clear that the enemy were preparing to encompass him. "It is now a trial of skill whether they will or not," writes Colonel Reed, "and every night we lie down with the most anxious fears for the fate of to-morrow." About sunset of the same day six more ships, two of them men-of-war, passed up the Sound and joined those above. Within half an hour came expresses spurring to headquarters, one from Mifflin at King's Bridge, the other from Colonel Sargent at Horen's Hook. Three or four thousand of the enemy were crossing at Hell Gate to the islands at the mouth of Harlem River, where numbers were already encamped. An immediate landing at Harlem or Morrisania was apprehended. Washington was instantly in the saddle, spurring to Harlem Heights. The next night, however, passed away quietly.

In the morning the enemy commenced operations. Three ships-of-war stood up the Hudson, "causing a most tremendous firing, assisted by the cannons of Governor's Island, which firing was returned from the city as well as the scarcity of heavy cannon would allow." The ships anchored opposite to Bloomingdale, a few miles above the city, and put a stop to the removal by water of stores and provisions to Dobbs Ferry. About eleven o'clock the ships in the East River commenced a heavy cannonade upon the breastworks between Turtle

Bay and the city. At the same time two divisions of troops encamped on Long Island, one British under Sir Henry Clinton, the other Hessian under Colonel Donop, emerged in boats from the deep, woody recesses of Newtown Inlet, and under cover of the fire from the ships began to land at two points between Turtle and Kip's Bays. The breastworks were manned by militia who had recently served at Brooklyn. Disheartened by their late defeat, they fled at the first advance of the enemy. Two brigades of Putnam's Connecticut troops (Parsons's and Fellows's) which had been sent that morning to support them, caught the panic, and, regardless of the commands and entreaties of their officers, joined in the general scamper.

At this moment Washington, who had mounted his horse at the first sound of the cannonade, came galloping to the scene of confusion. Riding in among the fugitives, he endeavored to rally, and restore them to order. All in vain. At the first appearance of sixty or seventy redcoats, they broke again without firing a shot, and fled in headlong terror. Losing all self-command at the sight of such dastardly conduct, he dashed his hat upon the ground in a transport of rage. "Are these the men," exclaimed he, "with whom I am to defend America!" In a paroxysm of passion and despair he snapped his pistols at some of them, threatened others with his sword, and was so heedless of his own danger, that he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy, who were not eighty yards distant, had not an aide-de-camp seized the bridle of his horse, and absolutely hurried him away. It was one of the rare moments of his life when the vehement element of his nature was stirred up from its deep recesses. He soon recovered his self-possession, and took measures against the general peril. The enemy might land another force about Hell Gate, seize upon Harlem Heights, the strong central portion of the island, cut off all retreat of the lower divisions, and effectually sever his army. In all haste, therefore, he sent off an express to the forces encamped above, directing them to secure that position immediately; while another express, to Putnam, ordered an immediate retreat from the city to those heights.—*Life of Washington.*



ISAACS, JORGE, a Spanish-American poet and romance-writer, born at Cali, State of Cauca, Colombia, in 1837; died in Bogotá in 1895. His father, an English Hebrew, and his mother, a lady of Spanish blood, both died when he was a child; and he went to Bogotá, and was early identified with the literary interests of that literary little capital. In 1864 he issued a collection of poems; which was so enthusiastically praised that he resolved to devote himself to literature for life. His principal work, *María*, a charming prose-poem of Spanish-American life, which has been characterized as "a reliquary of pure sentiment," appeared in 1867. This work has been often republished in Colombia, Mexico, and Spain, and has been translated into English. It has been likened to Chateaubriand's *Atala*, to St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*, and, for its consummate handling of the element of fatality, to many of the Greek tragedies. Isaacs held a number of important political and educational positions, and was a valuable contributor to reviews and magazines in South America.

MARÍA'S DEATH.

All the woe of her dying messages were dropped, little by little, into my soul. Emma had found her sitting weeping on the stone seat in the garden on the morning after she had written me her last epistle.

"Why have you come alone, María?" she asked. "Why could I not come with you as yesterday?"

"I knew you would have come," she said; "but I longed to be alone. But help me to walk; I am weak."

Then, leaning upon my sister's arm, she came to the rose-bush by my window. She smiled as she looked upon it, and plucking two fresh roses, said: "These, perhaps, are to be the last; but oh! how many buds are left. Farewell, my rose!"—drawing a loaded branch to her cheek—"and you," turning to my weeping sister, "tell him I cared for it as long as I was able."

"Let us not go yet," she said: and came slowly to my window. Then reaching over, she plucked the lilies from the plant she loved. "Tell him," she said, "that it never ceased to bloom. And now let us go."

Stopping beside the brook, and with her head on my sister's bosom, "I would not die," she moaned, "till I might see him here once more."

Quieter and sadder she grew throughout the day; and in the dusk of evening my sister found her leaning from my window. "This night-wind, María," she said, "may do you harm."

"Nothing," she answered, shuddering and drawing Emma to her; "nothing can harm me any more."

"But let us go," said Emma, "to the oratory."

"No, let us stay; I have much to tell you."

"Tell me elsewhere, María. You are frustrating the physician's care; you are not obedient as you were."

"Ah! they know not," she sobbed upon my sister's bosom, "that I am about to die."

"To die! to die! and Efraín almost here?"

"But I shall not see him; I dare not hope to see him. It is terrible, and it is sure; for I feel the symptoms as I have felt them before. Listen now; I leave him all I have that he has ever loved. This locket and ring, his last gift, put away in the little box with his letters. My hair fold up in my blue apron. Never mind"—putting her cold cheek to that of her weeping companion—"I cannot be his wife. Oh, that I might bid him farewell! Fold him to your arms. Tell him how I strove that I might not leave him. Tell him how more than death did I dread his loneliness. Tell him"—she ceased, and sank into my sister's arms.—*From María; translated by MISS DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON for the UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.*



ISAURE, CLAMENZA, or CLÉMENCE, French poetess, known as **THE SAPPHO OF TOULOUSE**, was born in that city in 1464; died there probably in the last year of the century. Ludovico Isaure, her father, died when she was five years old; and she was educated in the seclusion of her home. Raoul, a young troubadour, natural son of Count Raymond of Toulouse, lived near the garden of the lovely Clémence; and, smitten with her beauty and genius, he sang his passion in songs wherein her name was united with his own. The maiden replied with significant bouquets; and the language of flowers and the language of song were as "deep calling unto deep," when the war against Maximilian called the lover and his father to the battle of Guigenaste, where both were killed. The disconsolate Clémence retired to a convent, and gave herself up to a life of devotion. Before assuming the veil, however, casting about for a fitting memorial of the object of her earthly love, she resolved to devote her fortune to the re-establishment of the long-forgotten floral festival of her native city. Some two hundred years before this, seven persons of rank had invited the troubadours to assemble at Toulouse on May 1st, to recite verses for a prize; and thereafter, for a time, the burgesses had carried on the annual festival at the expense of the city. Clémence called together again the chivalrous poets

of the *langue d'oc*, gave them her own beautiful *Ode to Spring*, and assigned as prizes for distribution among them the five different flowers, wrought in gold and silver, with which she had replied to the passion of her troubadour. The "Jeux Floraux," thus perpetuated, were brought to a perfection of regularity and splendor by the election, under Louis XIV., of forty members into an academy; which—suspended under the Reign of Terror and reinstated by Napoleon—is now known as the College of the Floral Games. Clémence Isaure was known to her contemporaries as the queen of poetry. She was buried by her townsmen in their church of Notre Dame, where a bronze tablet still remains, surmounted by a beautiful statue, which, having been condemned to be melted down and used for vulgar purposes when she was pronounced an "aristocrat" by the fanatics of 1793, was saved by a trick of the honest artisan to whom the work was assigned. The poems of Clémence Isaure partake of the plaintiveness of her own mind, which was tinged with a natural melancholy, probably heightened by the loss of her lover. Of the *Dictats de Doña Clamenza Isaure*, published at Toulouse in 1515, it is supposed that only two copies are in existence. It consists of cantos or odes, of which the most finished is entitled *Plainte d'Amour*; and it was by an almost literal translation into modern French of a part of this "love-plaint" that the attention of English and American students of literature was called to the writings of the gentle Toulousan "flower of song."

PLAINTÉ D'AMOUR.

The tender dove, amidst the woods all day,
 Murmurs in peace her long-continued strain;
 The linnet warbles his melodious lay,
 To hail bright Spring and all her flowers again.

Alas! and I, thus plaintive and alone,
 Who have no lore but love and misery,—
 My only task—to joy, to hope unknown—
 Is to lament my sorrows and to die!

ODE TO SPRING.

Fair season! childhood of the year!
 Verse and mirth to thee are dear;
 Wreaths thou hast, of old renown,
 The faithful Troubadour to crown.

Let us sing the Virgin's praise,
 Let her name inspire our lays;
 She, whose heart with woe was riven,
 Mourning for the Prince of Heaven!

Bards may deem—alas! how wrong!—
 That they yet may live in song:
 Well I know the hour will come,
 When, within the dreary tomb,
 Poets will forget my fame,
 Clémence shall be but a name!

Thus may early roses blow,
 When the sun of Spring is bright;—
 Even the buds that fairest glow
 Wither in the blast of night.

—*Translated by* MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.





ISIDORE OF PELUSIUM, SAINT, an Egyptian epistolary writer, who lived as a hermit near the town of Pelusium, was born at Alexandria between 360 and 390; died about 450. He was one of the closest friends and most celebrated disciples of Chrysostom, whom he defended against the patriarchs of Alexandria, Theophilus, and Cyril. All his extant works are in the form of epistles, of which Suidas says that he wrote no fewer than three thousand, and of which there remain two thousand and twelve. They are written in good Greek, in an agreeable florid style. They are exegetical, and occupy a high place as combining the qualities of the Alexandrian and Antiochian schools. The best edition is that of Paris, 1638, in Greek and Latin.

Dr. Heumann, of Göttingen, who wrote a dissertation on the works of this father, has given it as his opinion that most of Isidore's epistles were written to fictitious persons, and thus used as channels for conveying his disquisitions and remarks; and, in Lardner's judgment, Heumann supports his opinion with forcible reasons. "These letters," says the author of the *History of Letter Writing*, "are written with great vivacity, and contain more sound observations than can be found, perhaps, in any other productions of the fourth or fifth century. His matter is always perspicuous, and his meaning never distorted by

sophistical or artificial phraseology. His diction is pure and elegant, and may be reckoned among those examples which attest the wonderful durability of the Greek language and its struggles for life amidst the dying literature of the lower empire."

EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

The style of an epistle ought not to be altogether unstudied and unadorned ; nor should it be over-polished and exquisite in its diction. The one character is homely and ungraceful ; the other is meretricious and affected. It admits a chaste degree of ornament, which is all that is wanted for appearance or effect.—*Letter to Orphelius the Grammarian.*

ORATORY.

The virtues of oratory are these—truth, conciseness, perspicuity, and suitableness to the occasion. The contraries to these are its vices—falsehood, prolixity, obscurity, and unseasonableness. For what will it avail us to be true, if we are not concise, and concise if not clear, and clear if not seasonable? When all these virtues meet in a composition it is then that it is effective, and impressive, and living. It leads the hearers by the force of truth, exercises their thoughts by its brevity, captivates by its perspicuity, and is consummated by its suitableness to the occasion.—*Letter to Nilus.*





ISOCRATES, an Athenian rhetorician, born 436 B.C.; died 338 B.C. His father was a wealthy instrument-maker of Athens, and he received the best education which Athens could afford; but his weak voice and constitutional timidity prevented him from speaking in public; and he became a teacher of rhetoric, at first on the island of Chios, and afterward at Athens. After the disastrous defeat at Chæronea, Isocrates, who lacked only two years of being a hundred, committed suicide. Of the orations (written but not delivered by him), twenty-one have come down to us. One of the most notable of these is the *Panegyric of Athens*, which he elaborated with the utmost care. It opens with a eulogium upon Athens and the Athenians of early ages; then recapitulates the glorious achievements of more recent times; and concludes, with what was its main purpose, by urging the Grecian states to lay aside their jealousies and quarrels, and unite in making war upon Persia. In his *Areopagiticus* he urges the Athenians to adopt as their only safeguard the ancient democratic institutions of Solon. In an oration addressed to Philip of Macedon he urges that monarch to put himself at the head of all the Grecian states, and lead them in the invasion of Persia, so that he was, in fact, urging Philip to become the ruler of Greece—the object for which he was secretly plotting.

PANEGYRIC OF ATHENS.

The inhabitants of Greece anciently led a wandering, unsettled life, uncultivated by laws, and unrestrained by any regular form of government. While one part fell a sacrifice to unbridled anarchy and sedition, another was oppressed by the wanton insolence of tyrants. But Athens delivered them from these calamities, either by receiving them under her immediate protection, or by exhibiting herself as a model of a more equitable system of policy : for of all the states of Greece she was the first who established a government of laws, and rendered the voice of equity superior to the arm of violence. This is evident from the first criminal prosecutions, where the punishment was sought for in a legal manner and not by the decision of the sword. The parties, though strangers, came to Athens, and received the benefit of our laws.

Our ancestors bestowed their attention not merely on the useful arts, but likewise on those which are agreeable. Many of these they invented, others they carried to perfection, and all of them they communicated and diffused. Both their public institutions and the whole system of their private economics were founded on the most liberal and extensive principles. They were adapted to the enjoyments of the rich and the necessities of the poor. The prosperous and the unfortunate found themselves equally accommodated ; to the one we offered an elegant retreat ; to the other a comfortable asylum.

The commodities of the different states of Greece were different. No one sufficed for itself ; but, while it could spare of its own productions, it stood in need of those of its neighbors. This occasioned everywhere a double inconveniency ; for they could neither sell what was superfluous, nor purchase what they had occasion for. Athens erects the Piræus : the evil immediately disappears. A trading town is established in the middle of Greece, where the merchandise of all the different countries is brought to market, and purchased at a cheaper rate than on the spot which produced them.

But I begin to think differently from what I did in

the beginning of this discourse. I then imagined that it was possible to speak suitably to the grandeur of the subject ; but I am sensible how far I have fallen short of it. Several things have escaped my memory. But do you yourselves consider the advantages of carrying the war into the continent, and of returning into Europe with all the wealth and happiness of Asia. Think it not sufficient for you to hear and to approve of what I have here advanced. Those who possess active talents must vie with one another in effecting a reconciliation between Athens and Lacedæmon. Those who court literary fame must abandon the study of deposits, and others equally uninteresting ; they must pursue the career which I have followed, and endeavor to outstrip me in the race. Let them consider that such as make great professions ought not to stoop to mean objects ; that they ought not to employ themselves on inferior matters, which even to prove, would be attended with small advantage ; but that, making a proper distinction between the subjects of eloquence, they should select and cultivate those only which, if they succeed in, will establish their own fame, and extend the glory of their country.—*Translation of* GILLIES.





JACKSON, HELEN HUNT, an American novelist, poet, and general writer, born at Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831; died in San Francisco, August 12, 1885. She was the daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst, Mass., and was educated at the Female Seminary of Ipswich in that State. Her first husband, Captain E. B. Hunt, died in 1863. Mrs. Hunt's earliest writings appeared in various periodicals, over the signature of "H. H.". In 1870 she published a volume entitled *Verses*, and an enlarged edition of the same in 1874. Her first prose volume, *Bits of Travel* (1872), was followed by *Bits of Talk About Home Matters* (1873), *Bits of Talk for Young People* (1876), and *Bits of Travel at Home* (1878). In the spring of 1872 she went to Colorado, and three years afterward married Mr. W. S. Jackson, of Colorado Springs. Here she became interested in the Indians, and in 1881 she published *A Century of Dishonor*, relating to the dealings of the United States Government with the red-men. This led to her appointment in 1883 as a special commissioner to examine into the condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California. After visiting the different tribes she wrote *Ramona* (1884), a novel relating to the Missions. She had previously written two novels in the "No Name" series: *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* (1876) and *Hetty's Strange History* (1877). Besides these works she published *The Story of Boon*, a

poem (1879); *The Training of Children* (1882), and several books for young people. *Nelly's Silver Mine* (1878); *Mammy Tittleback and Her Family* (1881), and *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa* (1884). Since her death have appeared *Glimpses of Three Coasts; Sonnets and Lyrics; Zeph*, a novel (1886), and *Between Whiles* (1887).

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.

The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
Devising plan ;
No mention of the place or hour,
To any man ;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear ;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher
The sweet song flits
By snatches, through his weary brain,
To help him rest ;
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh :
"Ah me ! last Spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
 How sweet the song,
 The little bird, on tireless wing,
 Is borne along
 In other air ; and other men,
 With weary feet,
 On other roads, the simple strain
 Are finding sweet.
 The birds must know. Who wisely sings
 Will sing as they.
 The common air has generous wings,
 Songs make their way.

“NOT AS I WILL.”

Blindfolded and alone I stand
 With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope ;
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That doors are opened, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
 “Not as I will.”

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late,
 Too heavy burdens in the load,
 And too few helpers on the road ;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are ordered still,
 “Not as I will.”

“Not as I will ;” the sound grows sweet
 Each time my lips the words repeat.
 “Not as I will ;” the darkness feels
 More safe than light when this thought steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved me first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

CROSSED THREADS.

The silken threads by viewless spinners spun,
Which float so idly on the summer air,
And help to make each summer morning fair,
Shining like silver in the summer sun,
Are caught by wayward breezes, one by one,
And blown to east and west and fastened there,
Weaving on all the roads their sudden snare.
No sign which road doth safest, freest, run,
The winged insects know, that soar so gay
To meet their death upon each summer day.
How dare we any human deed arraign;
Attempt to reckon any moment's cost;
Or any pathway trust as safe and plain
Because we see not where the threads have crossed?

OUTWARD BOUND.

The hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise;
Friends stand and weep along the fading shore,
In sudden fear lest we return no more:
In sudden fancy that he safer stays
Who stays behind; that some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untrod before.
Ah, foolish hearts! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days;
Each hour has its own peril and escape;
In most familiar things' familiar shape
New danger comes without or sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our thresholds when the day is born:
We sail, at sunrise, daily, "outward bound."

JANUARY.

O Winter ! frozen pulse and heart of fire,
What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
Of death ! Far sooner in midsummer tire
The streams than under ice. June could not hire
Her roses to forego the strength they learn
In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
In vain to build. O Heart ! when Love's sun goes
To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose,
Walk boldly on the white untrodden snows ;
The winter is the winter's own release.

LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

In Alpine valleys, they who watch for dawn,
Look never to the east, but fix their eyes
On loftier mountain-peaks of snow, which rise
To west or south. Before the happy morn
Has sent one ray of kindling red, to warn
The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies
That it is near—flushing, in glad surprise,
These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,
Discover that God's great new day begins,
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night.
Such mystic light as this a great soul wins,
Who overlooks earth's wall of griefs and sins,
And steadfast, always, gazing on the white
Great throne of God, can call aloud with deep,
Pure voice of truth, to waken them who sleep.

THE SHORE OF NORWAY.

The shore of Norway is a kaleidoscope of land, rock,
and water broken up. To call it shore at all seems
half a misnomer. I have never heard of a census of
the islands on the Norway coast, but it would be a
matter of great interest to know if it needs the deci-

mals of millions to reckon them. This would not be hard to be believed by one who has sailed two days and two nights in their labyrinths. They are a more distinctive feature in the beauty of Norway's seaward face than even her majestic mountain-ranges. They have as much and as changing beauty of color as those, and, added to the subtle and exhaustless beauty of changing color, they have the still subtler charm of that mysterious combination of rest and restlessness, stillness and motion, solidity and evanescence, which is the dower of all islands, and most of all of the islands of outer seas.

Even more than from the stern solemnity of their mountain-walled fjords must the Norwegians have drawn their ancient inspirations, I imagine, from the wooing, baffling, luring, forbidding, locking and unlocking, and ever-revealing vistas, channels, gates, and barriers of their islands.

Some lie level and low, with oases of vividest green in their hollows; these lift and loom in the noon or the twilight, with a mirage which the desert cannot outdo. Some rise up in precipices of sudden wall, countless Gibaltars, which no mortal can scale, and only wild creatures with tireless wing can approach. They are lashed by foaming waves, and the echoes peal like laughter among them; the tide brings them all it has; the morning sun lights them up, top after top, like beacons of its way out to sea, and leaves them again at night, lingeringly, one by one; changing them often into the semblance of jewels by the last red rays of its sinking light. They seem, as you sail swiftly among them, to be sailing too, a flotilla of glittering kingdoms; your escort, your convoy; shifting to right, to left, in gorgeous parade of skilful display, as for a pageant. There are myriads of them still unknown, untrodden, and sure to remain so forever, no matter how long the world may last; as sure as if the old spells were true, and the gods had made them invisible by a charm, or lonely under an eternal curse. At the mouths of the great fjords they seem sometimes to have fallen back and into line, as if to do honor to whomever might come sailing in.—*Glimpses of Three Coasts.*



JACOBI, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH, a German philosopher, born at Düsseldorf, January 25, 1743; died at Munich, March 10, 1819. At eighteen he was sent to Geneva to complete his mercantile education, and here he also studied mathematics, medicine, and philosophy. Returning to Düsseldorf he was placed at the head of his father's mercantile establishment; but in 1770 he was appointed Councillor of Finance for the duchies of Berg and Jülich, a position which afforded him leisure to pursue his philosophical studies. He became intimate, personally or by correspondence, with Wieland, Goethe, Herder, Lessing, Richter, Kant, Fichte, and others of the rising men in German literature. Upon the French invasion in 1794 he took up his residence in Northern Germany until 1804, when he was made a member of the newly formed Academy of Sciences at Munich, of which he became President in 1807. Among his writings are two philosophical romances, *Woldemar* (1779) and *Edward Allwill's Briefsammlung* (1781). He wrote an *Essay on the Philosophy of Spinoza*, another upon *Idealism and Realism*, in opposition to the teachings of David Hume, an *Attempt to Reconcile the Criticism upon the Reason and the Understanding*, and a treatise upon *Divine Things and their Revelation*. His *Complete Works* were published in 1812-24, in six volumes, to which were subsequently added two volumes of *Letters*.

Jacobi contributed to the religious revival by rallying around him the faithful on the lower Rhine at Düsseldorf. He was a kindred spirit to Hamann. He considered Spinozism to be the most consistent philosophy; but Spinoza's pantheism seemed to him mere atheism, and through the means of direct perception, feeling, presentiment, and faith, he restored the God whom reason had deprived him of. Later he transferred his sphere of activity to Munich, and drew his disciples mostly from among Roman Catholics. The following extracts are from the translation of F. H. Hedge:

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

Every man has some kind of religion: that is, a supreme Truth by which he measures all his judgments—a supreme Will by which he measures all his endeavors. These everyone has who is at one with himself, who is everywhere decidedly the same. But the worth of such a religion and the honor due to it, and to him who has become one with it, cannot be determined by its *amount*. Its *quality* alone decides, and gives to one conviction, to one love or friendship, a higher value than to another. At bottom every religion is anti-Christian which makes the form the thing, the letter, the substance. Such a materialistic religion, in order to be consistent, ought to maintain a material infallibility.

There are but two religions—Christianity and Paganism—the worship of God and Idolatry. A third, between the two, is not possible. Where Idolatry ends, there Christianity begins; and where Idolatry begins, there Christianity ends. Thus the apparent contradiction is done away with between the two propositions—"Whoso is not against me is for me," and "Whoso is not for me is against me."

As all men are by nature liars, so all men are by nature idolaters—drawn to the visible and averse to the invisible. Hamann called the body the first-born, because God first made a clod of earth, and then breathed

into it a breath of life. The formation of the earth-clod and the spirit are both *of* God, but only the spirit is *from* God; and only on account of the spirit is man said to be made after the likeness of God. . . . Since man cannot do without the letter—images and parables—no more than he can dispense with time, which is incidental to the finite, though both shall cease—I honor the letter, so long as there is a breath of life in it, for that breath's sake.

ON THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

“Is there a progress of humanity in the Good and in Light?” If by Good and Light we understand what the sublimest philosophers of antiquity—Pythagoras and Plato—understood by these terms, then it is my decided opinion that there is no such progress of humanity. I even maintain that these men would not have deserved the epithet of “divine,” and that they must have had a very imperfect knowledge of their business, if they supposed that by means of civil institutions, modes of education, by means of scholastic exercise and practice, they could establish a new kind of learning by rote of the internal; that they could gently and gradually, by means of deep-planned mechanism, make Wisdom and Virtue, and their daughter, Liberty, the habit of a nation—nay, of the world—so that men should henceforth not only be able to prefer, but should actually and universally prefer that happiness which is the property of the person, a quality of the mind, to that which depends on external things, and is a mere state of sensual enjoyment. Folly, Vice, Servitude—and with the last every evil—may be introduced; not Virtue and Liberty. Health is not contagious, like the plague and the yellow-fever. Neither can it be elaborated by art, still less created; for it is original, and comes from the mother's womb firmer or weaker, more perfect or less perfect.



JAMES I., King of England, born in Edinburgh Castle, June 19, 1566; died at Theobald's, London, March 27, 1625. He was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, and her husband, Henry Darnley. About a year after his birth his mother was deposed, and he was proclaimed King of Scotland, under the title of James VI. He was brought up as a Protestant, in charge of the nobles of that party who had come into power. The line of Henry VIII. of England became extinct at the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, and the Scottish King, who was descended from a daughter of Henry VII., being the next in succession, acceded to the throne of England, under the title of James I. He was a man of considerable learning, and not without a certain kind of talent. At the age of eighteen he wrote a book, partly in verse and partly in prose, entitled *Essays of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poetry*. In 1591 appeared in print *His Maiesties Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres*. From time to time he put forth treatises in prose. These were collected and printed in a folio volume in 1616. The principal of these treatises are *Basilicon Doron* ("The Royal Gift"), designed for the instruction of his son, Prince Henry; *Demonology*; *Counterblast to Tobacco*; *The Law of Free Monarchies*, and *Defence of the Rights of Kings*. The most important of his labors was the supervision of the present translation of the Bible, which is a lasting monument to his munificence and industry.

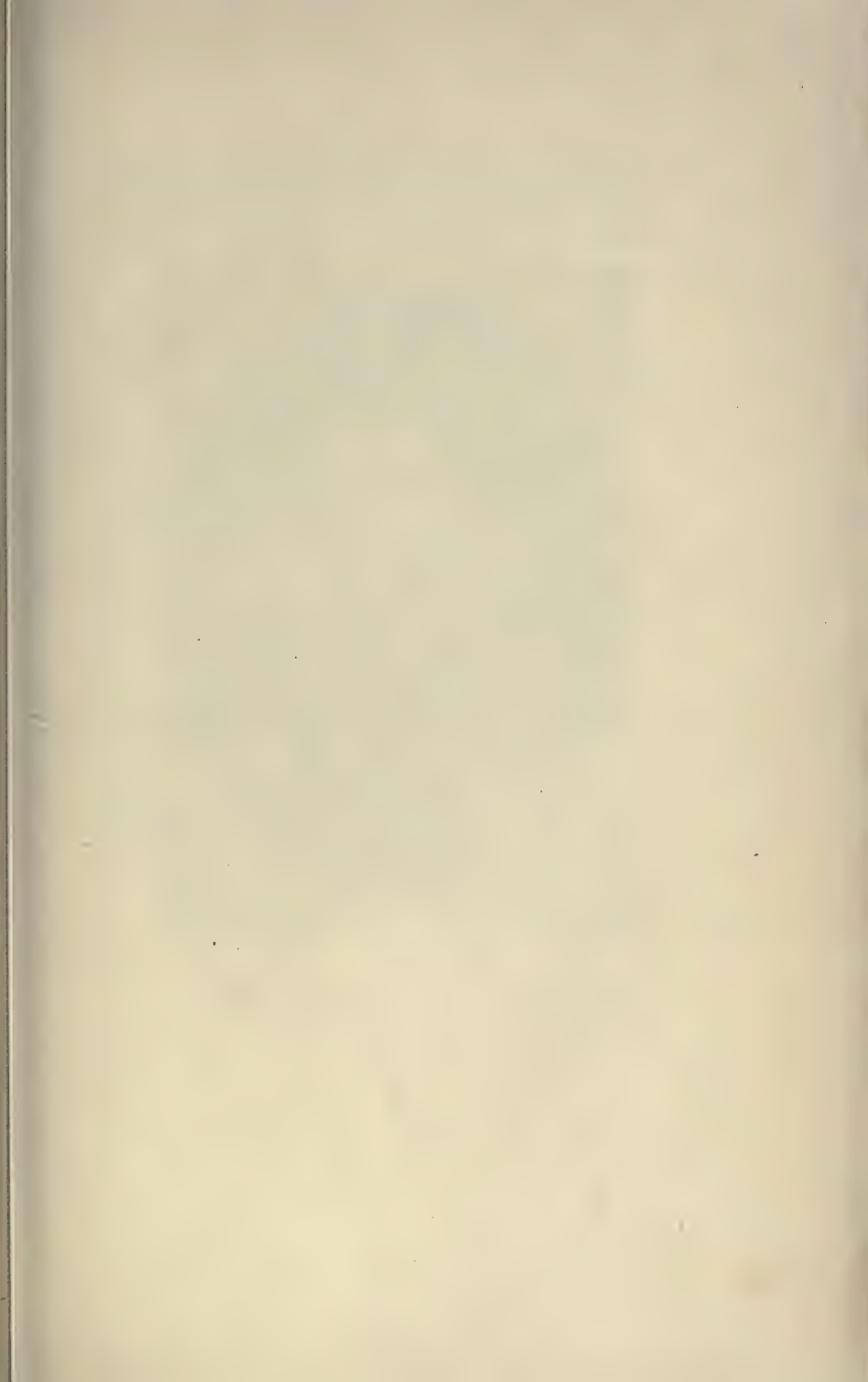
SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me, beloved reader, to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in anywise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merits most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these craftsfolks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly betrays himself to have been one of that profession.

And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books: the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special; the second, of sorcery and witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appears and troubles persons.

TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY.

God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
 For on the throne His sceptre do they sway;
 And as their subjects ought them to obey
 So kings should fear and serve their God again.
 If then you would enjoy a happy reign,
 Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
 And from His law make all your law to spring.
 If His lieutenant here you would remain,
 Reward the just; be steadfast, true, and plain;
 Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right,
 Walk always so as ever in His sight
 Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane;
 And so shall you in princely virtue shine,
 Resembling right your mighty King divine.





IACOBVS DEI GRATIA
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ FRANCIÆ ET
HIBERNIÆ REX. FIDEI DEFENSOR etc
1625

JAMES I.



JAMES I., King of Scotland, born at Dunfermline about 1394; died by an assassin's hand at Perth, February 20, 1437. His father was Robert III., the second of the Stuart line; and he became heir to the Crown upon the murder of his elder brother. At the age of about ten it was resolved to send him to France; but the vessel in which he had been embarked was captured by an English cruiser, and the young King of Scotland was detained in a kind of honorable captivity for nineteen years by the English monarchs Henry IV. and Henry V. He was finally set at liberty after the death of Henry V. in 1422; but the English regency (the new king, Henry VI., being an infant) exacted £40,000 as the cost of his maintenance during his long durance. During his detention in England James caught a glimpse of Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of "John of Gaunt," Duke of Lancaster, the father of King Henry IV. Upon his release from detention he married Lady Joan. A conspiracy was formed against him, at the head of which was his own uncle, Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole, and the King was assassinated thirteen years after his actual accession to the Scottish throne, although he had been nominally king since the death of his father in 1406. While detained in England King James wrote a poem, *The King's Quhair* ("Quire" of paper, *i.e.*, "Little

Book"), which was first printed in 1783. It contains about 1,400 lines, and narrates his first sight of and wooing of the Lady Joan. Two other poems, *Chistis Kirk on the Grene* and *Peblis to the Play*, are also ascribed to King James, although their authenticity is not beyond question. In the following extracts from *The King's Quhair* the spelling is somewhat modernized.

THE GARDEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy ;
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy
To see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair ; and in the corners set
Ane arbour greene, with wandis long and small,
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song. . . .



JAMES, GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD, an English novelist and historical writer, born at London, August 9, 1801 ; died at Venice, May 9, 1860. At the age of fifteen he was sent to France, where he was mainly educated, and where he lived for several years. At seventeen he put forth anonymously a small volume of Eastern stories, entitled *A String of Pearls*. The first work bearing his name was a *Life of Edward, the Black Prince*, published in 1822. His first novel, *Richelieu*, was published in 1829, although written several years earlier. From that time he was for many years the most prolific of British novelists. He wrote about sixty novels, among the best of which are *Agincourt*, *Arabella Stuart*, *Castle of Ehrenstein*, *Darnley*, *De L'Orme*, *Henry of Guise*, *Henry Master-ton* and its sequel, *John Marston Hall*, *Mary of Burgundy*, *Morley Ernstein*, *Philip Augustus*, *Rose d'Albret*, and *Richelieu*. In 1852 he was appointed British Consul at Norfolk, Va., where he resided until 1858, when he received the appointment of British Consul at Venice. During his residence in America he wrote several novels, among them *Ticonderoga*, and *The Old Dominion*, founded upon American themes. His principal historical works are *Life of Edward, the Black Prince*, *Chivalry and the Crusades*, *Life of Charlemagne*, and *Life of Henry IV. of France*.

James was one of the early imitators of Sir
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Walter Scott. He was a voluminous writer, and his works were quite popular during his life, especially among school-boys, by whom they are still much admired in some parts of England. James can only be compared with Scott by saying he was an imitator. He had nothing of the latter's genius for romance and entertainment. There was a sameness about all his situations which made his "two horsemen," with which he opened many of his scenes, a stock joke among London literary people. Thackeray parodied him in *Barbazure*, by G. P. R. Jeames, Esq. His novels are all dull and conventional, and the best that can be said of him is that he had an accurate and wide knowledge of history.

ARABELLA STUART AND HER LOVER.

They are alone together; there is no ear to listen but that of Nature; no eye to mark the emotions of their bosoms but His who made them to feel and to enjoy. Have a care, have a care: you are two young and inexperienced beings. Have a care of the gulf that is before you, and stand no longer on the giddy brink. Oh, perilous hour! Why could it not be averted? Why could the words spoken never be blotted out of the records of things done? But it is all in vain to wish or regret. Fate was before them, and hand in hand they went upon the way that led them to destruction.

There had been a long pause, after some words of common courtesy; a pause such as takes place when people feel and know that they are on the eve of things which may affect their whole future life. Arabella was anxious to say something upon matters totally indifferent to them both; but, busy with deeper thoughts, could find no such indifferent topic. Seymour, on the contrary, longed to talk of thoughts and feelings which had rested in his heart unchanged since last he saw her, but hesitated to begin, lest the very first word should alarm her. At length, however, Arabella spoke; for

she felt that such long silence might seem to have more meaning than many words.

"It is nearly two years, I think," she said, "since you went to Flanders."

"Fully," he replied; "and a long, dull time it has been."

"Nay," answered the lady, "I think that were I a young man, nothing I should like so much as seeing foreign lands and strange people. There must be a great delight in watching all their habits, and in the adventures one meets among them."

"When the heart is at ease," replied Seymour; "but mine was not so."

"Indeed!" said Arabella, fixing her eyes upon him; "I should have thought no heart more light."

"Truly, then, you have never seen it," rejoined the young gentleman; "for it is often heavy enough."

"I grieve to hear it," replied the lady, with a look of interest; and then in a gayer tone she added, with that attraction to dangerous subjects which is to woman as the light to the moth. "Come, what weighs it down? Make me your father confessor. Woman's wit will often find a way to attain that which man's wisdom fails to reach."

"Well, then, I will," said William Seymour. "I could not have a fairer confessor, nor one who has more right to assign the penance for my sins. Lady, my heart is heavy from an hereditary disease, which has caused much mischief and much grief among my race already. You may probably have heard of it."

"Nay, never," answered Arabella, with real astonishment. "I have always thought that the very name of Seymour implied health, and strength, and long life. What is this sad malady?"

"That of loving above our station," replied William Seymour. And instantly her face became deadly pale, her frame trembled, and her eyes sought the ground. He proceeded, however.

"This sad ambition," he said, "cost my grandfather nine years' imprisonment, and wellnigh his head; but he, as you know, little cared or sorrowed for what he had suffered, though deeply grieved for the sweet lady on whom their mutual love had brought so severe a punishment."

"And she," replied Arabella looking up, with the color mounting in her cheek, "she grieved for him, not for herself. The Greys were an unfortunate race, however. How strange is the will of God that of two so beautiful and excellent, Jane should perish on the scaffold, and Catherine waste her best days in prison! Yet, methinks, they must have both been happy in their misfortunes—both suffering for those they loved."

"It was a sad trial and test of affection," said William Seymour.

"Yet one that any woman would take who truly loves," replied Arabella.

"Ay, that is the point," he answered, looking down. "Such love may, to her who feels it, compensate for all suffering; and to him who possesses it repay the sacrifice of all—even of life itself. But what must be the fate, lady, of one who loves as deeply as man can love, yet see the object far above his reach, without one cheering hope to lead him on, one cause to think the passion in his own heart has awakened any return in the being for whom he would cast away his life as a gambler does his coin?"

"It must be sad indeed," said Arabella, in a low and hesitating tone. "Sad indeed," she repeated. "But yet, perhaps—" and there she paused, leaving the sentence incomplete, while her color varied as the morning sky as the sun rises in the East.

"Yet such is my fate," rejoined her companion; "such has been the weight upon my heart, which has crushed its energies, quelled its hopes, made the gay scenes of other lands all dull and empty; and even in the field deprived my arm of one-half its vigor. Oh! had the light of happy love been but before me, what deeds would I have accomplished! Arabella," he continued, taking her hand, and gazing in her face, "Arabella!"

She did not withdraw it; but she turned away her head, and with the fair fingers of the other hand chased away a bright drop from her dark eyelashes. It was enough: his arm stole around her slight waist. She did not move. His lips pressed her soft cheek. A gasping sob was her only reply.

"Arabella, speak to me!" he said. "Leave me not in this doubt and misery!"

One moment more she remained still and silent ; then, starting from his arms, she brushed her hair back from her forehead, with a sad and bewildered look, "Oh, Seymour, spare me ! This takes me by surprise. This is unkind. Think, think, of all the risk—the danger—the sorrow——"

"I have thought, beloved," he replied, "through many a long and wearied night, through many a heavy and irksome day. I have paused, and pondered, and doubted, and trembled ; and accused myself of base selfishness ; and asked myself if I could bring danger, and perhaps unhappiness, on her whom I love far, far, before myself. Arabella, I have sought you not—I never would have sought you. But we have met ; and in your presence I am a poor, weak, irresolute creature, powerless against the mastery of the passion in my heart. Rebuke, revile, contemn, tread upon me if you will. I am at your feet to do with me as pleases you."

She shook her head with a sorrowful smile, murmuring, "It is for you I fear." But then, suddenly raising her eyes for a moment, she added, "No, Seymour, no. I will not plunge you in misery or danger. Your bright career shall not be cut off or stayed by me. No, no ! it is better not to speak or think of such things. My life may pass cold and cheerless, in the hard bonds of a fate above my wishes ; but you must cast off such feelings. You must forget me ; and in the end——"

"Forget you, Arabella ?" he interrupted—"forget you ? You little know the man who loves you. Whether you be mine or another's, I will remember you till life's latest hour."

And he kept his word.

"I will never be another's," replied Arabella. "Fear not that, Seymour. Happily all the interests and all the jealousies of whatever monarch may sit upon the throne of this realm are certain to combine in withholding my hand from anyone. I have no sufficient dower to make me worthy of the suit of princes. The only attraction in their eyes might be some very distant and unreasonable claim to a crown I covet not ; and I shall find it no difficult task to persuade the king to refuse this poor person to anyone to whom it might convey a dangerous though merely contin-

gent right. I will live on," she continued, resuming her lighter tone, though there was ever a certain degree of melancholy running through her gayest moods—"I will live on in single freedom, with a heart perhaps not insusceptible of affection had fate blessed me with a humble station; but one which will never load itself with bringing sorrow and destruction upon the head of another. Nay, Seymour, nay; say no more! I esteem you much; perhaps if out of all the world—but let that pass! Why should I make you share regrets I myself may feel? It is in vain—it is impossible. So utter no further words upon this matter, if you would have my company, for I must hear no more. Come, let us walk out, and talk of other things. We will go watch the rivulet that dances along, like the course of a happy life, sparkling as it goes, to find repose at length in the bosom of that vast, immeasurable ocean, where all streams end. Nay, not a word more, if you love me!"

"I do, I do!" cried Seymour, pressing his eager and burning lips upon her hand. "I do, I do, Arabella, better than anything else upon earth!"

"Well, then, Peace," she said; "Peace, for your sake and mine; for nothing on earth is so hopeless as the love we feel!"

"We feel!" The confession was made—the words were spoken; and though Seymour feared to urge her further they sank deep into his heart for the years to come.—*Arabella Stuart.*





JAMES, HENRY, an American theologian, born in Albany, N. Y., June 3, 1811; died at Cambridge, Mass., December 18, 1882. He was educated at Union College, studied law in Albany and theology in Princeton. His dissent from Orthodox views led him to quit Princeton at the end of two years, and to go to England, where he continued theological and philosophical study. In 1839, after his return to the United States, he edited Sandeman's *Letters on Theron and Aspasia*, and in 1840 published a pamphlet entitled *Remarks on the Apostolic Gospel*, in which he asserted the divinity of Christ while denying the doctrine of the Trinity. He at length adopted in the main the theology and social philosophy of Swedenborg, though objecting to all ecclesiasticism. He published *Moralism and Christianity, or Man's Experience and Destiny* (1850); *Lectures and Miscellanies* (1852); *The Church of Christ Not an Ecclesiasticism* (1854); *The Nature of Evil Considered in a Letter Addressed to the Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D.* (1855); *Christianity the Logic of Creation* (1857); *Substance and Shadow, or Morality and Religion in Their Relation to Life* (1863); *The Secret of Swedenborg, being an Elucidation of His Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity* (1869), and *Society the Redeemed Form of Man*. His *Literary Remains* were edited by his son, William James, in 1885.

GOOD AND EVIL RELATIVE.

All natural existence may be classified into forms of use ; all spiritual existence into forms of power. Every real existence, whatsoever we rightly denominate a *thing* as addressing any of our senses, is a form of use to superior existence. Every spiritual existence, whatsoever we rightfully denominate a *person* as addressing our interior perception, is a form of power over inferior existence. Thus the vegetable on its material side is a form of use to the animal kingdom, as giving it sustenance ; while on its spiritual side it is a form of power over the mineral kingdom, as compelling it into the service of its own distinctive individuality. The animal, again, on its visible or corporeal side is a purely subjective implication of the human form, while on its spiritual or invisible side it furnishes the creative unity or objectivity of the vegetable world. So man, on his natural side, furnishes a helpless platform or basis to the manifestation of God's perfection, while to the power of his spiritual or individual aptitudes the animal and all the lower kingdoms of nature bear resistless testimony.

But in thus classifying all natural existence into forms of use, and all spiritual existence into forms of power, we must not forget to observe that the use promoted by the one class is never absolutely but only relatively good, nor the power exerted by the other class absolutely but only relatively benignant. That is to say, it is good and benignant not in itself, but in opposition to something else. Thus every natural form is a form of use, but some of these uses are relatively to others good, and some evil. And when we contemplate human nature we find some of its forms relatively accordant with the Divine perfection, others relatively to these prior ones again most discordant ; the former exerting a decidedly benignant influence upon whatever is subject to them, the latter exerting a decidedly malignant influence.

This contrarious aspect both of nature and man has given rise, as the reader well knows, to a great amount of unsatisfactory speculation, because men have scarcely known how, apart from the light of Revelation, to shape their speculations into accordance with the demands of

the Divine unity. The demand of unity in the Creator is so peremptory and inflexible that the mind utterly refuses in the long run to acquiesce in any scheme of creation which leaves creation divided, or puts the Creator in permanent hostility with any of His works. More than this : The mind not only rejects these puerile cosmologies which leave the Creator at war with His own creature, but it goes further, and insists, by an inevitable presentment of the great philosophic verity, that wherever we find a sphere of life antagonistic with itself, the antagonism is purely phenomenal ; *i.e.*, is not final, does not exist for its own sake but only in the interest of some higher unity.

The same rule holds in regard to moral existence, though the nonsensical pride we feel in ourselves habitually blinds us to the fact. I am not a bad man by virtue of any absolute or essential difference between us but altogether by virtue of the difference in our relation to that great unitary life of God in our nature which we call society, fraternity, fellowship, equality, and which from the beginning of human history has been struggling to work itself, by means of this strictly subjective antagonism, into final perfect and objective recognition ; you as a morally good man being positively related to that life ; I as a morally evil one being negatively related to it. The needs of this great life—which alone manifests God's spiritual presence in our nature—require the utmost conceivable intensity of human freedom ; require, in other words, that man should be spontaneously good of himself, good without any antagonism of evil, infinitely good even as God is good. But clearly if we had had no preliminary acquaintance with imperfect or finite good, good as related to evil, we should be destitute of power to appreciate or even apprehend this higher and perfect good. If we had not first suffered, and suffered, too, most poignantly, from the experience of evil in ourselves as *morally, i.e.*, finitely, constituted, constituted in reciprocal independency each of every other, we should have been utterly unable even to discern that ineffable Divine and infinite good which is yet to be revealed in us as *socially, i.e.*, infinitely constituted, constituted in the closest reciprocal unity of all with each and each with all.—*Substance and Shadow.*



JAMES, HENRY, JR., an American novelist and critic, was born in New York City, April 15, 1843. He is a son of the well-known philosophical writer, Rev. Henry James, and was carefully educated in his native city and in Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne-sur-Mer. He studied law for some years at Harvard; but, turning his attention to literature, he began, in 1865, to write sketches for the magazines. *The Story of a Year*, a tale of the War, was followed in 1867 by a short serial entitled *Poor Richard*, and in 1869 by *Gabrielle de Bergerac*. He went to Europe in 1869, and thereafter made his home in England and in Italy. He published *Watch and Ward* in 1871; and in 1874 he came to America for a few months to write criticisms for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and to publish his volume of *Trans-Atlantic Sketches*. Returning to Europe, he issued serially in 1875 his first extended novel, *Roderick Hudson*, and published a volume of stories, including his *Passionate Pilgrim*. Then followed *The American* (1877); *Daisy Miller* (1878); *An International Episode* (1878); *The Europeans* (1878); *Pension Beaurepas* (1878); *The Diary of a Man of Fifty* (1880); *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881); *The Bostonians* (1886); *The Princess Casamassima* (1886); *The Tragic Muse* (1890); *The Lesson of the Master* (1892); *The Real Thing* (1893); *Terminations* (1895); *Embarrassments* (1896); *The Other House* (1896). Among his critical works is

a volume of valuable essays on *French Poets and Novelists*. So complete is his mastery of the French language that a story which he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is said to be considered by the severest French critics as an example of most elegant French. The subject most frequently treated of in his novels is the contrast between American and European life and manners.

"Mr. Henry James," says a writer in the London *Spectator*, "does not give us sketches of the striking features in what he sees of human life and passion so much as finished pictures of the little nooks and bays into which human caprice occasionally drifts when the main current of life's deeper interests has left us for a moment on one side and rushed past us. He does not half-paint what is striking; he prefers, rather, to paint, with wonderful care and precision, what is not striking, or only striking by its contrast with what is usually thought so. Mr. Henry James is not so much a novelist as an episodist, if such a term be allowable. But he is a wonderful episodist."

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

An observer with anything of an eye for national types would have had no difficulty in determining the local origin of this undeveloped connoisseur; and, indeed, such an observer might have felt a certain humorous relish of the almost ideal completeness with which he filled out the national mould. The gentleman on the divan was a powerful specimen of an American. But he was not only a fine American; he was in the first place, physically, a fine man. He appeared to possess that kind of health and strength which, when found in perfection, are the most impressive—the physical capital which the owner does nothing to "keep up." If he was a muscular Christian,

it was quite without knowing it. If it was necessary to walk to a remote spot, he walked, but he had never known himself to "exercise." He had no theory with regard to cold-bathing or the use of Indian clubs; he was neither an oarsman, a rifleman, nor a fencer—he had never had time for these amusements; and he was quite unaware that the saddle is recommended for certain forms of indigestion. He was by inclination a temperate man; but he had supped the night before his visit to the Louvre at the Café Anglais—someone had told him it was an experience not to be omitted—and he had slept none the less the sleep of the just. His usual attitude and carriage were of a rather relaxed and lounging kind, but when under a special inspiration he straightened himself, he looked like a grenadier on parade. He never smoked. He had been assured—such things are said—that cigars were excellent for the health, and he was quite capable of believing it; but he knew as little about tobacco as about homœopathy. He had a very well-formed head, with a shapely, symmetrical balance of the frontal and the occipital development, and a good deal of straight, rather dry brown hair. His complexion was brown, and his nose had a bold, well-marked arch. His eye was of a clear, cold gray, and, save for a rather abundant mustache, he was clean-shaven. He had the flat jaw and sinewy neck which are frequent in the American type.

But the traces of national origin are a matter of expression even more than of feature, and it was in this respect that our friend's countenance was supremely eloquent. The discriminating observer we have been supposing might, however, perfectly have measured its expressiveness, and yet have been at a loss to describe it. It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces. It was our friend's eye that chiefly told his story; an eye in which innocence and experience were singularly blended. It was full of contradictory suggestions, and, though it was by no means the glowing orb of a hero of romance, you could

find in it almost anything you looked for. Frigid and yet friendly, frank yet cautious, shrewd yet credulous, positive yet sceptical, confident yet shy, extremely intelligent and extremely good-humored, there was something vaguely defiant in its concessions, and something profoundly reassuring in its reserve. The cut of this gentleman's mustache, with the two premature wrinkles in the cheek above it, and the fashion of his garments, in which an exposed shirt-front and a cerulean cravat played perhaps an obtrusive part, completed the conditions of his identity.

We have approached him, perhaps, at a not especially favorable moment; he is by no means sitting for his portrait. But listless as he lounges there, rather baffled on the æsthetic question, he is a sufficiently promising acquaintance. Decision, salubrity, jocosity, prosperity, seem to hover within his call; he is evidently a practical man, but the idea, in his case, has undefined and mysterious boundaries which invite the imagination to bestir itself on his behalf.—*The American.*





JAMES, THOMAS, an English voyager, was born at Bristol about 1593; and is supposed to have died there about 1635. He was an experienced seaman, a scientific navigator, and a careful observer of phenomena; but about all that is certainly known of him is found in his own account of the Arctic voyages of the *Henrietta Maria*, May, 1631, to October, 1632. This narrative, entitled *The Strange and Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas James in his intended Discovery of the North-West Passage into the South Sea*, is supposed to be the original of Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Some remarkable agreements of thought and expression occur; and it is very probable that the poet had read and been impressed by the captain's story. Frozen up in the ice, the sailors passed a winter of frightful suffering; and many of them sank beneath the hardships of the time. When the day of deliverance came, and the last evening which they should spend on that cruel coast had arrived, "the sun," he says, "was set, and the boat came ashore for us, whereupon after evening-prayer we assembled and went up to take a last view of our dead; where, leaning upon my arm on one of their tombs, I uttered these lines; which, though perhaps they may procure laughter in the wiser sort, they yet moved my young and tender-hearted companions at that time to some compassion:"

ON MY COMPANIONS LEFT BEHIND IN THE NORTHERN
SEAS.

I were unkind unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead :
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace :
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given
With an intent they should return to heaven :
Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory and their country's good.
And as a valiant soldier rather dies
Than yields his courage to his enemies,
And stops their way with his hewed flesh when death
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath,
So have they spent themselves ; and here they lie,
A famous mark of our discovery.
We that survive, perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise,
And in a dunghill rot, when no man names
The memory of us but to our shames.
They have outlived this fear, and their brave ends
Will ever be an honor to their friends.
Why drop you so, mine eyes? Nay, rather pour
My sad departure in a solemn shower.
The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,
Now were it so extreme, might do this good,
As make these tears bright pearls, which I would lay
Tombed safely with you till doom's fatal day ;
That in this solitary place, where none
Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,
Some remnant might be extant of the true
And faithful love I ever tendered you.
Oh ! rest in peace, dear friends, and, let it be
No pride to say, the sometime part of me.
What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,
The heart, the stomach, when the limbs are dead ;
So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die,
A foster-father to your memory.

—*From The Strange and Dangerous Voyage.*



JAMESON, ANNA (MURPHY), a British writer on miscellaneous topics, mainly art, born in Dublin, May 17, 1794; died at Ealing, Middlesex, March 17, 1860. Her father was a painter, and from him she gained a minute acquaintanceship with the technicalities of art. She married Mr. Jameson, a barrister, who had a government appointment in Canada, whither she accompanied him. A separation took place, and she returned to England, and commenced her career of authorship. Her principal works are the *Diary of an Ennuyée* (1826); *Loves of the Poets* (1829); *Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns* (1831); *Characteristics of Women*, containing disquisitions on the female characters of Shakespeare, and descriptions of her sojourn in Canada and Germany. Art and artists she has treated in a translation of Waagen's essay on the *Life and Genius of Rubens* (1840); *Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art In and Near London* (1842); *Companion to the Private Galleries of Art in London* (1844); *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters* (1845); *Memoirs on Art, Literature, and Social Progress* (1846); *Sacred and Legendary Art* (1848); *Monastic Orders* (1850).

Mrs. Jameson was an earnest laborer for the fuller development of the usefulness and mental culture of the women of England. Her productions display great discrimination, learning, and refinement.

VENICE AS PAINTED BY CANALETTI, BY TURNER, BY
TITIAN, AND AS IT IS.

All the time I was in Venice, I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or another of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice? Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance. We cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies, the transparent, gleaming waters, the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Tragheto*, the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, ærial, fantastic splendor of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures: all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal—even his skies and water: and is *that* Venice?

“But,” says my friend, “if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner’s pictures!” True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream: but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite perfection of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the color or light; Turner the color and light without the forms.

But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian. There is more of Venice in his “Cornaro Family” or his “Pesaro Madonna,” than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are—I must needs say it. But when I think of enchanting Venice the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry—petrifications, materialities. “We start, for life is there.” I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, “Put down the Church of St. Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is

barbarous ;" here, where East and West have met, to blend together, it is glorious.

And again with the sepulchral effigies in our churches—I have always been of Mr. Westmacott's principles and party : always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple : and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church would seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste. But here the impression is far different. Oh, those awful, grim, mounted warriors and dogs, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni Paolo, and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, life-like—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches—and that was almost daily—whether morning or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed and trampled Turk, or mitred Doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated ; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, "Good heavens ! how came they there ?"—*Selected.*





JASMIN, JACQUES, a Provençal poet, born at Agen, March 6, 1798; died there, October 4, 1864. His father, a poor tailor, put him into a seminary to study for the priesthood; but he was expelled for misconduct, and in 1816 he married, and opened a barber's shop. Here he wrote verses, and became famous as the barber-poet of Provence. His *Lou Chaliberi*, a mock heroic, appeared in 1825; and thereafter he wrote innumerable songs and patriotic verses, which appeared in various collections as *Las Papillotos*. His famous *L'Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé* (1836) was translated by Longfellow as *The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé*. A prize extraordinary of five thousand francs was awarded to him by the French Academy in 1852. The recent revival of dialect poetry in Southern France is due in great measure to the example and success of Jasmin. As "the last of the troubadours," he has won for himself a permanent place in literature.

THE ICE-HEARTED SIREN.

Thou whom the swains environ,
O maid of wayward will!
O icy-hearted Siren!
The hour we all desire, when
Thou too, thou too shalt feel.
The gay wings thou dost flutter,
The airy nothings utter,
While the crowd can only mutter
In ecstasy complete
At thy feet:

Yet hark to one who proves thee
Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Sunshine, the heavens adorning,
We welcome with delight;
But thy sweet face returning
With every Sunday morning
Is yet a rarer sight.

We love thy haughty graces,
Thy swallow-like, swift paces;
Thy song the soul upraises;
Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair,
All are fair:

Yet hark to one who proves thee
Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Thy pet dove in his flitting
Doth warn thee, Lady fair!
Thee in the wood forgetting,
Brighter for his dim setting
He shines, for love is there.

Love is the life of all:
O answer thou his call!
Lest the flower of thy days fall,
And the grace whereof we wot
Be forgot.

For till great Love shall move thee
Thy victories are vain:
'Tis little men should love thee:
Learn thou to love again!

—*Translated by* HARRIET WATERS PRESTON





JAY, JOHN, an American statesman, and first Chief-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, born in New York, December 12, 1745; died at Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., May 17, 1829. He graduated at Kings (now Columbia) College in 1764; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1768. He took a prominent part in the measures which led to the war of the Revolution, and in October, 1774, drew up an *Address to the People of Great Britain*, which Jefferson, who did not then know who was the author, declared to be "a production certainly of the finest pen in America." Another important paper by Jay is the "Address of the New York Convention of 1775 to the People of that State." The political career of Jay is intimately interwoven with the history of the country for more than a quarter of a century and until 1800, when he retired from public life. Upon the formation of the Federal Government in 1789, Washington offered him the choice of any public position in his gift. He chose that of Chief-Justice of the United States, which he, however, soon resigned, and was succeeded by Oliver Ellsworth. Ellsworth resigned in 1799, and Jay was urged, but unsuccessfully, to accept a reappointment. In 1787, when there were grave doubts whether the Federal Constitution would be ratified by the State of New York, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay combined to write a

series of newspaper articles to be entitled *The Federalist*, in advocacy of the ratification of the Constitution. It was proposed that Jay should take a leading part in the preparation of these papers. He had, however, furnished only four of these when he received an injury which incapacitated him from going on with his share of the work until the series was nearly completed, when he wrote one more. A large portion of the most important of these papers by Jay has been given in the present work. (See *The Federalist*, in Vol. X.) The *Life and Writings of John Jay* were put forth in 1833, by his son, William Jay (1789-1858), himself a distinguished jurist and the author of several works.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YORK CONVENTION, 1775.

Under the auspices and direction of Divine Providence, your forefathers removed to the wilds and wildernesses of America. By their industry they made it a fruitful, and by their virtue a happy, country. And we should still have enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty, if we had not forgotten the source from which these blessings flowed, and permitted our country to be contaminated by the many shameful vices which have prevailed among us.

It is a well-known truth that no virtuous people were ever oppressed; and it is also true that a scourge was never wanting to those of an opposite character. Even the Jews, those favorites of Heaven, met with the frowns whenever they forgot the smiles of their benevolent Creator. By tyrants of Egypt, of Babylon, of Syria, and of Rome they were severely chastised; and those tyrants themselves, when they had executed the vengeance of Almighty God—their own crimes bursting on their own heads—received the rewards justly due to the violation of the sacred rights of mankind.

You were born equally free with the Jews and have

as good a right to be exempted from the arbitrary domination of Britain as they had from the invasions of Egypt, Babylon, Syria, or Rome. But they, for their wickedness, were permitted to be scourged by the latter; and we, for our wickedness, are scourged by tyrants as cruel and implacable as those. Our case, however, is peculiarly distinguished from theirs. Their enemies were strangers, unenlightened, and bound to them by no ties of gratitude and consanguinity. Our enemies, on the contrary, call themselves Christians. They are of a nation and people bound to us by the strongest ties; a people by whose side we have fought and bled; whose power we have contributed to raise; who owe much of their wealth to our industry, and whose grandeur has been augmented by our exertions. . . .

You may be told that your forts have been taken, your country ravaged, and that your armies have retreated: and that, therefore, God is not with you. It is true that some forts have been taken, that our country hath been ravaged, and that our Maker is displeased with us. But it is also true that the King of Heaven is not, like the King of Britain, implacable. If we turn from our sins, He will turn from His anger. Then will our arms be crowned with success, and the pride and power of our enemies, like the arrogance and pride of Nebuchadnezzar, will vanish away. Let a general reformation of manners take place; let universal charity, public spirit, and private virtue be inculcated, encouraged, and practised. Unite in preparing for a vigorous defence of your country, as if all depended on your own exertions. And when you have done all things, then rely upon the good Providence of Almighty God for success, in full confidence that without His blessing all our efforts will inevitably fail. . . .

Rouse, brave citizens! Do your duty like men; and be persuaded that Divine Providence will not permit this Western World to be involved in the horrors of slavery. Consider that, from the earliest ages of the world, religion, liberty, and reason have been bending their course toward the setting sun. The holy Gospels are yet to be preached in these western regions; and we have the highest reason to believe that the Almighty will not

suffer slavery and the Gospel to go hand in hand. It cannot, it will not, be.

But if there be any among us dead to all sense of honor and love of their country ; if deaf to all the calls of liberty, virtue, and religion ; if forgetful of the magnanimity of their ancestors, and the happiness of their children ; if neither the examples nor the success of other nations, the dictates of reason and of nature, or the great duties they owe to their God, themselves, and their posterity have any effect upon them ; if neither the injuries they have received, the prize they are contending for ; the future blessings or curses of their children ; the applause or the reproach of all mankind ; the approbation or displeasure of the Great Judge, or the happiness or misery consequent upon their conduct, in this and a future state, can move them—then let them be assured that they deserve to be slaves, and are entitled to nothing but anguish and tribulation. Let them banish from their remembrance the reputation, the freedom, and the happiness they have inherited from their forefathers. Let them forget every duty, human and divine ; remember not that they have children ; and beware how they call to mind the justice of the Supreme Being. Let them go into captivity, like the idolatrous and disobedient Jews, and be a reproach and a by-word among the nations.

But we think better things of you. We believe and are persuaded that you will do your duty like men, and cheerfully refer your cause to the great and righteous Judge. If success crown your efforts, all the blessings of freemen will be your reward. If you fall in the contest, you will be happy with God in Heaven.





JAYADEVA, a Hindu poet, has been variously referred to the twelfth and fifteenth centuries; as his birthplace, Kenduli, has been placed in Kalinga, in Burdwan, and in the Ganges territory. His only extant poem, the *Gitagovinda*, in honor of Govinda, that is, Krishna, is a kind of pastoral in which the loves of young Krishna the cowherd and his Râdha are powerfully described. This poem has always been greatly admired among the Hindus and a favorite subject of fanciful and mystical interpretation. Sir William Jones introduced it to English readers by the publication of a translation in his "Asiatic Researches;" and Edwin Arnold's translation, while not so strictly literal as those in prose, is in itself most exquisite poetry.

"Centuries have rolled away," writes the Hindu, Romesh Chunder Dutt, "since the death of Jayadeva; yet to the present day an annual fair is held at Kenduli by the Vaishnavas in memory of the departed poet. At this fair, fifty or sixty thousand men assemble round the tomb of Jayadeva for worship, and the Vaishnavas still sing of the amours of Krishna and Râdha immortalized in the *Gitagovinda*." Another Oriental critic writes: "Whatever is delightful in the modes of music, exquisite in the sweet art of love, graceful in the strains of poetry—all that let the happy and wise learn from Jayadeva.

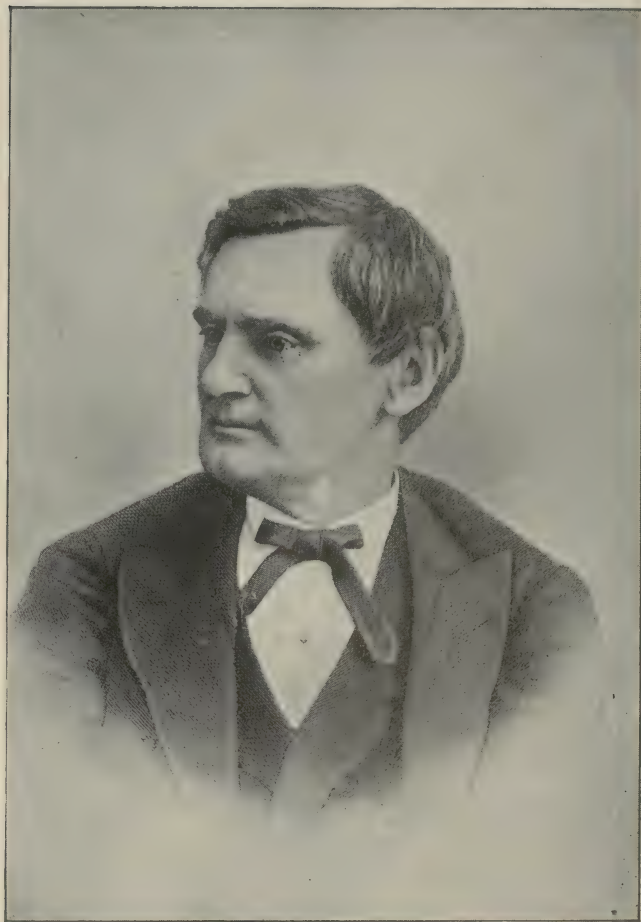
GOVINDA'S FOLLY.

See, Lady ! how thy Krishna passes the idle hours
 Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with
 forest flowers ;
 And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of
 price—
 Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like his
 eyes ;—
 In the company of damsels, who dance and sing and
 play,
 Lies Krishna laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring
 away.
 —*From the Gitagovinda ;* ARNOLD'S translation.

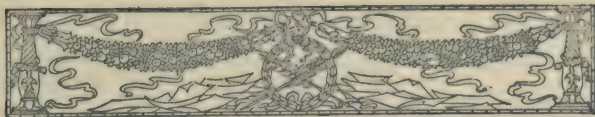
RÂDHA'S SORROW.

O, gale scented with sandal, who breathest love from
 the regions of the south, be propitious but for a mo-
 ment : when thou hast brought my beloved before my
 eyes thou mayest freely waft away my soul ! Love,
 with eyes like blue water-lilies, again assails me and
 triumphs, and while the perfidy of my beloved rends my
 heart, my female friend is my foe, the cool breeze
 scorches me like a flame, and the nectar-dropping moon
 is my poison. Bring disease and death, O ! gale of
 Malaya ! seize my spirit, O ! god with five arrows ! I
 ask not mercy from thee : no more will I dwell in the
 cottage of my father. Receive me into thy azure
 waves, O ! sister Yamuna, that the ardor of my heart
 may be allayed !—*From the Gitagovinda ;* JONES'S trans-
 lation.





JOSEPH JEFFERSON.



JEFFERSON, JOSEPH, an American actor and autobiographer, was born at Philadelphia, February 20, 1829. At three years of age he appeared as a child in the play of *Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla*. His "Asa Trenchard," in *Our American Cousin*, brought him repute; his best-known characters, however, are "Bob Acres" and "Rip Van Winkle." As an author he is known for his frank and charming *Autobiography*, which appeared in 1890. In 1895 he published for the first time the words of *Rip Van Winkle*.

"It is not easy for one who knows Jefferson," writes one of his old friends, "to write of his work without referring to the rare beauty and gentleness of his character as a man; and his book recalls his personal characteristics at every page. The varied career of the actor and the ripe experiences of the man of the world are told with that frankness and purity of youth which he has preserved through life. The mirth of 'Rip Van Winkle' and the pathos of 'Caleb Plummer' will be found side by side in the pages of his *Autobiography*. Colley Cibber's *Apology* has long been regarded as the Bible of stage literature; but henceforth it will take its place as the 'old' Bible, while Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography* will be the New Testament of stage life, with its spirit of charity, peace, and good-will."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

And now I must end my life, not "with a bare bod-kin," but with a harmless goose-quill ; and however painful the suicide may be to me, it is satisfaction to know that with the same blow I have put an end to the sufferings of my readers. Besides, an extended sojourn here, either in a literary or a personal state, may after all be of little moment. Seneca says, when writing to his friend Lucilius on this matter, "Life is like a play upon the stage ; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only on making a good exit."

In Louisiana the live-oak is the king of the forest and the magnolia is its queen, and there is nothing more delightful to one who is fond of the country than to sit under them on a clear, calm spring morning like this. The old limbs twine themselves in fantastic forms, the rich yellow foliage mantles the trees with a sheen of gold, and from beneath the leaves the gray moss is draped, hanging in graceful festoons and swaying slowly in the gentle air. I am listening to the merry chirp of the tuneful cardinal as he sparkles like a ruby amid the green boughs, and to the more glorious melody of the mocking-bird. Now in the distance comes the solemn cawing of two crafty crows ; they are far apart ; one sits on the high branch of a dead cypress, while his cautious mate is hidden away in some secluded spot ; they jabber to each other as though they held a conference of deep importance ; he on the high limb gives a croak as though he made a signal to his distant mate, and here she comes out of the dense wood and lights quite near him on the cypress branch ; they sidle up to each other and lay their wise old heads together, now seeming to agree upon a plan of action : with one accord they flutter from the limb and slowly flap themselves away.

I am sitting upon the fragment of a broken wheel ; the wood is fast decaying, and the iron cogs are rusting in their age. It is as old as I am but will last much longer. Most likely it belonged to some old mill, and has been here in idleness through the generations of the crows ; it must have done good service in its day ; and

if it were a sentient wheel perhaps would feel the comfort in old age of having done its duty.

Over my head the gray arms of two live-oaks stretch their limbs, and looking down into the ravine I see the trees are arched, as though they canopied the aisle of a cathedral; and doubtless they stood here before the builder of the mill was born. Behind a fallen tree there stands another, and on the trunk, from where I sit, I plainly see the initials of my wife's name, cut there by me on some romantic birthday many years ago. We live here still and it is legally recorded in the archives of the parish that this place now belongs to us, and so it does, just as it did to the man that bought the mill.

And yet we are but tenants. Let us assure ourselves of this, and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration, for shortly the great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired.





JEFFERSON, THOMAS, third President of the United States, born at Shadwell, Va., April 2, 1743; died at Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826. From his father, who was of Welsh descent, he inherited a considerable estate, which was largely increased by his marriage in 1772 to Martha Skelton, the widowed daughter of John Wayles. Jefferson was educated at the College of William and Mary; studied law under George Wythe, the acknowledged leader of the Virginia bar, to which Jefferson was admitted at the age of twenty-four, and entered at once upon a large and lucrative practice. His career in public life commenced in 1769, when he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. Of his career in public life we shall here mention only some of the prominent points. He took an earnest part in the measures which were a prelude to the Revolution. A vacancy occurred in the Virginia delegation to the Provincial Congress, which Jefferson was chosen to fill, taking his seat on June 20, 1775, the day on which Washington received his commission as commander-in-chief of the American army. On the next day tidings were received at Philadelphia of the battle of Bunker Hill, fought on the 17th. He was made chairman of the committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and that document, with the exception of a few changes suggested by John Adams, was written by him.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Jefferson soon after resigned his seat in Congress for the reason that his private affairs required his presence in Virginia. He was a member of the State Legislature, and bore an active part in the measures to make the statute-book of the State harmonize with republican principles. The law of entail was abolished, and the principles of primogeniture were set aside. He endeavored to abolish the quasi-connection which existed in Virginia between Church and State. In this he was not successful at the time; but nine years after the "Act for Establishing Religious Freedom," which he had drawn up, was passed. In the epitaph which he composed for himself, this statute, the authorship of the Declaration of Independence, and the founding of the University of Virginia, are set down as the three acts of his by which he wished to be remembered. In his autobiography, Mr. Jefferson thus speaks of the measures which he introduced and advocated:

PROPOSED REFORMS IN VIRGINIA.

I considered four of these bills as forming a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy. The repeal of the laws of entail would prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth in select families. The abolition of primogeniture and equal partition of inheritances removed the feudal and unnatural distinctions which made one member of every family rich and all the rest poor. The restoration of the rights of conscience relieved the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs; for the Establishment was truly the religion of the rich.

In 1779 Jefferson was chosen Governor of Virginia, to succeed Patrick Henry, whose third term had expired, and who was ineligible for a

fourth consecutive term. In 1783 he was elected to Congress. In 1784 he was sent to France as joint-plenipotentiary with Franklin and Deane, who were already there; and in 1785, Franklin having resigned, he was appointed sole plenipotentiary. In 1789 he returned to the United States for a short visit; but he had scarcely landed before he was notified that Washington had appointed him Secretary of State. He preferred to retain his post as Minister to France, but did not consider himself at liberty to decline the new position to which he was called. This, however, was distasteful to him, and he resigned early in 1794, declaring that "no circumstances whatever will evermore tempt me to engage in anything public."

In 1796, Washington having declined a re-election for a third term, Jefferson was desirous of the presidency. As the Constitution then stood, each presidential elector cast two ballots for different persons; the one receiving the highest number (provided that it was a majority of the whole) was to be President; the one receiving the next highest number to be Vice-President. John Adams received 71 electoral votes, and Jefferson 68. Adams, therefore, became President, and Jefferson Vice-President, for the term of four years beginning March 4, 1797. At the next presidential election, Jefferson and Burr—both belonging to what was then styled the "Republican," in contradistinction to the "Federal" party—received the two highest and an equal number of votes. The choice then devolved upon the House of Representatives, who elected Jefferson. At the next

presidential election Jefferson was re-elected by a large majority.

At the close of his second term, in 1809, Jefferson retired from public life, after a nearly continuous service of forty-four years. His private affairs had become greatly involved, and grew more and more so from year to year. In 1814 he sold his valuable library to Congress for \$23,000, about a fourth of what it had cost him. A few years later a friend for whom he had indorsed to the amount of \$24,000 became bankrupt, and the loss fell upon Jefferson. After his death his estate was sold, and brought barely sufficient to pay his debts, although not long before several friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore had raised about \$17,000 for his relief. His only surviving daughter, Mrs. Randolph, and her children, were left literally penniless, but the Legislatures of Virginia and South Carolina each voted \$10,000 for her, so that she was enabled to pass the remaining ten years of her life in comfort.

The *Writings of Thomas Jefferson* were published, by order of Congress, in 1853, in nine octavo volumes. They include a brief autobiography, treatises, and essays on various subjects, official reports, messages, and addresses, and a selection from his correspondence. The principal *Lives of Jefferson* are those by St. George Tucker (1837), Henry S. Randall (1858), James Parton (1874), and John T. Morse, in the "American Statesmen" series (1884). Of special interest is *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by his great-granddaughter, Sarah H. Randolph (1871). Some of the letters of Jefferson are written with no little care,

and might very well be considered as essays. Among these is an estimate of the character of Washington, contained in a letter to Dr. Walter Jones, written in 1814.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order ; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke ; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best ; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged in the course of the action—if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence ; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed ; refraining if he saw a doubt ; but when once decided going through with his purpose, whatever obstacle interposed.

His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known ; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned ; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact ; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections ; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called upon for a sudden effort, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agricultural and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure time within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad; in few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and its principles, until it had settled down into an orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

Among the latest things written by Jefferson was a letter addressed to Thomas Jefferson Smith, a child who had been named after him. The letter is dated February 21, 1825, when Jefferson was past fourscore, and a little more than a year before his death.

HAIL AND FAREWELL TO A NAMESAKE.

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its

counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run ; and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good disposition on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

Strictly as an author, apart from his character as patriot and statesman, Jefferson will be known mainly by his *Notes on Virginia*. This volume was written at Paris in 1782, at the request of M. de Marbois. A French translation of it was privately printed at Paris in 1784. The original was first printed at London in 1787, and reprinted at Philadelphia in 1788. Up to 1853 about twenty editions—French and English—had been printed.

THE PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE
RIDGE.

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in Nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time ; that the mountains were formed first ; that the rivers began to flow afterward ; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which

filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the banks of the Shenandoah; the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of Nature corroborate the impression.

But the distant finishing which Nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountains being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small patch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles—its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you—and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here—as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge—are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.—*Notes on Virginia.*

THE INFLUENCE AND DOOM OF SLAVERY.

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it—for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motives, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion toward his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But

generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus, nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and his morals undepraved by such circumstances.

And with what execration should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half of the citizens thus to trample on the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies; destroys the morals of the one part and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the banishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of a people their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor.

What an incomprehensible machine is man, who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict upon his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an over-ruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors—or at length by His exterminating thunder—manifest His attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.—*Notes on Virginia.*



JEFFREY, FRANCIS, a Scottish lawyer, jurist, essayist, and critic, born at Edinburgh, October 23, 1773; died at Craigcrook, near Edinburgh, January 26, 1850. He was educated mainly at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1794. He rose to eminence in his profession. In 1821 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; in 1829 Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; became a member of Parliament in 1831, and was elevated to the Scottish bench in 1834. Jeffrey is specially notable from his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, which was started in 1802 by a few young men, mostly advocates, prominent among whom were Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Francis Horner. In 1803 Jeffrey became the acknowledged editor of the *Review*, retaining the position until 1829, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. MacVey Napier; but he continued to write for it at intervals until near the close of his life. The entire number of his papers in the *Edinburgh Review* was about two hundred, of which seventy-nine were selected for republication in 1846. His biography, written by Lord Cockburn, with a selection from his correspondence, appeared in 1852. A good example of Jeffrey's manner as a critic is to be found in the review of Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, written in 1819.

THE PERISHABLE NATURE OF POETICAL FAME.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey is the perishable nature of poetical fame and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature ; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind ; and his purpose, being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who have once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion, and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat* be generally oracular, its *pereat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious ; and while we would foster all that it bids to leave we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance : for we should soon find it labor, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste : for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short

as ever ; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless ; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall ; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the *Specimens*, however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up forever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away ; or, rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* forever still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived ; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulations of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live ; and, as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919 ! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope or Swift are at present, but there will

stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers ; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren ? The thought, we own, is a little appalling ; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey ; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded ! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas ! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries ; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.





JENKINS, EDWARD, a British publicist and novelist, born at Bangalore, India, in 1838. His father became minister of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, Canada. He was educated at McGill College, Montreal, and at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1864 he was called to the English bar, and practised successfully until about 1874, when he was appointed Agent-General for Canada. In this year, while still in Canada, he was returned to Parliament for Dundee. In 1881 he stood for the city of Edinburgh, but was defeated by a majority of nearly three to one. He is author of several works, the main object of which is to set forth the condition of the laboring classes in England. Among these are *Ginx's Baby* (1872); *Little Hodge* (1873); *Lord Bantam* (1874); *Contemporary Manners* (1882); *Jobson's Enemies* (1883), and several political essays.

"Mr. Jenkins has gone a good way," said the *Literary World* in 1885, "toward proving his claim to the mantle of Anthony Trollope, while at the same time exhibiting traits of literary style and power not unworthy of Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau."

THE HOME OF THE GINXES.

The family sleeping-room measured thirteen feet six inches by fourteen feet. Opening out of this, and upon the landing of the third floor, was the kitchen and sitting-room; it was not quite so large as the other. This room contained a press, an old chest of drawers, a

wooden box once used for the navy's tools, three chairs, a stool, and some cooking utensils. When, therefore, one little Ginx had curled himself up under a blanket on the box, and three more had slipped beneath a tattered piece of carpet under the table, there still remained five little bodies to be bedded. For them an old straw mattress, limp enough to be rolled up and thrust under the bed, was at night extended on the floor; with this and a patch-work quilt the five were left to pack themselves together as best they might. So that if Ginx, in some vision of the night happened to be angered, and struck out his legs, navy fashion, it sometimes came to pass that a couple of children tumbled upon the mass of infantile humanity below. Not to be described are the dinginess of the walls, the smokiness of the ceilings, the grimy windows, the heavy, ever-murky atmosphere of these rooms. They were eight feet six inches in height, and any curious statist can calculate the number of cubic feet of air which they afforded to each person.

The other side of the street was fourteen feet distant. Behind, the backs of similar tenements came up, black and lowering over the little yard of Number Five. As rare, in the well thus formed, was the circulation of air as that of coin in the pockets of the inhabitants. I have seen the yard: let me warn you, if you are fastidious, not to enter it. Such of the filth of the house as could not at night be thrown out of the front windows was there collected, and seldom, if ever, removed. What became of it? What becomes of countless such accretions in like places? Are a large proportion of these filthy atoms absorbed by human creatures, living and dying, instead of being carried away by scavengers and inspectors? The forty-five big and little lodgers in the house were provided with a single "office" in the corner of the yard.

The street was at one time the prey of the gas company, at another of the drainage contractors. They seemed to delight in turning up the fetid soil, cutting deep trenches through various strata of filth, and piling up for days or weeks, matter that reeked with vegetable and animal decay.—*Ginx's Baby.*



JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA, an English novelist, playwright, and journalist, was born at Walsall, Staffordshire, May 2, 1861. He was educated at the Marylebone Philological School; but in very early life, owing to the inundation of the Jerome mine at the Cannock Chase colliery, of which his father was proprietor, he was thrown upon his own resources. He sought employment in London, where he became successively clerk, school-master, short-hand writer, reporter, actor, and journalist. In 1885 he published *On the Stage—and Off*, being his theatrical autobiography. *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* followed in 1886; and in the same year his *Barbara*, a one-act comedy, was produced. The comedies *Sunset* and *Wood-Barrow Farm*, and *Fennel*, an adaptation from the French, were produced in 1888. *Stageland* and a humorous story entitled *Three Men in a Boat* were published in 1889. In 1890 he produced for the stage *New Lamps for Old*, a farce; and *Ruth*, a play. His *Diary of a Pilgrimage* was published in 1890. *The Councillor's Wife*, a comedy, appeared upon the American stage in 1893; and in the same year he published *Novel Notes* and *John Ingerfield and Other Stories*. In 1892, in co-editorship with Robert Barr, he started *The Idler*, a magazine; and in 1893 he founded the weekly magazine-journal *To-Day*. *Stories of the Town*, including *Blasé Billy*, and *The Prude's Progress* and *Dick Hulward*, were published in 1896.

ON BEING HARD UP.

It is a most remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing something clever and original; but for the life of me I can't think of anything clever and original—at least, not at this moment. The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets, except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts, and they kick up such a shindy—I should say expostulate so eloquently upon the subject—that I have to give in and take them out—my hands I mean. The chorus to their objections is that it is not gentlemanly. I am hanged if I can see why. I could understand its not being considered gentlemanly to put your hands in other people's pockets (especially by the other people), but how, O ye sticklers for what looks this and what looks that, can putting his hands in his own pockets make a man less gentle? Perhaps you are right, though. Now I come to think of it, I have heard some people grumble most savagely when doing it. But they were mostly old gentlemen. We young fellows, as a rule, are never quite at ease unless we have our hands in our pockets.

It is wonderful what an insight into domestic economy being really hard up gives one. If you want to find out the value of money, live on fifteen shillings a week, and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. You will find out that it is worth while to wait for the farthing change, that it is worth while to walk a mile to save a penny, that a glass of beer is a luxury to be indulged in only at rare intervals, and that a collar can be worn four days.

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby, and to be ashamed of your address. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and

many a brave gentleman, who would have faced the labors of Hercules, has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers? Did he wear trousers? I forget; or did he go about as he does in the pantomimes? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off. His shabbiness did not trouble him: there was none of his friends round about to sneer at him.

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting. It is not cold that makes a man without a great-coat hurry along so quickly. It is not all shame at telling lies—which he knows will not be believed—that makes him turn so red when he informs you that he considers great-coats unhealthy, and never carries an umbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty is no crime. No; if it were men wouldn't be ashamed of it. It is a blunder though, and is punished as such. A poor man is despised the whole world over; despised as much by a Christian as by a lord, as much by a demagogue as by a footman, and not all the copy-book maxims ever set for ink-stained youth will make him respected. Appearances *are* everything, so far as human opinion goes, and the man who will walk down Piccadilly arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London, provided he is a well-dressed one, will slink up a back street to say a couple of words to a seedy-looking gentleman. And the seedy-looking gentleman knows this—no one better—and will go a mile round to avoid meeting an acquaintance. Those that knew him in his prosperity need never trouble themselves to look the other way. He is a thousand times more anxious that they should not see him than they can be; and as to their assistance, there is nothing he dreads more than the offer of it. All he wants is to be forgotten: and in this respect he is generally fortunate enough to get what he wants.—*Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.*



JEROME, SAINT, a Latin Father of the Church, was born at Stridon, Pannonia, about 345 ; died at Bethlehem, September 30, 420. He was educated at Rome under the grammarian Donatus and the rhetorician Victorinus. Upon recovering from a severe illness he devoted himself to the service of the Church, and was ordained a presbyter at Antioch in 379. Three years later he visited Rome, where he was made secretary to Pope Damasus. Upon the death of the Pope he returned into the East, accompanied by several female devotees who wished to lead the ascetic life in the Holy Land. He entered a monastery at Bethlehem, and was its superintendent at the time of his death. The Church owes to him the Latin translation of the Bible, well known under the name of *The Vulgate*, from which were made the Anglo-Saxon translations, Wyclif's English version, and the Douay Bible authorized by the Roman Catholic Church. *The Vulgate* is also remarkable as having been the first book printed with movable type. The exegetical writings of Saint Jerome are numerous ; and his moral, critical, historical, and miscellaneous *Letters* are valuable and interesting. The first printed edition of his works was edited by Erasmus, and was issued at Basle in six folio volumes, 1516-26.

Jerome's Latin translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew was at first received

with much opposition. Augustine had strong objections to it; and some even accused him of perverting the Scriptures, and despising the authority of the Apostles, by rejecting the Septuagint translation. "But," as says a recent writer, "he stands abundantly vindicated, by his own pen, and those of others, from all these charges."

TRANSLATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It has not been so much my aim to supersede what I have formerly translated correctly from the Greek into Latin for those who are conversant only with my own language as to lay before the reader the testimonies which have been pretermitted or corrupted by the Jews, that my countrymen might be made acquainted with what the authentic Hebrew does really contain. No one need peruse what I write unless he is willing. Let him drink the old wine with what zest he may, and despise, if he be so minded, the new which I have since placed before him, that what was before imperfectly understood may become plain and clear. The kind of interpretation which should be adopted, or the exposition of the Scriptures, in the book which I have written on that subject, and the little preface which I have prefixed to my edition of the sacred volume, I have endeavored to explain; and to them I think I may refer the reader. And if, as you say, you welcome me in my corrections of the New Testament, and give as your reason that a large number, by their acquaintance with the Greek language, are capable of doing justice to the merits of the work, you ought to think equally well of the integrity of my edition of the Old Testament, since it is not the product of my own invention, but the translation of the words of inspiration, as I have found them in the Hebrew original.—*From a Letter to St. Augustine.*



JERROLD, DOUGLAS WILLIAM, a celebrated English dramatist, born in London, January 3, 1803; died there, June 8 1857. His father was the manager of a small provincial theatre, and an appointment as midshipman was procured for the son at the age of ten. He remained in the service for three years, then returned home. The father was unsuccessful as a theatrical manager, and in 1818 the son was apprenticed to the printer of a newspaper. His first comedy, *More Frightened Than Hurt*, was successfully produced in 1821; and he was engaged as a writer for the paper upon which he had worked as a printer. He also wrote for the stage, and his drama, *Black-Eyed Susan*, produced in 1829, ran more than three hundred nights. In 1836 he undertook the management of the Strand Theatre, but was not successful. He had, however, written largely for various periodicals, and upon the establishment of *Punch*, in 1841, he became one of its favorite contributors. In 1843 he started *The Illuminated Magazine*, and afterward *The Shilling Magazine*, neither of which was successful. Subsequently he became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. In all, he wrote some thirty or forty dramas, most of which had a fair temporary success upon the stage. Of his other works, many of which appeared originally in *Punch*, the principal are *Punch's Letters to his Son* and *Punch's Complete*

Letter Writer (1843); *The Story of a Feather* (1844); *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* (1845); *Chronicles of Clovernook* (1846); *Men of Character* (1850); *St. Giles and St. James* (1851); *Cakes and Ale* (1852).

THE TRAGEDY OF THIN SHOES.

I'm not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like; but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes—oh, no! It's my mind, Caudle, my mind, that's killing me. *Gruel!* Oh, yes, gruel, indeed—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You are always going on about my shoes; when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say 'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I am not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tishn't likely I should begin now.

No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you; no, goodness knows I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world—but the cold I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago, the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of, poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak—ten years ago I was sitting up for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I awoke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the key-hole. That was my death, Caudle; though don't let that make you uneasy, love, for I don't think you meant to do it.

Ha! it's very well for you to call it *nonsense*; and to lay your ill-conduct on my shoes. That's like a man

exactly There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No; I don't mean to say that you've killed me; quite the reverse; still, there's never been a day that I haven't felt that key-hole. What! *Why won't I have a doctor!* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle: yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes: I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait, I sha'n't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.

Ha, Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul, now? Well, I do believe you. I dare say you do mean it: that is, I hope you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can lie quiet in this bed and think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice toward her, Caudle—not the least. Still, I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say anything more about her; but you know what I mean.

I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you when I am gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still I know I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they never gave me cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that I did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault if we've had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always—especially men. Still, we've been very happy—haven't we, Caudle?

Good-night. Yes, this cold does tear me to pieces;

but, for all that, it *isn't* the shoes. God bless you, Caudle. No—it is *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the key-hole; but again I say, it's not the shoes. God bless you, once more—but never say it's the shoes.—*Curtain Lecture the Last.*

THE DRUM.

Yonder is a little drum, hanging on the wall;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched the sheep
whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum
its din.
And happy was the shepherd-boy while tending of his
fold,
Nor thought he there was in the world a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day; but a change with time
will come,
And he (alas for him the day!)—he heard the little
drum.
“Follow,” said the drummer-boy, “would you live in
story!
For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of
glory.”
“*Rub-a-dub! and rub-a-dub!*” the drummer beats away.
The shepherd lets his bleating flock on Cheviot wildly
stray.

On Egypt's arid waste of sand the shepherd now is
lying;
Around him many a parching tongue for “water” vainly
crying.—
Oh, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure
spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made
his bed;
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to
its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain-gales!

At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber
come,
And he is in his home again, till wakened by the drum.
"To arms! to arms!" his leader cries; "the foe, the
foe is nigh!"
Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands
fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "Oh, water
—give me some!
My voice might reach a friendly ear but for that little
drum!"

'Mid moaning men and dying men the drummer kept
his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured abhorred the drum
that day.
"*Rub-a-dub! and rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beat aloud.
The shepherd died; and ere the morn the hot sand
was his shroud.
And this is "glory!" Yes; and still will man the
tempter follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its drum, is but a sound, and
hollow.





JEWETT, SARAH ORNE, an American story-writer, was born at South Berwick, Me., September 3, 1849. She is a daughter of the late Professor Jewett, a well-known medical writer, who gave her a good education at home and at the academy of their native town. Her knowledge of the world was enlarged by extensive travel in Europe and America; and her writings—which, however, relate mostly to New England—have, in consequence, a not inconsiderable historical value. Her earlier works were issued under the pseudonym ALICE ELIOT. She began her career in authorship very early in life; and in 1869 she brought herself before the general reading public by the contribution of a story to the *Atlantic*. Her published works include *Deephaven* (1877); *Play-Days* (1878); *Old Friends and New* (1880); *Country By-Ways* (1881); *The Mate of the Daylight* (1883); *A Country Doctor* (1884); *A Marsh Island* (1885); *A White Heron* (1886); *The Story of the Normans* (1887); *The King of Folly Island and Other People* (1888); *Betty Leicester* (1889); *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890); *Mr. Tommy Dove* (1892); *A Native of Winby* (1893).

“No one, we think,” said the *American* in 1890, “writes such stories as Miss Jewett; and the complete result of her labor is a cameo, carved, polished, and finished, which bears study and yields pleasure at every point.”

The *Nation* thinks that "her instinctive refinement, her graceful workmanship, place her second only to Miss Thackeray." "Miss Jewett has more distinctly a style," says the same authority again, "than any other American woman."

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS.*

The time of year was April; the place was a small farming town in New Hampshire, remote from any railroad. One by one the lights had been blown out in the scattered houses near Miss Tempy Dent's; but as her neighbors took a last look out-of-doors, their eyes turned with instinctive curiosity toward the old house, where a lamp burned steadily. They gave a little sigh. "Poor Miss Tempy!" said more than one bereft acquaintance; for the good woman lay dead in her north chamber, and the light was a watcher's light. The funeral was set for the next day, at one o'clock. The watchers were two of the oldest friends, Mrs. Crowe and Sarah Ann Binson. They were sitting in the kitchen, because it seemed less awesome than the unused best room, and they beguiled the long hours by steady conversation.

One would think that neither topics nor opinions would hold out, at that rate, all through the long, spring night; but there was a certain degree of excitement just then, and the two women had risen to an unusual level of expressiveness and confidence. Each had already told the other more than one fact that she had determined to keep secret; they were again and again tempted into statements that either would have found impossible by daylight. Mrs. Crowe was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her husband; the foot was already so long that it seemed as if she must have forgotten to narrow it at the proper time. Mrs. Crowe knew exactly what she was about, however; she was of a much cooler disposition than Sister Binson, who made futile attempts at some sewing, only to drop her work into her lap whenever the talk was most engaging.

Their faces were interesting—and of the dry, shrewd,

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quick-witted New England type, with thin hair twisted neatly back out of the way. Mrs. Crowe could look grave and benignant, and Miss Binson was, to quote her neighbors, a little too sharp-set; but the world knew that she had need to be, with the load she must carry of supporting an inefficient widowed sister and sire, unpromising and unwilling nieces and nephews. The eldest boy was at last placed with a good man to learn the mason's trade. Sarah Ann Binson, for all her sharp, anxious aspect, never defended herself, when her sister whined and fretted. She was told every week of her life that the poor children never would have had to lift a finger if their father had lived; and yet she had kept her steadfast way with the little farm, and patiently taught the young people many useful things, for which, as everybody said, they would live to thank her. However pleasureless her life appeared to outward view, it was brimful of pleasure to herself.

Mrs. Crowe, on the contrary, was well-to-do, her husband being a rich farmer and an easy-going man. She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away anything, or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence, and a compliment, indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance. Everybody liked to be on good terms with Mrs. Crowe. Socially she stood much higher than Sarah Ann Binson. They were both old school-mates and friends of Temperance Dent, who had asked them one day, not long before she died, if they would not come together and look after the house, and manage everything when she was gone. She may have had some hope that they might become closer friends in this period of intimate partnership, and that the richer woman might better understand the burdens of the poorer. They had not kept the house the night before; they were too weary with the care of their old friend, whom they had not left until all was over.

There was a brook which ran down the hill-side very near the house, and the sound of it was much louder than usual. When there was silence in the kitchen, the busy stream had a strange insistence in its wild voice,

as if it tried to make the watchers understand some thing that related to the past.

"I declare, I can't begin to sorrow for Tempy yet. I am so glad to have her at rest," whispered Mrs. Crowe. "It is strange to set here without her, but I can't make it clear that she has gone. I feel as if she had got easy and dropped off to sleep, and I'm more scared about waking her up than knowing any other feeling."

"Yes," said Sarah Ann, "it's just like that, ain't it? But I tell you we are goin' to miss her worse than we expect. She's helped me through with many a trial, has Temperance. I ain't the only one who says the same, neither."

These words were spoken as if there were a third person listening, somebody besides Mrs. Crowe. The watchers could not rid their minds of the feeling that they were being watched themselves. The spring wind whistled in the window-crack now and then, and buffeted the little house in a gusty way that had a sort of companionable effect. Yet, on the whole, it was a very still night, and the watchers spoke in a half-whisper.

"She was the freest-handed woman that ever I knew," said Mrs. Crowe, decidedly. "According to her means, she gave away more than anybody. I used to tell her 'twan't right. I used really to be afraid that she went without too much; for we have a duty to ourselves."

Sister Binson looked up in a half-amused way.

Mrs. Crowe met her look with a serious face. "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some," she said simply, but with an effort which was made possible only by the occasion. "I should like to say, while Tempy is laying here yet in her own house, that she has been a constant lesson to me. Folks are too kind, and shame me with thanks for what I do. I ain't such a generous woman as poor Tempy was, for all she had nothin' to do with, as one may say."

"I can tell you the biggest thing she ever gave, and I don't know's there's anybody left but me to tell it. I don't want it forgot," Sarah Binson went on, looking up at the clock to see how the night was going. "It was that pretty looking Trevor girl, who taught the

Corners' School, and married so well afterward, out in York State. You remember her, I dare say?"

"Certain," said Mrs. Crowe, with an air of interest.

"She was a splendid scholar, folks said, and gave the school a great start, but she'd overdone herself getting her education, and working to pay for it, and she all broke down one spring, and Tempy made her come and stop with her awhile—you remember that? Well, she had an uncle, her mother's brother, out in Chicago, who was well-off and friendly, and used to write to Lizzie Trevor, and I dare say make her some presents; but he was a lively, driving man, and didn't take time to stop and think about his folks. He hadn't seen her since she was a little girl. Poor Lizzie was so pale and weakly that she just got through the term o' school. She looked as if she was just going straight off in a decline. Tempy, she cosseted her up awhile, and then next thing folks knew, she was tellin' round how Miss Trevor had gone to see her uncle, and meant to visit Niagary Falls on the way, and stop over night. Now I happen to know, in ways I won't dwell on to explain, that the poor girl was in debt for her schoolin' when she come here, and her last quarter's pay had just squared it off at last, and left her without a cent ahead hardly; but it had fretted her thinking of it, so she paid it all; they might have dunned her that she owed it, too. An' I taxed Tempy about the girl's goin' off on such a journey till she owned up, rather'n have Lizzie blamed, that she'd given her sixty dollars—same's if she was rolling in riches—and sent her off to have a good rest and vacation."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy only had ninety dollars a year that came into her; rest of her livin' she got by helpin' about, with what she raised off this little piece o' ground, sand one side an' clay the other. An' how often I've heard her tell, years ago, that she'd rather see Niagary than any other sight in the world!"

The women looked at each other in silence; the magnitude of the generous sacrifice was almost too great for their comprehension.

"She was just poor enough to do that!" declared Mrs. Crowe at last, in an abandonment of feeling.

"Say what you may, I feel humbled to the dust," and her companion ventured to say nothing. She never had given away sixty dollars at once, but it was simply because she never had it to give. It came to her very lips to say in explanation, "Temy was so situated;" but she checked herself in time, for she would not break in upon her own loyal guarding of her dependent household.

"Folks say a great deal of generosity, and this one's being public-sperited, and that one free-handed about giving," said Mrs. Crowe, who was a little nervous in the silence. "I suppose we can't tell the sorrow it would be to some folks not to give, same's t'would be to me not to save. I seem kind of made for that, as if 'twas what I'd got to do. I should feel sights better about it if I could make it evident what I was savin' for. If I had a child, now, Sarah Ann," and her voice was a little husky—"if I had a child, I should think I was heapin' of it up because he was the one trained by the Lord to scatter it again for good. But here's Crowe and me, we can't do anything with money, and both of us like to keep things same's they've always been."

In the silence that followed, the fact of their presence in a house of death grew more clear than before. Both the watchers looked up anxiously at the clock; it was almost the middle of the night; and the whole world seemed to have left them alone with their solemn duty. Only the brook was awake.

"Perhaps we might give a look up-stairs now," whispered Mrs. Crowe, as if she hoped to hear some reason against their going just then to the chamber of death; but Sister Binson rose, with a serious and yet satisfied countenance, and lifted the small lamp from the table. She was much more used to watching than Mrs. Crowe, and much less affected by it. They opened the door into a small entry with a steep stairway; they climbed the creaking stairs, and entered the cold upper room on tiptoe. Mrs. Crowe's heart began to beat very fast as the lamp was put on a high bureau, and made long, fixed shadows about the walls. She went hesitatingly toward the solemn shape under its white drapery, and felt a sense of remonstrance as Sarah Ann gently, but in a business-like way, turned back the thin sheet.

"Seems to me she looks pleasanter and pleasanter."

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

whispered Sarah Ann Binson impulsively, as they gazed at the white face with its wonderful smile.

"To-morrow 'twill have all faded out. I do believe they kind of wake up a day or two after they die, and it's then they go."

She replaced the light covering, and they both turned quickly away; there was a chill in the upper room.

"'Tis a great thing for anybody to have got through, ain't it?" said Mrs. Crowe softly, as she began to go down the stairs on tiptoe. The warm air from the kitchen beneath met them with a sense of welcome and shelter.

"I don't know why it is, but I feel as near again to Tempy down here as I do up there," replied Sister Binson. "I feel as if the air was full of her, kind of. I can sense things, now and then, that she seems to say. Now, I never was one to take up with no nonsense of spirits and such, but I declare I felt as if she told me just now to put some more wood into the stove."

Mrs. Crowe preserved a gloomy silence. She had suspected before this that her companion was of a weaker and more credulous disposition than herself. "'Tis a great thing to have got through," she repeated, ignoring definitely all that had last been said. "I suppose you know as well as I that Tempy was one that always feared death. Well, it's all put behind her now; she knows what 'tis."

Mrs. Crowe gave a little sigh, and Sister Binson's quick sympathies were stirred toward this other old friend, who also dreaded the great change.

"I'd never like to forget almost those last words Tempy spoke plain to me," she said gently, like the comforter she truly was. "She looked up at me once or twice, that last afternoon after I come to set by her, and let Miss Owen go home, and I says, 'Can I do anything to ease you, Tempy?' and the tears come into my eyes so I couldn't see what kind of a nod she gave me. 'No, Sarah Ann, you can't, dear,' says she; and then she got her breath again, and says she, looking at me real meanin', 'I'm only a-gettin' sleepier and sleepier; that's all there is,' says she, and smiled up at me kind of wishful and shut her eyes. I knew well enough all she meant. She'd been lookin' out for a chance to tell me, and I don' know's she ever said much afterward."

Mrs. Crowe was not knitting; she had been listening too eagerly. "Yes, 'twill be a comfort to think of that sometimes," she said in acknowledgment.

"I know that old Dr. Prince said once, in evenin' meetin', that he'd watched by many a dyin' bed, as we well knew, and enough o' his sick folks had been scared o' dyin' their whole lives through; but when they come to the last, he'd never seen one but was willin', and most were glad, to go. "'Tis as natural as bein' born or livin' on," he said. I don't know what had moved him to speak that night. You know he wa'n't in the habit of it, and 'twas the monthly Concert of Prayer for Foreign Missions, anyways," said Sarah Ann; "but 'twas a great stay to the mind to listen to his words of experience."

"There never was a better man," responded Mrs. Crowe, in a really cheerful tone. She had recovered from her feeling of nervous dread, the kitchen was so comfortable with lamplight and firelight; and just then the old clock began to tell the hour of twelve with leisurely whirring strokes.

Sister Binson laid aside her work, and rose quickly and went to the cupboard. "We'd better take a little to eat," she explained. "The night will go fast after this. I want to know if you went and made some o' your nice cupcake, while you was home to-day?" she asked in a pleased tone; and Mrs. Crowe acknowledged such a gratifying piece of thoughtfulness for this humble friend who denied herself all luxuries. Sarah Ann brewed a generous cup of tea, and the watchers drew their chairs up to the table presently, and quelled their hunger with good country appetites.

"What excellent preserves she did make!" mourned Mrs. Crowe. "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o' everything too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece, but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into bloomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann.

They drew their chairs near the stove again, and took up their work. Sister Binson's rocking-chair creaked as she rocked; the brook sounded louder than ever. It

was more lonely when nobody spoke, and presently Mrs. Crowe returned to her thoughts of growing old.

"Yes, Tempy aged all of a sudden. I remember I asked her if she felt as well as common, one day, and she laughed at me good. Then, when Dan'l begun to look old, I couldn't help feelin' as if somethin' ailed him, and like as not 'twas somethin' he was goin' to git right over, and I dosed him for it stiddy, half of one summer."

"How many things we shall be wanting to ask Tempy!" exclaimed Sarah Ann Binson, after a long pause. "I can't make up my mind to doin' without her. I wish folks could come back just once, and tell us how 'tis where they've gone. Seems then we could do without 'em better."

The brook hurried on, the wind blew about the house now and then; the house itself was a silent place, and the supper, the warm fire, and an absence of any new topics for conversation made the watchers drowsy. Sister Binson closed her eyes first, to rest them for a minute; and Mrs. Crowe glanced at her compassionately, with a new sympathy for the hard-worked little woman. She made up her mind to let Sarah Ann have a good rest, while she kept watch alone; but in a few minutes her own knitting was dropped, and she, too, fell asleep. Overhead, the pale shape of Tempy Dent slept on, also, in its white raiment.

Later, by some hours, Sarah Ann Binson woke with a start. There was a pale light of dawn outside the small windows. Inside the kitchen, the lamp burned dim. Mrs. Crowe awoke too.

"I think Tempy'd be the first to say 'twas just as well we both had some rest," she said, not without a guilty feeling.

Her companion went to the outer door, and opened it wide. The fresh air was none too cold, and the brook's voice was not nearly so loud as it had been in the midnight darkness. She could see the shapes of the hills, and the great shadows that lay across the lower country. The east was fast growing bright. "'Twill be a beautiful day for the funeral," she said, and turned again, with a sigh, to follow Mrs. Crowe up the stairs. The world seemed more and more empty without the kind face and helpful hands of Tempy Dent.—*The King of Folly Island.*



JEWSBURY, GERALDINE ENDSOR, an English novelist, born at Measham, Derbyshire, in 1812; died in London, September 23, 1880. She was a younger sister of Mrs. Fletcher. In 1841 she became acquainted with Thomas Carlyle and his wife, and removed to Chelsea to be near them. She wrote several short tales and children's stories. Her novels are *Zoe* (1845); *The Half-Sisters* (1848); *Marion Withers* (1851); *Constance, Herbert, and Angelo* (1855); *The Adopted Child* and *The Sorrows of Gentility* (1856); *Right or Wrong* (1857).

Speaking of the power which made Miss Jewsbury so universally beloved after her books had ceased to be a novelty, the *Athenæum* says: "She was a distinct social force in literary and artistic circles, by virtue of the fine humor and conversational brightness which a winning address and singularly musical voice rendered indescribably effective and delightful."

The London *Times* says that *Zoe* "made a sensation in its day;" and the *Examiner* speaks of *The Sorrows of Gentility* as "a remarkably good novel; well written, amusing, sensible, and firm to its purpose." Thus all her novels were received with good-will by the critics and read with pleasure by the public; notwithstanding the *Athenæum* was inclined to "imagine her better qualified to succeed in essays and speculative papers than in descriptions of character as it is or society as it has

been." Her works display, according to the opinion of the *Literary Gazette*, "very considerable intellectual powers, a shrewd observance of character, and a general talent."

A STRANGE CHILDHOOD.

The childhood of Alice had not been a happy one. There had been no positive unkindness; but children do not understand the value of what we call "solid comforts." Kind words, smiling looks, sympathy with their pains and pleasures, are all they understand; a harsh word or chiding tone conveys more pain than a grown person can understand.

Alice had always been a singular child; and her father's death had thrown her altogether into the hands of persons quite unable to understand or train a child of her disposition. She was not clever; never said or did any of those precocious, wonderful things mothers are so proud of repeating. She was always a quiet, thoughtful, dreaming child; she never desired companions of her own age, but delighted with playing by herself; she would sit for hours under the shadow of a tree, watching the green light stream through its branches; she would leave any play she was engaged in to creep to the window-seat in the nursery, there to watch the sun set, firmly believing it was the gate of heaven; she would sit gazing at the changing light, and the large stars suddenly starting into sight on the confines of the dim orange-colored mist, and the dark, clear, crystalline blue of the coming night, and the moon growing gradually more clear as the daylight died out, till her large blue eyes dilated with awe, and she grew frightened at being alone, and yet did not dare to venture out of her recess, but sat with a sort of pleased terror until her nurse broke the spell by carrying her off to bed. Nor would she sleep until the blinds were all drawn up, in order that when it was moonlight she might see the quiet mysterious light pour a flood of radiance through the room, and the shadows of the tall trees tossing about on the walls.

As she grew older, she was haunted by a sense of

hidden meaning in all she saw, and was baffled and perplexed in her weak endeavors to understand more than was seen. The common task she was set to learn seemed to have a spirit she could not seize, and this bewildered her and kept her from attaining the common cleverness of most children ; but there was a constant stirring after some meaning she could not express, which made a difference between her work and theirs.

One fine moonlight night, her nurse coming softly into the nursery, overheard her praying to the moon, "to take her up there, it looked so beautiful," and when the orthodox nurse, much scandalized, told her she was worse than a heathen, she said she "had always been told to pray for what she wanted, and then God would give it her, and she wanted to live in the moonlight or the sunset forever."

When she grew a little older, her mother sent her to a boarding-school in the hope she would grow more like other children. The regular employment and constant bustle of being with twenty other young people, seemed for a while to deaden her vague dreamy fancies ; the spirit of emulation was roused, and she became very anxious to excel her companions ; but when, after a few years, she had worked her way to be considered the first in the school, the commonness and insignificance of what she had done suddenly struck her ; she felt ashamed of having been so much excited in pursuit of a prize for attaining a knowledge only a little less imperfect than that of her companions. She felt disgusted and dissatisfied ; a sense of baffled effort depressed and disturbed her ; and none of those around her could understand the vague, undefined, restless aspirations that filled her heart. No one could speak a word to direct her toward an object worthy of her. Her mother withdrew her from school before she was quite fourteen, in order that she might learn to be useful, and not to get her head stuffed too full of book-learning, "which never did a woman any good yet."—*The Half-Sisters.*



JOHNSON, CHARLES FREDERICK, an American instructor and critic, born at New York, in 1836. He graduated at Yale in 1855; from 1865 to 1875 he was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., and in 1883 became Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He published *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*, consisting of critical Essays upon Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley, Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and later prepared a treatise on Rhetoric. He has written much, in prose and verse, for American and British periodicals, mostly anonymously, but occasionally under the signature of "Charles Frederick." Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Israel Putnam, at Brooklyn, Conn., June 14, 1888, he delivered the poem, a portion of which here follows:

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

[*Read at the Unveiling of Putnam's Statue, Brooklyn, Conn., June 14, 1888.*]

The men of Rome who framed the first free state,
When Rome in men and not in wealth was great,
Placed in their homes, as in an honored shrine,
Rude portrait busts, cut with no art divine,
But roughly chipped from rock or wrought in brass
By craftsmen of the town; so might time pass,
And still the worthy sire perpetuate
Brave thoughts, brave deeds, in men of later date.
And these they called their household gods, and knew
Them worthy worship; and from them they drew

The consciousness that men had lived and died
 In days ago; those dull and heavy-eyed
 Stone faces mutely testified that life
 Is grounded in the past; that toil and strife
 Are not for self, nor borne for self alone:
 That children reap, where worthy sires have sown. . .

We, too, have our great names. How shall we set
 Those jewels in Columbia's coronet?
 Where shall we place our heroes—we who owe
 More to our dead than they of long ago?
 They tore the feudal shackles from the state,
 And built an England here regenerate.
 By sacrifice and blood, and by their deed
 Enforced and supplemented Runnymede;
 They saved the great traditions of the race
 Defiled or lost in its old dwelling-place—
 The Folk-moot and the Witenagemote—
 Of freedom's tree the deep, earth-holding root.
 Through them we teach the world what freedom means
 It is our heritage, but others' dreams;
 It has no centre here, the soil is free;
 There is no cloistered shrine for liberty.
 For Greene, for Putnam, or for Washington
 We need no Abbey and no Pantheon.
 They fought not to exalt a conquering race,
 But for mankind: their pedestal and place
 Is underneath the over-arching sky,
 Our dome of state is God's own canopy.
 Erect in Nature's presence let them stand,
 The free-born heroes of our Yankee land!
 Strong-limbed, great-hearted men of massive mould,
 There is no marble white enough, nor gold
 Of fineness fit to build their monument;
 No roof is needed but the heavens bent
 Above their heads; the air, wide-spread and free,
 Shall symbolize a People's liberty.

The labored fabric of scholastic rhyme
 Seems inharmonious with this place and time,
 Rough, flinty shards of Saxon speech were fit
 For Putnam's name to rightly honor it.
 His memory needs no set and garnished phrase;
 His deeds are made no greater by our praise:

We were the losers if tradition dim
Were all that kept alive the thoughts of him,
The brave old man and true, who set his face,
Like rock, toward Liberty's abiding-place. . .

In Putnam's youth, each settlement
Was like the vanguard of an army, sent
To hold the outposts. In that rugged school
Tempered and trained, he proved a man to rule
The rude frontiersman; for he "dared to lead
Where any dared to follow." In their need
Men looked to him. In God's appointed hour
Our war for freemen's rights against the power
Imposed on Englishmen in their old home—
Which still by impotence avoids its doom—
Our war for civic independence came.
A tower of strength was Israel Putnam's name,
A rallying word for patriot acclaim;
It meant resolve, and hope and bravery,
And steady cheerfulness, and constancy. . . .

God sends our Kings—Lincoln and Washington—
Putnam is not of these. They stand alone,
And solitary on their heights remain;
He—with his fellows—on a lower plane.
But on that plane of broad humanity,
What stronger man or nobler soul than he?
A nature on broad lines and simple plan,
Type of the primitive American! . . .

This monument, by skilful artist wrought,
Sums up and formulates a people's thought,
Else vague or lost, and renders permanent
The only deathless thing—a sentiment.
With democratic dignity instinct,
To memories of freedom's battles linked,
'Tis set a beacon in this ancient town.
'Twill stand when we are gone, and long hand down
The light of liberty in this her home.
In future years may children's children come,
As to a sacred spot, to look upon
The rugged face of freedom's champion.
So may Columbia's empire ever be
Land of the free brave—home of the brave free.

COLERIDGE'S "ANCIENT MARINER."

Poetry, like the *Ancient Mariner*, has no interpretation in the limits of the understanding. It appeals to a different part of our nature. "The moment we are taken on that strange ship the actual and the unreal cease to have any distinction." The ocean on which it is driven by a spirit's hand is infinitely further removed than the waters on which the Spirit of God moved on the morning of creation, for it is removed not in time, nor in space merely, but in sphere of existence. Does the Mariner represent a soul adrift?—a solitary, excluded from Nature's great beneficence and redeemed at last by the Spirit of Love? Let it be so; or say, rather—if you must interpret in the German fashion—that the Mariner is the Spirit of Discontent which wanders over the world and marks unerringly the men on whom it can lay the burden of its pain—the questionings, the despair which torment noble souls:

"I pass like night from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me.
To him my tale I teach."

The wedding-guest cannot choose but hear. The "glittering eye" has looked into his soul, and the tumult, and joy, and uproar of the world recede, become faint and far—a dance of shadows to spectral music; the buxom, ruddy bride herself a mere unsubstantial phantom, and this voyage into the unknown the startling, important reality. No wonder that after he has heard it—

"He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose that morrow's morn."

Sadder and wiser, as Dante was after he had finished that *Divina Commedia*, and as the Shakespeare that wrote *Lear* was sadder and wiser than the Shakespeare that wrote *Romeo and Juliet*. But of all this mystical

meaning the artist gives no hint; for the sweet little childish moral at the end—

“ He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all ”—

is merely a device to bring the reader back into the world of sense. The poet places the under-world—the world of new forces—squarely before you. You enter it, and then are set back in your “ain countree.” The story is told by one who has been there. It is true. The effect is produced by numberless cumulative touches, all of which, in the true ballad manner, are subordinate to the narrative, which is of such novelty and power that we feel in hearing it some of the strange uneasiness that affects animals on the approach of an eclipse. Experience fails. All our knowledge we supposed was based on experience. Here is a new sort of knowledge, not based on experience. There is nothing comparable to the *Ancient Mariner*, unless it be the terror induced by certain strains of music. Something elemental throbs and trembles within us; the solid ground of experience may yawn, and let us down into unknown depths, where the firmness of the human soul is naught, where courage is dissolved, and will is powerless.

The ideal quality of the *Ancient Mariner* is shown by the fact that it cannot be illustrated. Doré, a master of gloom, of the sinister perspective of black masses, is powerless to represent the phantom ship. His prints above Coleridge’s verse merely spoil the lines, destroy the illusion, or rather, throw it up into the real world of bark-rigged ships with wooden masts and figure-heads, solid, and displacing so many tons. The *Ancient Mariner* is the one poem which can never be illustrated. Coleridge called a painting “the intermediate something between a thought and a thing;” but this poem lies on the other side of thought, in the region of the sub-conscious. Compare Doré’s illustrations of *The Wandering Jew*. Here we have a human soul driven by remorse to wander on the globe, hoping to die, yet shunned by death, and seeing everywhere—in the fleeing

clouds, the mists driving the forests, the spray of the tempest—an image of the procession to Calvary. Here the illustrator is successful, for the terror, the remorse, the agony, are within the limitations of the human. The *Ancient Mariner* might be set to music that Paganini might have played, but it is beyond the power of expression of any other art. An imperfect illustration lowers the dignity of the thing illustrated, drags the higher ideal down to its own level.

If we can say that the underlying motive of the *Ancient Mariner* is the unity of life, the subtle bond that connects universal nature, the mystical brotherhood between the brute creation, the human race, and the higher intelligences, we can also say that the motive of *Christabel* is the temporary dominance sometimes assumed by the subtle power of evil. If Coleridge could not finish and could scarcely outline a conclusion to his wonderful fragment, it is of course useless for us to speculate on the moral intended. It is the opening scene of a great tragedy, whose action lies in the obscurest workings of the human soul. I doubt if the key to this wonderful picture ever existed in his conscious thought. These poems seem to have been constructed by some power deeper than the understanding and the will. They lay in Coleridge's mind without his knowing it, and without any power on his part to summon them into being.—*Three Americans and Three Englishmen.*





JOHNSON, EDWARD, author of one of the earliest American historical works, born at Herne Hill, Kent, England, about 1600; died at Woburn Mass., April 23, 1672. He came to America in 1630; in 1640 was the principal founder of the town of Woburn, where he followed the occupation of ship-carpenter and farmer. He represented the town in the General Court from 1643 to 1671, with the exception of a single year, and was its Recorder from its incorporation in 1642 until his death. His *Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England* was published anonymously at London in 1654; was reprinted in the "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society," and again in 1867, with an introduction and elaborate Notes by William Frederick Poole. Interspersed with the prose narrative are numerous bits of verse.

His historical work is a valuable and accurate reflection of the spirit of the writer's day. His intimate connection with public affairs for so many years rendered him especially competent to chronicle details of early New England life which easily escape the notice of less favored, though perhaps better qualified, historians.

THE NEW ENGLAND CRUSADERS.

Christ, the glorious King of his churches, in 1628 stirred up his heralds to make this proclamation: "All

you, the people of Christ that are here oppressed, and scurrilously derided, gather yourselves together, your wives and little ones, and answer to your several names, as you shall be shipped for his service in the Western world, and more especially for planting the united colonies of New England, where you are to attend the service of the King of Kings. . . . You are not to set up for tolerating times, nor shall any of you be content with this, that you are set at liberty ; but take up your arms and march manfully on till all opposers of Christ's kingly power be abolished. And as for you who are called to sound forth his kingly trumpets, blow loud and shrill to this chiefest treble tune—for the armies of the great Jehovah are at hand.

A PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The night newly breaking off her darkness (as they were nearing the coast of New England), and the daylight being clouded with a gross vapor, as if night's curtains remained half-shut, the seamen and passengers standing on the decks suddenly cast their eyes on a great boat, as they deemed : and anon after they spied another, and after that another. But musing on the matter, they perceived themselves to be in great danger of many great rocks. With much terror and affrightment they turned the ship about, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces against the rocks. But He Whose providence brought them in piloted them out again, without any danger, to their great rejoicing.

DEALING WITH THE PEQUOT INDIANS.

The Lord, in mercy to His poor churches, having thus destroyed these bloody, barbarous Indians, He returns his people in safety to their vessels, where they take account of their prisoners. The squaws and some young youths they brought home with them ; and finding the men to be deeply guilty of the crimes they undertook the war for, they brought away only their heads.

ON THOMAS HOOKER.

Come, Hooker, come forth of thy native soil ;
"Christ, I will run," says Hooker, "thou hast set

My feet at large." "Here spend thy last day's toil ;
Thy rhetoric shall people's affections whet."

Thy golden tongue and pen Christ caused to be
The blazing of his glorious truths profound.
Thou sorry worm, it's Christ wrought this in thee ;
What Christ hath wrought must needs be very sound.

Then look on Hooker's works ; they follow him
To grave. This worthy resteth there awhile :
Die shall he not that hath Christ's warrior been ;
Much less Christ's truth cheer'd by his people's toil.

Thou angel bright, by Christ for light now made,
Throughout the world as seasoning salt to be,
Although in dust thy body mouldering fade,
Thy head's in heaven, and hath a crown for thee.

ON HUGH PETERS.

With courage bold Peters, a soldier stout,
In wilderness for Christ begins to war ;
Much work he finds 'mongst people, yet holds out,
With fluent tongue he stops fantastic jar.

ON JOHN ENDICOTT.

Strong, valiant John, wilt thou march on, and take up
station first ?
Christ called hath thee ; his soldier be, and fail not of
thy trust.





JOHNSON, SAMUEL, a celebrated English lexicographer, essayist, and poet, born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709; died in London, December 13, 1784. His father was a bookseller, who ultimately fell into pecuniary straits, so that the son, who had been entered as a student at Oxford, was obliged to leave the University without taking his degree. He was afflicted with a scrofulous affection, by which both his sight and hearing were seriously impaired. After leaving Oxford he became usher in a grammar-school, and when about twenty-five married Mrs. Porter, a widow of nearly twice his age, and endeavored to establish a private school in his native town. He, however, was able to get only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. In 1737 Johnson and Garrick went together to London. Johnson found employment upon the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The next year he wrote his poem of *London*, modelled upon the Third Satire of Juvenal. In 1740 he commenced to write what purported to be the debates in Parliament, which he kept up for about two years. These speeches were wholly imaginary, though Johnson imitated somewhat the manner of the various speakers, taking care, as he said, that "the Whig dogs should not get the best of it." Slowly his reputation began to increase; and in 1747 he was engaged by a combination of leading publishers to prepare an English Diction-



ary. This work, for which he was to receive £1,575, occupied him, although not exclusively, for about seven years. Lord Chesterfield, who had treated almost contemptuously Johnson's original proposal to prepare this Dictionary, now undertook to patronize the work. This called forth a stinging letter from Johnson, closing thus:

JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited at your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself. Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long waking from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, Sam. Johnson.

Johnson's principal literary works appeared in the following order: *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, his most important poem, an imitation of the Tenth Satire of the Juvenal (1748); *Irene*, a tragedy be-

gun before he went to London, finished and acted two or three years later; *The Rambler*, a series of essays published twice a week, comprising two hundred papers by Johnson, and a few by others (1750-52); *The Adventurer*, set up by Dr. Hawksworth, to which Johnson furnished twenty-nine papers (1752-54); the *English Dictionary* (1755); *The Idler* (1758), containing ninety-one papers by Johnson; *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759); *Tour to the Hebrides*, made in company with Boswell (1773); *Lives of the Poets* (1779-81). He also superintended an edition of Shakespeare for which he wrote Prefaces and Notes (1765).

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is made up in great part of specimens of his conversation and oral criticisms upon men, manners, and books; and to this even more than to his formal writings is he indebted for the commanding place which he holds in the literature of the English language. In 1762 a pension of £300 was granted by the Government to Johnson.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait,
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost :
 He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay ;
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day ;
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

—*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

In fool-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign ;
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine
 Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
 His smile alone security bestows :
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower •
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.
 At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state,
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate :
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine ?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent ?
 For why did Wolsey, near the steep of fate,
 On weak foundations raise the enormous weight !
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

—*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike, alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain,
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat ;
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain ;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

—*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

SUPERSTITION AND MELANCHOLY.

No disease of the imagination is so difficult of cure
 as that which is complicated with the dread of guilt ;

fancy and conscience then act interchangeably upon us, and so often shift their places that the illusions of one are not distinguished from the dictates of the other. If fancy presents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain; but melancholic notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without opposition because we are afraid to exclude or banish them. For this reason the superstitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy are almost always superstitious.—*Rasselas*.

VENAL PRAISE.

No man can observe without indignation on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchase; or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist. As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastic veneration which pride has refused. The emperors of Rome suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification from hunting into the toils of justice as disturbers of the peace of nature.—*The Rambler*.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

PENSION: An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.—**LEXICOGRAPHER:** A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.—**GRUB-STREET:** The name of a street

in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean producer is called Grub-Street.—FAVORITE: One chosen as a companion by a superior; a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.—EXCISE: A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.—*Dictionary*.

STICKING TO ONE'S PARTY.

Dr. Johnson said that Burke was wrong in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of men on all occasions. "I can see that a man may do right to stick to a party; that is to say, he is a Whig, or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of these parties is, upon the whole, the best, and that to make it prevail, it must be generally supported, though in particular it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure; and they cannot well be separated. But to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow), without any general preference of system, I must disapprove."—*Boswell's Life*.

LAWYER AND CLIENTS.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law in some degree hurts the nice feeling of honesty.—JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a judge."—BOSWELL: "But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?"—JOHNSON: "Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the Judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your argument to be weak and inconclusive. But, sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the Judge to whom you urge it; and if it does not convince him, why then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge: and you are not

to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then to hear the Judge's opinion."—BOSWELL: "But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty! Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?"—JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation; the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet."—*Boswell's Life*.

GETTING RID OF CANT.

BOSWELL: "I wish much to be in Parliament, sir."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively."—BOSWELL: "Perhaps, sir, I should be less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong."—JOHNSON: "That's cant, sir. It would not vex you more in the house than in the gallery. Public affairs vex no man."—BOSWELL: "Have they not vexed yourself a little, sir? Have you not been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?'"—JOHNSON: "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not vexed."—BOSWELL: "I declare, sir, upon my honor, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it was, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither ate less nor slept less."—JOHNSON: "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are

not his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times ; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he was wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner ; it is a mode of talking in society ; but don't *think* foolishly."—*Boswell's Life*.

PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

Lady Macleod objected that Dr. Cadogan does not practise what he teaches.—JOHNSON: "I cannot help that, madam. That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says if his practice is suitable to it because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them. If it is just they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes. I have all my life long been lying till noon ; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good. Only consider ! You read a book ; you are convinced by it ; you do not know the author. Suppose you afterward know him, and find that he does not practise what he teaches ; are you to give up your former conviction ? At this rate you would be kept in a state of equilibrium when reading every book till you knew how the author practised."—"But," said Lady Macleod, "you would think better of Dr. Cadogan if he acted according to his principles."—JOHNSON: "Why, madam, to be sure a man who acts in the face of light is worse than a man who does not know so much ; yet I think no man should be the worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self."—*Boswell's Life*.

HAPPY LIFE AT A TAVERN.

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapelhouse, where Dr. Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can en-

joy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be ; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests ; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him : and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome ; the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do who are excited with the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir ; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—*Boswell's Life.*





JOHNSTON, JOSEPH EGGLESTON, an American soldier, born near Farmville, Va., February 3, 1807; died in Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891. He graduated at West Point in 1829, in the same class as R. E. Lee and O. M. Mitchel; served in various capacities in the field and as military engineer, and in 1860 was commissioned Quartermaster-General of the Army. Upon the secession of Virginia he resigned his commission in the U. S. Army and entered the Confederate service, in which he rose to the full rank of General. His military service covers nearly the whole period of the Civil War, beginning with the battle of Bull Run, and ending with the surrender of the army under his command—the last considerable Confederate force in arms—April 26, 1865. During nearly the whole of this period there was a personal ill-feeling between President Davis and General Johnston, the origin of which is described by the latter in his *Narrative of Military Operations* (1874). He was a member of the 46th Congress, and became United States Commissioner of Railways in 1885.

GENERAL JOHNSTON AND PRESIDENT DAVIS.

It was reported about the end of August, 1861, that General A. S. Johnston, coming from California by the Southern (land) route, had entered the Confederacy; and on the 31st of the month, the President nominated five persons to be generals in the Confederate army:

First, S. Cooper, to rank from May 16th, the date of the law creating the grade; second, A. S. Johnston, to rank from May 28th; third, R. E. Lee, from June 14th; fourth, J. E. Johnston, from July 4th; and, fifth, G. T. Beauregard, from July 23d, the day of the appointment previously conferred upon him. This action was altogether illegal, and contrary to all the laws enacted to regulate the rank of the class of officers referred to. Those laws were:

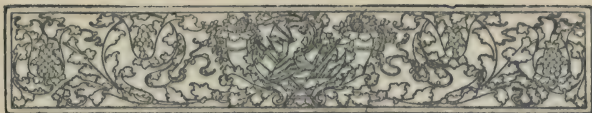
(1.) The act of March 6th fixing the military establishment of the Confederacy, and providing for four brigadier-generals—that being the highest grade created. (2.) The act of March 14th, adding a fifth brigadier-general, and authorizing the President to assign one of the five to the duties of adjutant and inspector-general; and (3.) enacting further, “that in all cases of officers who have resigned, or who may, within six months, tender their resignations from the army of the United States, and who have been, or may be appointed to original vacancies in the army of the Confederate States, the commissions issued shall bear one and the same date, so that the relative rank of officers of each grade shall be determined by their former commissions in the United States army, held anterior to the secession of these Confederate States from the United States.” (4.) The act of May 10th: “That the five general officers provided by the existing laws for the Confederate States, shall have the rank and denomination of General, instead of Brigadier-general, which shall be the highest military grade known to the Confederate States. . . . Appointments to the rank of general, after the army is organized, shall be made by selections from the army.”

Under the first act, S. Cooper, R. E. Lee, and myself were brigadier-generals on the 16th of May, when the fourth was approved; and under the third ranked relatively as we had done in the United States army before secession, when I was brigadier-general, General Cooper, colonel, and General Lee lieutenant-colonel in that army. The passage of the fourth act made us generals, and, according to military rule, without affecting this relative rank. It also abolished the grade of brigadier-general in the army to which we belonged

General Cooper, General Lee, and myself had no commissions if we were not generals. If we were not generals, executive action could not give our commissions new dates. The order of rank established by law was—first, J. E. Johnston (brigadier-general, U. S. A.); second, S. Cooper (colonel, U. S. A.); third, A. S. Johnston (colonel, U. S. A.); fourth, R. E. Lee (lieutenant-colonel, U. S. A.); fifth, G. T. Beauregard (captain, U. S. A.). The change in the legal arrangement was made by my removal from the first place on the list to the fourth.

Information of these nominations and their confirmation came to me at the same time. On receiving it I wrote to the President such a statement as the preceding, and also expressed my sense of the wrong done me. But, in order that sense of injury might not betray me into the use of language improper from an officer to the President, I laid aside the letter for two days, and then examined it dispassionately, I believe; and was confident that what it contained was not improper to be said by a soldier to the President, nor improperly said. The letter was, therefore, despatched. It is said that it irritated him greatly, and that his irritation was freely expressed. The animosity against me that he is known to have entertained ever since was attributed by my acquaintances in public life, in Richmond at the time, to this letter.—*Narrative, Chap. III.*





JOINVILLE, JEAN DE, a French chronicler and statesman, born in the ancestral castle of Joinville on the Marne, in Champagne, about 1224; died there, July 16, 1317. He accompanied Louis IX. in his first crusade or expedition to Egypt in 1248, sharing his master's captivity, and rendering him many important services. In the King's second crusade, however, he declined taking a part; and subsequently employed himself in writing his *Mémoires, ou l'Histoire et Chronique du Très Chrétien Roi St. Louis*, in which he has left us a beautiful portraiture of the King, a very graphic narrative of the crusade, and one of the most important aids to a knowledge of the memorable period in which he lived.

"The style of Joinville," says Van Laun, "possesses in advance all the clearness and precision which were to become the chief characteristics of French prose—which were, indeed, legacies of the Latin prose upon which it was founded. . . . He not only wrote the *Memoirs* of his master, but by that means assisted to secure his canonization."

SAINT LOUIS.

He was so sober of mouth that I never heard him, any day of my life, order any viands as do many rich men; and so he ate patiently that which his cooks prepared and placed before him. In his words he was moderate; for no day of my life did I hear him speak ill of any man, nor ever heard him name the devil,

which name is far spread through the kingdom : the which I think by no means pleases God.—*Translated by HENRI VAN LAUN.*

SIN.

“Now, I ask you,” said he, “which would you like best, that you should be leprous, or that you had committed a mortal sin?”

And I never lied to him ; I answered, “That I should like better to have committed thirty mortal sins than to be leprous.”

And when the monks were gone, he called me alone, and made me sit at his feet, and said : “What did you say to me yesterday?”

And I said to him that I should still say it.

And he said to me : “You spoke as a blundering fool ; for you ought to know that there is no so repulsive leprosy as being in sin with the devil.”—*From The Memoirs of St. Louis.*





JOKAI, MAURUS, a popular Hungarian novelist, born at Komorn, February 19, 1825. His father, an advocate, died when the boy was twelve years old. In 1840 he entered the high school at Papa, and afterward attended that of Kecskemet, and studied law at Pesth. In 1846 he was editor of the *Wochenblatt*, then an important paper. In 1848 he married Rosa Laborfalvi, the greatest tragedienne of Hungary. He was present at the surrender of Villagos in August, 1849, and, to escape imprisonment, he resolved to commit suicide. The arrival of his wife from Pesth, with the money obtained by the sale of her jewels, prevented him from carrying his design into execution. They made their way on foot through the Russian lines and after some difficulty reached Pesth. Finding journalism impracticable, Jokai turned to fiction. Hungarian literature was then almost exhausted. He has recreated it. He has published twenty-five romances, three hundred and twenty novellettes, and six dramas. Among his romances are *The Good Old Assessors*; *A Modern Midas*; *A Hungarian Nabob*, and its sequel, *Zoltan Karpathy*; *Sad Times*; *Oceania*; *The White Rose*; *Transylvania's Golden Age*; *The Turks of Hungary*; *The Last Days of the Janissaries*; *Poor Rich Men*; *The World Turned Upside Down*; *Madhouse Management*; *The New Landlord*; *The Romance of the Next Century*; *Black Diamonds*, and *Beloved to the Scaffold*.

In 1863 Jokai established a Hungarian journal, *The Fatherland*.

Having been asked his opinion of his own works, Jokai once said: "Financially, *A Modern Midas*, an American translation of which has been published under the title of *Timar's Two Worlds*, has been my greatest success. But if literary merit is to be considered as the basis of financial success, then the public and I are of different opinions, for I think *A Hungarian Nabob* my best production. Among my other works probably *Black Diamonds* has caught the public fancy most. *Eyes Like the Sea* is, to a great extent, an autobiography. That book describes the earlier part of my life, especially that epoch of our revolutionary war of 1848-49 in which I took an active part. The heroine of the book was my wife."

Maurus Jokai, belonging to a numerically small nation, and writing in a language read and spoken only by a few millions of people, has achieved high rank in the world of letters at large. In Europe, where his works have been translated into fourteen languages, his literary fame is general. In America he has a comparatively small number of readers, but they most certainly recognize the great genius which sparkles from every sentence, from every line. Maurus Jokai is the idol of his nation, and when he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his literary career, the occasion was made a national event, and government, aristocracy, and people in general vied with each other to do honor to him whose works carried the fame of Magyar literature far beyond its limited boundary.

THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

A mountain-chain cleft asunder from summit to base, making a gorge four miles in length. This chasm is called "The Iron Gate." Perpendicular rocky cliffs, from 600 to 3,000 feet in height, form the sides of this wild pass, through which flows that great river which was called Ister by the Romans, but now bears the name of the Danube. This mighty stream, rising in the distant eastern confines of Germany, pours its floods into Austria and Hungary, thence through the Iron Gate into the Turkish dominions, and finally, through three mouths, into the Black Sea.

Have the tumultuous floods cut a way for themselves, or have volcanic fires burst through the mountain-chain? Was it Neptune or Vulcan who did this work? It is indeed a work of the gods. Traces of the handi-craft of Neptune still remain in the "Truska Gora," in the form of petrified mussel-shells, strewn about everywhere, as well as in the "fossil remains of ocean-dwelling Saurians in the Veterani cave." The work of Vulcan is seen in the basalt on the "Piatra Detonata." But the ruined pillars of a massive stone bridge, and a long gallery hewn in the cliffs on the shore (making an overarched highway) tell of the labors of men as plainly as do the tablets in bas-relief set in the rocky walls.

In the river, the deep canal (a hundred feet wide), through which the largest ship can pass, is also an evidence of human skill and toil. The Iron Gate has a history two thousand years old; and four nations—the Romans, the Turks, the Roumanians, and the Hungarians—have each bestowed upon it a distinctive name.

Within it the cliffs seem to form giant-built temples, in which, with their massive columns and friezes, the fancy almost expects to find the statues of Saints. This temple-like formation extends through a stretch of four miles with many a turn and winding—ever revealing new forms and new configurations. The sheer face of one precipice is as smooth as polished granite. Red and white veins, like the letters of some ancient book of the gods, penetrate its whole length. ¶ another

part of the cliff there is a rusty red surface like molten iron. Here and there lie huge granite blocks, as if flung about by the Titans. A fresh turn brings one before what seems the door of a Gothic cathedral, with its graceful spires, and closely set pillars of basalt. On the rust-colored wall shines a golden spot, like the tablet of the Ark of the Covenant. That is a mineral blossom; it is sulphur. But also living flowers adorn the walls. From the crevices of the cornice they drop like green garlands, placed there by pious hands. They are the giant larches and pine-trees, whose sombre masses are diversified with the golden and red colors of the sunburned underbrush. Now and then this double-walled cliff opens into an enticing cañon, and gives a glimpse into a hidden paradise uninhabited by man.

Here, between the two precipitous walls, brood dusky shadows; and, in the half daylight, a sunny valley smiles like a fairy world, with forests of wild grapevines, whose ripe, red berries lend color to the trees, and whose falling leaves spread like a carpet over the ground. There is no human habitation to be seen in the valley. A little brook dances along, where the deer fearlessly come to quench their thirst. Then, a little farther on, this streamlet—with a silvery gleam—plunges over the precipice.

Once again the mountain-gorge is reformed, and other temple-like domes are seen—larger and more awe-inspiring than before. These precipices are separated by less than 900 feet, while they rise to the height of 3,000. Yonder stands a sharp peak called the "Gropa lui Petro," "the Sarcophagus of St. Peter." Other Titan-like stone formations near this mountain-summit are named for St. Peter's apostolic companions. Opposite this colossal rock is the "Babile." Yonder cliff, shutting off further outlook, is the "Dove's Rock." The gray summit beyond, surmounting the "Robber's Peak," is the "Rasbognik Veli"—visible for miles away. Between these rocky walls flows—far below in its wild bed—the Danube.

This majestic primeval stream, sweeping through the smooth plains of Hungary in a bed 6,000 feet in width, quietly rippling under the willows which droop over it from the shore, and reflecting the meadows rich in

blossoms, or murmuring with softly humming mill-wheels, is here suddenly imprisoned in a rocky channel only 800 feet wide.

Ah, with what scorn the river plunges through! One who had marked its former gentle current would no longer know the wild torrent. The old and gray giant has become a young and lusty hero. The waves leap up in fierce foam against their rocky bed—for in the very midst of the channel rises a great mass of stone like a Druidical altar. It is the huge "Babagag" in the Cassan rock. Against this rock breaks the wild torrent with unconquerable scorn—leaping over it, and whirling in fierce currents which scoop out fathomless abysses from the stony river-bed. Then, roaring and foaming, the waters sweep over the crags which lie between the overhanging cliffs. In other places, where the barriers are too strong, the river has eaten its way under the overhanging rocks. Here and there it brings earth formations to cover the boulders in its path, making new islands, not to be found on the map. These in time became overgrown with wild shrubs and underbrush. They belong to none of the bordering kingdoms—neither to the Hungarian, Turkish, nor Servian Government. They are a true No Man's Land. They pay no taxes, they know no rulers, they lie outside of the world, they have not even a name. Now and then the same river which formed them tears one of them away from its foundations, and sweeps off the island with its woods and its fields—blotting it forever from a right to a place on the map of the world.

Through these cliffs and islands the Danube flows in a various bed, with a swift current of ten miles an hour; and the shipmasters must know the narrow channel well between Ogradina and Plessvissovicza. The hands of man have made a canal in the rocky bottom of the river-bed, through which large ships can pass; but near the shore there are places where only small craft can find a way.

Following the coast-line of the smaller islands, between the narrowing banks of the stream, some signs of the works of men are seen amid the great creations of Nature—double palisades of strong tree-trunks, which come together in the form of the letter V, with the

opening up-stream. These are sturgeon-traps. These fishy travellers from the sea swim up the stream, rubbing their heads against any obstruction, in order to get rid of parasites. They enter into the tree-traps; and, as it is not their habit to turn, they push on to the ever-narrowing snares, until at last they drop into the death-chamber at the end of V, from which there is no escape.

There is here an eternal roaring. As the swift river rushes over its stony bed, as it surges against the island altars, as it lashes the lofty cliffs, as it thunders like a cataract, its noise is ever repeated in a perpetual echo by the resounding crags, making an altogether unearthly music, like a medley of organ-tones, clashing bells, and dying thunder-peals. Man trembles, and is dumb at the sound, ashamed to intrude his voice in this Titanic uproar. Sailors communicate with each other only by signs. Superstition forbids the fisherman to utter a word in this place. A consciousness of the danger of the channel naturally leads to silence, or to an inwardly whispered prayer. For, indeed, he who passes through this rocky gorge, so long as the cliffs frown down upon him, may well feel that he is stirring along the walls of his own sepulchre.

And what if to the terror of the sailors is added the "Bora!" This is a wind which sometimes blows for a week at a time, and which makes the Danube impassable through the Iron Gate.

If there were but one wall of mountains this wall would be a protection against the Bora. But the current of air which is pressed in between the two rocky walls is as capricious as is the vagrant wind in the streets of a great city. It blows first from one quarter, then from another. It seizes the ship, wrenches off the rudder, gives work for every hand, plays havoc with the tow-horses and tow-ropes; and then suddenly the wind changes, and both ship and waves are blown backward up the stream, like the dust in a city street. At such times the organ-like tones of the tempest sound like the trumpet of the last judgment. The death-shrieks of the shipwrecked and drowning mariners are lost in the terrific roar or the howling, re-echoing winds.—*A Modern Midas.*



JONES, HENRY ARTHUR, English dramatist, was born at Granborough, Buckinghamshire, December 20, 1851. His father was a Buckinghamshire farmer. He received a very good common-school education at Winslow, a small town near his native village. At the age of thirteen he started out to make his own way in the world, and secured a position with a commercial firm at Bradford. He remained here five years, and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, occupied his entire leisure in trying to write something in the way of essays, poems, and tales, all of which were offered to various magazines, and were at once rejected. In 1870, while on a business trip to London, he for the first time visited a theatre, and this visit marks the starting-point in his career as a dramatist. It was at this same theatre, the Haymarket, that his most successful play, *The Dancing Girl* (1891), was first produced. For nine years he wrote play after play, and submitted them to the managers of various theatres, but was unsuccessful in having them accepted. Then he wrote a three-volume story, finishing it in three years, and it was also rejected. Finally, in 1878, after sixteen years of constant discouragement, he succeeded in having a one-act play, *Only Round the Corner*, produced at the Exeter Theatre. This, however, did not secure his recognition as

a dramatist, but only gave him a foretaste of success. Then came his *A Clerical Error*, a comedietta, which was accepted by Wilson Barrett, then manager of the Grand Theatre, at Leeds, and produced at the Court Theatre, London, the following season. This piece secured him recognition, and three years later he met his first great success in the production of *The Silver King*.

Among his other productions are *The Wife and Saints and Sinners* (1884); *Hoodman Blind*, *The Noble Vagabond*, *Lord Harry*, *Heart of Hearts*, and *Hard Hit* (1888); *The Middleman* (1889); *Judah* (1890); *Wealth* (1892); *The Bauble Shop* and *The Tempter* (1893); *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894). *The Renaissance of the English Drama*, a collection of essays and lectures, was published in book form in 1895.

RELIGION AND THE STAGE.

To begin with Christopher Marlowe, "Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star!" In Marlowe there is none of the familiar, playful quotation of Scripture so frequent in Shakespeare, or the broadly comic portraiture of religious hypocrisy unctuously mouthing Holy Writ to its own ends that Ben Jonson delights in. Marlowe's fiery genius sets directly about its main ends, and in *Doctor Faustus* seizes the heart and core of the Christian doctrine, and appropriates as much as is necessary for the scheme of his play. There is no hesitation, no question in Marlowe's mind as to the perfect right of his art to enter this region and take full possession of it. Fragments of Christian dogma are tossed hither and thither in the burning whirlpool with waifs and strays of heathen history and mythology, while the livid heat of the poet's imagination binds and mats all the strange ingredients into one liquid flame of terror, and the spectator watches, with harrowing suspense,

and breathless and inescapable impression of reality, the damnation of a soul. Omitting the wretched buffoonery of the comic scenes as possible interpolations or concessions to the groundlings, there is no room left for any thought of reverence or irreverence. The question of the comparative truth of the Greek mythology and the creed of Christendom sinks into a matter of "words, words, words," as we contemplate the awful picture of the death-agony of *Faustus*. Marlowe compels our acquiescence that *that* at least is real, is true. It would be impertinent to defend the *Faustus* against any possible charge of irreverence which the rancid, bilious temperament of superfinical godliness might bring against it. No poet ever reaches such inaccessible heights of inspiration without remaining quite impervious to, and out of the reach of, harm by any assault from that quarter. It could only be in an outburst of bewildered indignation or riotous satire that one could put the question, whether in the matter of reverence of man's spiritual nature the age that produced Marlowe's *Faustus* has any need to feel ashamed of itself when brought to the bar of the age that demanded a version of the same legend brought down to the intelligence of a modern burlesque audience.

Upon turning from Marlowe to Shakespeare, we find a difference in the treatment of sacred subjects, and the poet's attitude toward religion such as corresponds with the difference in the genius and temper of the two men. In none of his four great tragedies is Shakespeare employed upon so vast and tremendous a theme as Marlowe had to work upon in *Faustus*. Neither *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, nor *Othello* has the same inherent supernatural grandeur, though all of them are far more human and domestic. It is useless, though it is most interesting, to speculate, supposing that the ground had not been already occupied by Marlowe, what Shakespeare might have given us if he had treated the legend of *Faustus* in the meridian of his powers, in the *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* period.

In no respect is the varied, universal play of Shakespeare's genius, and his royal dominion over all things, human and divine, more fully shown than in the use he

makes of the Bible. He treats the Scriptures as if they belonged to him.

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What most strikes us in considering Shakespeare's attitude toward religion is the thorough saturation of his plays in the spirit and sentiment and phraseology of the moral rather than the doctrinal portion of Scripture. Though doctrinal allusions are far from scanty in his works, yet they are so little pronounced, so vaguely or discreetly worded, or belong so clearly to the official position of the speaker, rather than to the conviction of the author, or are so common to all the sects, or, if pertaining to one of them, are cancelled by allusions to other doctrines sanctioned by other sects—in a word, so little sectarian bias peeps out in Shakespeare that Catholics and Anglicans and Congregationalists have alike claimed him as belonging to their communion.

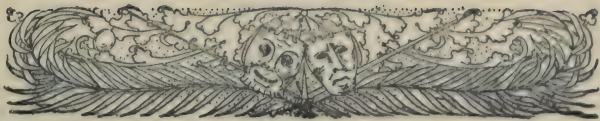
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Shade of that immortal genius, with what a smile of kindly pity dost thou elude all our attempts to cabin, crib, and confine in the fetters and tatters of our particular sect thy spirit, whose creed was broad and general as the casing air, as wide and universal as the beneficent heaven, whose arch rests impenetrably bright or impenetrably dark over every soul of man.—*The Renaissance of the English Drama.*









JONSON, BEN, a distinguished English dramatist, born at Westminster, probably in 1574; died August 6, 1637. His father, a clergyman of Scottish descent, died before the birth of his son, and the widow married a master bricklayer, to whom the boy was apprenticed. But before he was out of his teens he enlisted in the army and saw some service in Flanders; after which he is said to have been entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where his stay must have been short, for at twenty we find him upon the stage, but meeting with indifferent success as an actor. In 1596 appeared his *Comedy of Humors*, which was subsequently remodelled, and appeared under the title of *Every Man in His Humor*. Shakespeare, who was about ten years the senior of Jonson, and had already written some of his finest comedies, is said to have aided in the composition of this play, and to have taken a part in its representation upon the stage. In 1599 appeared Jonson's less successful comedy, *Every Man Out of His Humor*. He continued to write for the stage down to near the close of his life. The latest and apparently the most complete collection of his works, which appeared in 1853, contains seventeen plays, and more than thirty masques and interludes, besides many miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. His two most important tragedies are *Sejanus* (1603)

and *Catiline* (1611), both founded upon scenes in Roman history. His principal comedies, besides those already mentioned, are *Volpone, or the Foxe* (1605); *Epicæne, or the Silent Woman* (1609), and *The Alchemist* (1610). Scattered through the masques and interludes, and among the miscellaneous pieces, are several exquisite poems.

Jonson's personal history was marked by many vicissitudes. Shortly after the accession of James I., in 1603, Jonson, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, produced the comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, which was supposed to reflect severely upon the Scottish nation; the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. Jonson, however, soon made his peace with the King, with whom he rose into high favor. In 1613 he went to the Continent as tutor to a son of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1619 he was made Poet Laureate, with a salary of one hundred marks (about £70). In 1628 he had a stroke of palsy, whereupon King Charles I. increased his stipend to £100, to which was added an annual tierce of wine. Notwithstanding these beneficences, he was always involved in pecuniary difficulties. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and his tombstone (since removed) contained by way of inscription only the words, "O rare Ben Jonson." In 1619 he made a pedestrian tour in Scotland, where he was for several weeks a guest of Drummond of Hawthornden, who wrote the following not overflattering characterization of the laureate:

JONSON AS DESCRIBED BY DRUMMOND.

"He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after a drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign within him; a beggar of some good that he wanted; thinking nothing well but what either he himself or some of his countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both; interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath even mastered his reason—a general disease in many poets."

The following scene from *Every Man in His Humor* is a favorable specimen of the comedy of Jonson. Captain Bobadil is a braggadocio, living in an obscure inn, where he is visited by Knowell, whom he is trying to make his dupe.

HOW TO SAVE THE EXPENSE OF AN ARMY.

Bobadil.—I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay three parts, of her yearly charge in holding war and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Knowell.—Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadil.—Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroggiato, your passato, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as my-

self. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them, too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(Printed in the first folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623.)

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis time, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds the best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses—

I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses ;
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line,
 And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
 For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time,
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part
 For though the poet's matter Nature be,
 His Art doth give the fashion ; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
 Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn ;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
 night ;
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

ODE TO HIMSELF.

(Written after the failure of his comedy, "The New Inn," which was miserably acted and sharply criticised, January 19, 1629.)

Come, leave the loathed stage,
 And the more loathsome age ;
 Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
 Usurp the chair of wit !
 Inditing and arraigning every day
 Something they call a play.
 Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain
 Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn ;
 They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pourest them wheat,
 And they will acorns eat ;
 'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
 On such as have no taste !
 To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
 Whose appetites are dead !
 No, give them grains their fill,
 Husks, draff to drink or swill ;
 If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
 Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

Leave things so prostitute
 And take the Alcaic lute ;
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre ;
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire ;
 And though thy nerves be shrank and blood be cold,
 Ere years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful heat,
 Throughout, to their defeat,
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May blushing swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy king,
 His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men ;
 They may, blood-shaken then.

Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
 As they shall cry : " Like ours
 In sound of peace or wars,
 No harp e'er hit the stars,
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
 And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."

SONG—TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
 What kind of creature I could most desire
 To honor, serve, and love, as Poets use.
 I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great ;
 I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
 I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
 Hating that solemn vice of greatness—pride ;
 I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
 Only a learned and manly soul
 I purposed her : that should, with even powers,

The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
 Such, when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
 My Muse bade BEDFORD, write, and that was she !

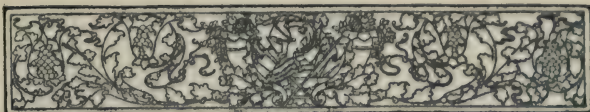
EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
 In a little ? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die :
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was ELIZABETH ;
 The other—let it sleep in death,
 Fitter, where it died to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell !

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learned and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.





JOSEPHUS, FLAVIUS, a Jewish historian, born at Jerusalem, A.D. 37; died in Italy about A.D. 100. He was of a noble sacerdotal family, and was descended on the mother's side from the Asmonean princes. He calls himself simply Josephus; the Latin cognomen Flavius seems to have been assumed in honor of the Flavian gens of Rome, to which belonged the emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, by whom he was greatly favored in his later years. At the age of twenty-six he went to Rome in order to procure the liberation of some of his friends whom the Roman procurator Felix had caused to be arrested. This visit to Rome apparently took place while Paul was a prisoner there; but there is no evidence that Josephus ever heard of the apostle. He quite ignores the existence of the Christians. They are indeed casually mentioned in two passages which are found in his works as we have them. Near the close of the *Antiquities* we read:

CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIANS.

Now there was about this time [during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate, A.D. 25-35] Jesus, a wise man—if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, and a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake

him, for he appeared to them alive again, the third day ; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, is not extinct at this day [about A.D. 93].

And a little farther on we read of a persecution of the Christians, which must have occurred about A.D. 52.

PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS.

This younger Ananus, who took the high-priesthood, was a bold man in his temper, and very insolent. He was also of the sect of the Sadducees, who are very rigid in judging offenders above all the rest of the Jews. When, therefore, Ananus was of this disposition, he thought he had a proper opportunity to exercise his authority. Festus was now dead, and Albinus [who had been named to succeed Festus as procurator] was but upon the road. So Ananus assembled the sanhedrim of the judges, and brought before them the brother of Jesus, who was called Christ, whose name was James, and some of his companions. And when he had laid an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned.

The genuineness of the former of these passages has been seriously questioned. The latter passage may probably be accepted as genuine.

Not long after the return of Josephus from this mission to Rome, the insolence of the Roman procurators provoked the Jews to that insurrection which resulted in the destruction of Jerusalem. Josephus endeavored to dissuade the popular leaders from this revolt ; but not succeeding in this, he took sides with them, and in A.D. 66 was placed in command of the forces in Galilee. In 67 Vespasian was sent by Nero to put down

the revolt in Judea and Galilee. Upon his approach Josephus threw himself into the stronghold of Jotapata, which he defended with great obstinacy and skill for forty-seven days. When the Romans had stormed the stronghold, Josephus and forty others managed to hide themselves in a subterranean retreat; but their hiding-place was betrayed to Vespasian, who sent an officer to urge him to give himself up, promising him that his life should be spared. But his companions were averse to this, and resolved that they would all die by their own hands rather than fall into those of the Romans. Josephus made a long speech urging them not to do this. But as this made no impression upon them, he had recourse to a stratagem which he thus narrates:

THE STRATAGEM OF JOSEPHUS TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

These and many similar motives did Josephus use to these men to prevent them murdering themselves; but desperation had shut their ears, as having long ago devoted themselves to die; and they were irritated at Josephus. They accordingly ran upon him with their swords in their hands, one from one quarter and another from another, and called him a coward; and every one of them appeared openly as if he were ready to smite him. But he calling to one of them by name, and looking like a general to another, and taking a third by the hand, and making a fourth ashamed of himself, by praying him to forbear; and being in this condition distracted by various passions (as he well might, in the great distress he was then in), he kept off every one of their swords; and was forced to do like such wild beasts as are encompassed about on every side, who also turn themselves against those that last touched them.

However, in this extreme distress he was not destitute of his usual sagacity; but trusting himself to the providence of God, he put his life into hazard, in the

following manner: "Since," said he, "it is resolved among you that you will die, come on, let us commit our mutual death to determination by lot. He whom the lot falls on first, let him be killed by him that hath the second lot; and thus fortune shall make its progress through us all. Nor shall any of us perish by his own right hand. For it would be unfair if, when the rest are gone, somebody should repent and save himself."

The proposal appeared to them to be very just, and when he had prevailed with them to determine this matter by lots, he drew one of the lots for himself also. He who had the first lot laid his neck bare to him who had the next, as supposing that the general would die among them immediately. For they thought death—if Josephus might but die with them—was sweeter than life. Yet was he with another left to the last—whether we must say that it happened so by chance, or whether by the providence of God. And as he was very desirous neither to be condemned by the lot, nor, if he had been left to the last, to imbrue his right hand in the blood of his countryman, he persuaded him to trust his fidelity to him, and to live as well as himself.—*Wars of the Jews.*

Josephus was conducted to Vespasian, who received him courteously, but ordered him to be strictly guarded, intimating that he had in mind to send him to Rome, in order that Nero himself might decide upon his fate. But Josephus was equal to the emergency. He told Vespasian that he himself was soon to be made Cæsar; for so it had been divinely made known to him, and that after him the imperial purple would fall to Titus. Vespasian at first seemed to make little of this augury; but he was told by someone that Josephus had the power of foretelling future events; for he had predicted just how many days the siege of Jotapata would last before it would be captured by the Romans. The upshot of all was that Josephus rose into high favor with Vespasian, and

subsequently with Titus, when Vespasian soon after went to Rome to assume the purple. Josephus was with the Romans during the siege of Jerusalem, and was of no little service to them. He afterward accompanied Titus to Rome, where, he says, "I had great care taken of me by Vespasian; for he gave me an apartment in his own house, which he lived in before he came to the empire. He also honored me with the privilege of a Roman citizen, and gave me an annual pension; and continued to respect me to the end of his life, without any abatement of his kindness. . . . When Vespasian was dead, Titus, who succeeded him in the government [A.D. 79], kept up the same respect for me which I had from his father. And Domitian, who succeeded [A.D. 81], still augmented his respects to me. He also made that country I had in Judea tax-free, which is a mark of the greatest honor to him who hath it."

The extant works of Josephus are as follows: *The History of the Jewish War*, written in Hebrew, or rather Aramaic, but translated by him into Greek, and published about A.D. 75; *The Jewish Antiquities*, written in Greek, and published about A.D. 93; a tractate in *Answer to Apion*, in which he insists upon the antiquity and former greatness of the Hebrew nation; and an *Autobiography*, devoted mainly to a defence of his conduct while in command in Galilee. The work on the *Antiquities of the Jews* commences with the Creation, and brings the history down to A.D. 66. The portions down to the time of Daniel are based mainly upon the Hebrew Scriptures, though he seems to have had some authorities no longer extant—in part, at

least, apparently traditional. The best complete translation into English is that of Whiston (1737).

THE COSMOGONY, AS NARRATED BY JOSEPHUS.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. But the earth did not come into sight, but was covered with thick darkness, and a wind moved upon its surface. God commanded that there should be light; and when that was made he considered the full mass, and separated the light and the darkness; and the name he gave to the one was Night, and the other he called Day; and he named the beginning of light and the time of rest the evening and the morning; and this was indeed the first day. But Moses said it was one day, the cause of which I am able to give even now; but because I have promised to give such reasons for all things in a treatise by itself, I shall put off its exposition till that time.

After this, on the second day, he placed the heaven over the whole world, and separated it from the other parts; and he determined that it should stand by itself. He also placed a crystalline firmament round it, and put it together in a manner agreeable to the earth; and fitted it for giving moisture and rain, and for affording the advantage of dews. On the third day he appointed the dry land to appear, with the sea round about it; and on the same day he made the plants and the seeds to spring out of the earth. On the fourth day he adorned the heaven with the sun, the moon, and the stars, and appointed them their motions and courses, that the vicissitudes of the seasons might be clearly signified. And on the fifth day he produced the living creatures, both those that swim and those that fly; the former in the sea, and the latter in the air. He also sorted them as to society, and that the kinds might increase and multiply. On the same day he also formed man. Accordingly Moses says that in six days the world, and all that is therein, was made; and that the seventh day was a rest and a release from the labor of such operations; whence it is that we celebrate a rest from our labors on that day, and call it the Sabbath, which word denotes Rest in the Hebrew tongue.

Moreover, Moses, after the seventh day was over, begins to talk philosophically ; and concerning the formation of man says thus : that God took dust from the earth and formed man, and inserted in him a spirit and a soul. This man was called Adam (which in the Hebrew tongue signifies one that is red), because he was formed out of red earth compounded together, for of that kind is virgin and true earth.

God also presented the living creatures, when he had made them, according to their kinds, both male and female, to Adam, and gave them those names by which they are still called. But when he saw that Adam had no female companion, no society—for there was no such created—and that he wondered at the other animals which were made male and female, he laid him asleep, and took away one of his ribs, and out of it formed the woman ; whereupon Adam knew her when she was brought to him, and acknowledged that she was made out of himself. Now a woman is called *Issa* in the Hebrew tongue ; but the name of this woman was Eve, which signifies the Mother of all Living.

Moses says farther that God planted a paradise in the East, flourishing with all sorts of trees, and that among them was the Tree of Life, and another of Knowledge, whereby was to be known what was good and evil ; and that when he had brought Adam and his wife into the garden, he commanded him to take care of the plants. Now this garden was watered by one river, which ran round about the whole earth, and was parted into four parts. Phison, which denotes a Multitude, running into India, makes its exit into the sea, and is by the Greeks called Ganges. Euphrates also, as well as Tigris, goes down into the Red Sea. Now the same Euphrates, or Phrath, denotes either a Dispersion or a Flower ; by Tigris, or Diglath, is signified what is swift, with narrowness ; and Geon runs through Egypt, and denotes what arises from the East, which the Greeks call Nile. God therefore commanded that Adam and his wife should eat of all the rest of the plants, but to abstain from the Tree of Knowledge, and foretold to them that if they touched it, it would prove their destruction.

But while all the living creatures had one language at that time, the serpent, which then lived together with

Adam and his wife, showed an envious disposition at his supposal of their living happily, and in obedience to the commands of God ; and imagining that when they disobeyed they would fall into calamities, he persuaded the woman, out of a malicious intention, to taste of the Tree of Knowledge, telling them that in the tree was the knowledge of good and evil, which knowledge when they should obtain they would lead a happy life : nay a life not inferior to that of a god ; by which means he overcame the woman and persuaded her to despise the command of God.

Now when she had tasted of that tree, and was pleased with its fruit, she persuaded Adam to make use of it also. Upon this they perceived that they were become naked to one another ; and being ashamed thus to appear abroad, they invented somewhat to cover them—for the fruit sharpened their understanding ; and they covered themselves with fig-leaves, and tying those before them out of modesty, they thought they were happier than before, as they had discovered what they were in want of. But when God came into the garden, Adam, who was wont before to come and converse with him, being conscious of his wicked behavior, went out of his way.

This behavior surprised God ; and he asked what was the cause of this procedure ; and why he that delighted before in that conversation did now fly from and avoid it. When he made no reply, as conscious to himself that he had transgressed the command of God, God said, "I had determined about you both, how you might lead a happy life, without any affliction, care, or vexation of soul ; and that all things which might contribute to your enjoyment and pleasure should grow up, by my providence, of their own accord, without your labor and painstaking ; which state of labor would soon bring on old age, and death would not be at any remote distance. But now thou hast abused my good-will, and hast disobeyed my commands ; for thy silence is not the sign of thy virtue, but of thy evil conscience."

However, Adam excused his sin, and entreated God not to be angry with him ; and laid the blame of what was done upon his wife, and said that he was deceived by her, and thence became an offender ; while she again

accused the serpent. But God allotted him punishment, because he weakly submitted to the counsel of his wife ; and said the ground should not henceforth yield its fruits of its own accord, but that when it should be harassed by their labor, it would bring forth some of its fruits, and refuse to bring forth others. He also made Eve liable to the inconvenience of breeding, and the sharp pangs of bringing forth children ; and this because she persuaded Adam with the same arguments where-with the serpent had persuaded her, and had thereby brought him into a calamitous condition.

He also deprived the serpent of speech, out of indignation at his malicious disposition toward Adam. Besides this he also inserted poison under his tongue, and made him an enemy to men ; and suggested to them that they should direct their strokes against his head, that being the place wherein lay his mischievous designs toward men, and it being easiest to take vengeance of him in that way. And when he had deprived him of the use of his feet, he made him go rolling along, and dragging himself upon the ground. And when God had appointed these penalties for them he removed Adam and Eve out of the garden into another place.—*Antiquities, Book I., Chap. 1.*

In regard to Moses, Josephus relates many incidents of which no mention is made in the Scriptures. Among these is an expedition which, by the desire of the King of Egypt, and his daughter Thermuthis, his own adoptive mother, he conducted against the Ethiopians.

THE EXPEDITION OF MOSES AGAINST THE ETHIOPIANS.

Moses cheerfully undertook this business ; and the sacred scribes of both nations were glad : those of the Egyptians that they should at once overcome their enemies by his valor, and that by the same piece of management Moses would be slain ; but those of the Hebrews that they should escape from the Egyptians, because Moses was to be their general.

Moses took and led his army before their enemies

were apprised of his attacking them ; for he did not march by the river but by the land, where he gave a wonderful demonstration of his sagacity. For when the ground was difficult to be passed over because of the multitude of serpents which it produces in vast numbers—(and indeed is singular in some of those productions which other countries do not breed, and yet such as are worse than others in power and mischief, and an unusual fierceness of sight)—some of which ascend out of the ground unseen, and also fly into the air, and so come upon men unawares, and do them a mischief, Moses invented a wonderful stratagem to preserve the army safe and without hurt. He made baskets like unto arks of sedge, and filled them with ibises, and carried them along with them ; which animals are the greatest enemy to serpents imaginable, for the serpents fly from them when they come near them, and as they fly they are caught and devoured. But the ibises are tame creatures, and only enemies to the serpentine kind. Of these ibises, however, I shall say no more at present, since the Greeks themselves are not unacquainted with this sort of bird.

As soon, therefore, as Moses was come to the land which was the breeder of these serpents, he let loose the ibises, and by their means repelled the serpentine kind, and used them for his assistance before his army came upon that ground. When he had, therefore, proceeded thus on the journey he came upon the Ethiopians before they expected him ; and joining battle with them he beat them, and deprived them of the hopes they had of success against the Egyptians ; and went on in overthrowing their cities, and indeed made a great slaughter of the Ethiopians.

Now when the Egyptian army had once tasted of this prosperous success by the means of Moses, they did not slacken their diligence, insomuch that the Ethiopians were in danger of being reduced to slavery and complete destruction ; and at length they fled to Saba, a royal city of Ethiopia, which Cambyses afterward named Meroe after the name of his own sister. The place was to be besieged with very great difficulty, since it was both encompassed by the Nile, and the other rivers, Astapus and Astaboras, making it a very difficult thing for such as attempted to pass over them : for the city was situate in

a retired place, and was inhabited after the manner of an island, being encompassed with a strong wall, and having the rivers to guard them from their enemies ; and having great ramparts between the walls and the rivers, insomuch that when the waters come with the greatest violence, it can never be drowned ; which ramparts make it next to impossible for even such as have passed over the rivers to take the city.

However, while Moses was uneasy at the army's lying idle (for the enemy durst not come to a battle), this accident happened : Tharbis, the daughter of the King of the Ethiopians, happened to see Moses, as he led the army near to the walls and fought with great courage, and admiring the subtlety of his undertakings, and believing him to be the author of the Egyptians' success, when they had before despaired of recovering their liberty ; and to be the occasion of the great danger that the Ethiopians were in, when they had before boasted of their great achievements—she fell deeply in love with him, and, upon the prevalency of that passion, sent to him the most faithful of all her servants to discourse with him about their marriage. He hereupon accepted the offer on condition she would procure the delivering up of the city, and gave her the assurance of an oath to take her to his wife ; and that when he had once taken possession of the city he would not break his oath to her. No sooner was the agreement made, but it took effect immediately ; and when Moses had cut off the Ethiopians he gave thanks to God, and having consummated his marriage, led the Egyptians back to their land.—*Antiquities, Book II., Chap. 10.*

Josephus appears to have been entirely ignorant of the New Testament writings, and he rarely more than touches upon events which are fully narrated by them ; but not infrequently his narrative is of great value as supplying information upon points which they have passed over. Thus of Herod, styled the Great, near the close of whose long reign our Saviour was born, we should know next to nothing from the Gospel of Matthew ex-

cept his connection with the "Massacre of the Innocents;" yet from the narrative of Josephus we learn that he was one of the most notable men of whom history has to speak. Matthew, in a dozen words, merely makes note of the fact of his death. Josephus's account of his last days is one of the most striking chapters in all history.

THE LAST DAYS OF HEROD THE GREAT.

But now [A.D. 4] Herod's distemper increased upon him after a severe manner—and this by God's judgment for his sins. A fire glowed within him slowly, which did not so much appear to the touch outwardly as it augmented his pains inwardly. For it brought upon him a vehement appetite to eating, which he could not avoid to supply with one sort of food or other. His entrails also were ulcerated; an aqueous and transparent liquor had settled itself about his feet, and a like matter afflicted him at the bottom of his belly. And when he sat upright he had a difficulty of breathing, which was very loathsome, on account of the stench of his breath and the quickness of its return. He had also convulsions in all parts of his body, which debilitated him to an insufferable degree. It was said by those who pretended to divine, and who were endued with wisdom to foretell such things, that God inflicted that punishment on the king on account of his great impiety.

Yet was he still in hopes of recovering, though his afflictions seemed greater than anyone could bear. He also sent for physicians, and did not refuse to follow what they prescribed for his assistance; and went himself beyond the River Jordan, and bathed himself in the warm baths that were at Calirrhoe, which, besides their other general virtues, were also fit to drink; which water runs into the lake called Asphaltites. And when the physicians once thought fit to have him bathed in a vessel full of oil, it was supposed that he was just dying. But upon the lamentable cries of his domestics he revived; and having no longer any hopes of recovering, he gave order that every soldier should be paid fifty

drachmæ ; and he also gave a great deal to their commanders and to his friends, and came again to Jericho.

There, however, he grew so choleric that it brought him to do all things like a madman ; and though he was near his death, he contrived the following wicked designs. He commanded that all the principal men of the Jewish nation, wheresoever they lived, should be called to him. Accordingly a great number came, because the whole nation were called, and all men heard of this call ; and death was the penalty of such as should neglect the epistles that were sent to call them. And now the king was in a wild rage against them all—the innocent as well as those that had offered grounds of accusations. And when they were come, he ordered them to be all shut up in the hippodrome, and sent for his sister Salome, and her husband Alexas, and spoke thus to them :

“I shall die in a little time, so great are my pains ; which death ought to be cheerfully borne, and to be welcomed by all men. But what chiefly troubles me is that I shall die without being lamented, and without such mourning as men usually expect at a king's death. For I am not unacquainted with the temper of the Jews ; but know that my death will be a thing very desirable, and exceedingly acceptable to them ; because during my lifetime they were ready to revolt from me, and to abuse the donations I had dedicated to God. It is, therefore, your business to resolve to afford me some alleviation of my great sorrows on this occasion ; for if you do not refuse your consent in what I desire, I shall have a great mourning at my funeral, and such as never any king had before me ; for then the whole nation will mourn from their very soul ; which otherwise will be done in sport and mockery only. I desire, therefore, that as soon as you see that I have given up the ghost you shall place soldiers around the hippodrome ; and you shall not declare my death to the multitude till this be done ; but you shall give orders to have those that are there in custody shot with darts. And this slaughter of them all will cause that I shall not miss to rejoice on a double account ; that as I am dying, you will make me secure that my will shall be executed in what

I charge you to do ; and that I shall have the honor of a memorable mourning at my funeral."

He then deplored his condition with tears in his eyes, and conjured them by the kindness due from them as his kindred, and by the faith that they owed to God ; and begged of them that they would not hinder him of this honorable mourning at his funeral. So they promised him not to transgress his commands. —*Antiquities, Book XVII., Chap. 6.*

Scarcely had this affecting scene been gone through with when letters arrived from Herod's ambassadors at Rome, announcing that Augustus Cæsar had acceded to his request to be allowed to act his pleasure "as a father and a king," in regard to his eldest son, Antipater, who was in prison upon well-founded charges of having conspired for the assassination of his father, Herod. This welcome tidings gave a brief new lease of life to the dying monarch. Orders were given that Antipater should be put to death at once, and be "buried in an ignoble manner." Herod proceeded to make a new will, by which he left large sums of money to members of his family ; but the bulk of his wealth—"ten millions of drachmæ of coined money, besides vessels of gold and silver, and exceedingly costly garments"—was bequeathed to Julia, the wife of Cæsar. He also named his son Archelaus as his successor in the kingdom, subject, however, to the confirmation of Cæsar, which was immediately accorded ; and so, in the language of Matthew, "Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod."

The only incident which is recorded at length both in the New Testament and by Josephus is

the death of Herod Agrippa, the son of Archelaus, and the grandson of Herod the Great; the Herod who inaugurated that persecution of the Christians in which "James the brother of John was killed with the sword," about A.D. 42, and who died shortly after, as is told in the Acts of the Apostles, and by Josephus. The Acts styles him Herod; Josephus calls him Agrippa.

THE DEATH OF HEROD AGRIPPA, AS TOLD BY LUKE.

Upon a set day, Herod arrayed himself in royal apparel and sat upon his throne and made an oration unto them. And the people shouted, saying, "The voice of a god, and not of a man!" And immediately an angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten by worms, and gave up the ghost.—*Acts xii. 21-23.*

THE DEATH OF HEROD AGRIPPA AS TOLD BY JOSEPHUS.

Now when Agrippa had reigned three years over all Judea, he came to the city Cæsarea, which was formerly called Strato's Tower; and there he exhibited shows in honor of Claudius Cæsar, upon his being informed that there was a certain festival celebrated to make vows for his safety; at which festival a great multitude was gotten together of the principal persons as were of dignity through his province.

On the second day of these shows he put on a garment made wholly of silver, and of a contexture truly wonderful, and came into the theatre early in the morning; at which time the silver of his garment, being illuminated by the first reflection of the sun's rays upon it, shone out after a surprising manner, and was so resplendent as to spread a sort of dread over those that looked intently upon him. And presently his flatterers cried out, one from one place and another from another, that he was a god; and they added, "Be thou merciful to us; for although we have hitherto revered thee only as a man, yet shall we henceforth own thee as superior to mortal nature."

Upon this the king did neither rebuke them nor reject their impious flattery. But as he presently afterward looked up, he saw an owl sitting on a certain rope over his head; and immediately understood that this bird was the messenger of ill tidings, as it had once been the messenger of good tidings to him: and fell into the deepest sorrow. A severe pain also arose in his belly, and began in a most violent manner. He therefore looked upon his friends and said, "I whom you call a god am commanded presently to depart this life; while Providence reproves the lying words you just now said to me. And I, who was by you called immortal, am immediately bound to be hurried away by death. But I am bound to accept of what Providence allots, as it pleases God; for we have by no means lived ill, but in a splendid and happy manner."

When he said this, his pain was become violent. Accordingly he was carried to his palace; and the rumor went about everywhere that he would certainly die in a little time. But the multitude presently sat in sackcloth, with their wives and children, after the law of their country, and besought God for the king's recovery. All places were also full of mourning and lamentation. Now the king rested in a high chamber; and as he saw them below lying on the ground he could not himself forbear weeping. And when he had been quite worn out by the pains in his belly for five days, he departed this life; being in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign; for he reigned four years under Caius Cæsar [Caligula]; three of them were over Philip's tetrarchy only, and in the fourth he had that of Herod added to it; and he reigned, besides those, three years under the reign of Claudius Cæsar.

In which time he reigned over the afore-mentioned countries, and also had Judea added to them, as well as Samaria and Cæsarea. The revenues that he received out of them were very great—no less than twelve millions of drachmæ. Yet did he borrow great sums from others; for he was so very liberal that his expenses exceeded his income, and his generosity was boundless. But before the multitude were made acquainted with Agrippa's being expired, Herod, the King of Chalces, and Helsias, the master of his horse, and the king's

friend, sent Aristo, one of the king's most faithful servants, and slew Silas, who had been their enemy, as if it had been done by the king's own command.

When it was known that Agrippa was departed this life, the inhabitants of Cæsarea and of Sebaste forgot the kindness he had bestowed upon them, and acted the part of the bitterest enemies; for they cast such reproaches upon the deceased as are not fit to be spoken of. And so many of them as were then soldiers, which were very numerous, went to his house and hastily carried off the statues of this king's daughters unto the brothel houses; and when they had set them on the tops of those houses they abused them to the utmost of their power. They also laid themselves down in the public places, and celebrated general feasting, with garlands on their heads, and with ointments and libations to Charon, and drinking to one another for joy that the king had expired. Nay, they were not only unmindful of Agrippa, who had extended his liberality to them in abundance, but of his grandfather Herod also, who had himself rebuilt their cities, and had raised them havens and temples at vast expenses.—*Antiquities, Book XIX., Chap. 8, 9.*





JOUBERT, JOSEPH, a French moralist, was born at Montignac, in Perigord, May 6, 1754; died at Paris, May 4, 1824. He went to Paris at the age of twenty-four; and there he formed the acquaintance of Marmontel, Diderot, and La Harpe. But his dearest friend and most intimate associate was Fontanes. He married during the revolution, and lived a quiet life, chiefly dedicated to the study of moral philosophy, at Villeneuve-le-Roi, in Burgundy. On revisiting Paris, his favorite resort was the salon of Madame de Beaumont, whose death, in 1803, was a severe shock to him. In 1809 the influence of Fontanes obtained him the appointment of inspector-general of the university. He published very little, but left numerous manuscripts. Extracts from these were published in 1838 by Chateaubriand, under the title *Pensées*; and another edition was afterward issued by Paul Raynal, the author's nephew, in 1842.

"Joubert," says a recent critic, "is the most prepossessing and convincing of witnesses to the good of loving light. Because he sincerely loved light, and did not prefer to it any little private darkness of his own, he found light; his eye was single, and therefore his whole body was full of light, and because he was full of light, he was also full of happiness. In spite of infirmities, in spite of sufferings, in spite of obscurity, he was the happiest man alive; his life was as charming as his thoughts."

PLATO.

Plato shows us nothing ; but he brings us brightness with him ; he puts light into our eyes, and fills us with a clearness by which all objects afterward become illuminated. He teaches us nothing ; but he prepares us, fashions us, and makes us ready to know all. Somehow or other, the habit of reading him augments in us the capacity for discerning and entertaining whatever fine truths may afterward present themselves. Like mountain air, it sharpens our organs, and gives us an appetite for wholesome food. . . . Plato loses himself in the void ; but one sees the play of his wings, one hears their rustle. . . . It is good to breathe the air of Plato ; but not to live upon him.—*From the Pensées.*

THE USE OF WORDS.

Which is best, if one wants to be useful and to be really understood, to get one's words in the world, or to get them in the schools ? I maintain that the good plan is to employ words in their popular sense rather than in their philosophical sense ; and the better plan still to employ them in their natural sense rather than in their popular sense. By their natural sense, I mean the popular and universal acceptance of them brought to that which in this is essential and invariable. To prove a thing by definition proves nothing if the definition is purely philosophical ; for such definition only binds him who makes them. But to prove a thing by definition when the definition expresses the necessary, inevitable, and clear idea which the world at large attaches to the object, is, on the contrary, all in all ; because then what one does is simply to show people what they do really think, in spite of themselves and without knowing it. The rule that one is free to give to words what sense one will, and that the only thing needful is to be agreed upon the sense one gives them, is very well for the mere purposes of argumentation ; but in the true-born and noble science of metaphysics, and in the genuine world of literature, it is good for nothing.—*Translated by* MATTHEW ARNOLD.



JOVELLANOS, GASPAR MELCHOR DE, a Spanish statesman and poet, born at Gijon, in Asturias, January 5, 1744; died there, November 27, 1811. He studied at the universities of Oviedo, Alcalá, and Avila, and adopted the profession of law, in which he soon rose to eminence. He wrote the tragedy of *Pelayo*, the comedy of *El Delincuente Honrado*, and *Ocios Juventas*, a volume of miscellaneous poems. He also translated into Spanish a portion of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Upon the downfall of his friend, the Count de Cabarras, Jovellanos was banished from the Court; in 1790 he retired to his native place, and busied himself in literary pursuits. In 1797 he was recalled, and made Minister of Grace and Justice. But he was driven from his place by the intrigues of Godoy, "the Prince of the Peace." In 1801 he was arrested, and shut up for a year in a Carthusian monastery, and was afterward closely imprisoned for seven years in the Castle of Belver. In 1808 Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Spain, and offered to Jovellanos a place in his Cabinet. The offer was declined, and Jovellanos became a member of the Central Junta, by which the guerilla warfare was carried on against the French. The Junta was dissolved in 1810; and Jovellanos, endeavoring to make his escape by sea, was driven by a storm to a port in Galicia, where he remained for a year. In 1811 he made his way back to Gijon,

from which the French had been expelled. But they again invaded Asturias, and Jovellanos made his escape by sea. But the vessel was driven into the little port of Nega, where he died of an acute pulmonary complaint.

ODE TO THE SUN.

Great parent of the universe !
Bright ruler of the lucid day !
Thou glorious Sun ! whose influence
The endless swarms of life obey,
Drinking existence from thy ray !—
Thou, who from the opening womb
Of the fair dawning crystalline
Com'st radiant to thine eastern shrine,
Pouring the golden floods in light
O'er humblest vale and proudest height ;
Whilst thy resplendent car reveals
Its rolling adamantine wheels
That speed sublime, nor leave a trace,
Through all the airy realms of space :
Welcome thy reign !
Thy morning beams
And crown of rays
Whose glory nevermore decays ;
While every gladdening bosom feels the gleams
Of joy and peace again !
Dark-shading Night,
Parent of treasons, perfidies, and guile,
Flies from thy sight,
And far in deep abysses hides the while ;
And lazy Sleep,
Her shadows, lying phantasms, and alarms,
A hateful train,
Melt into air ; and in their place the charms
Of lucid light and joy gay vigil keep,
And peace and pleasure visit us again.
—*Translation in Fortnightly Quarterly Review.*



JOWETT, BENJAMIN, an English divine and theological writer, born at Camberwell, London, in 1817; died October 1, 1893. He was educated at St. Paul's School, London; was elected to a Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, and to a Fellowship in 1838. He was tutor in the college from 1842 to 1870; was made Regius Professor of Greek in 1855, and became master of the college in 1870. He passed his entire life in his college. He never had any sympathy with the religious renaissance of his time, but was a prominent member of the Liberal party in Oxford. His position as Regius Professor of Greek gave him considerable influence even beyond Balliol. As an essayist and reviewer, he exercised a silent and pervading force through university thought. He wrote well, but displayed no decided erudition or literary taste. As an influence on the class of persons from whom men of letters are drawn, no one exceeded him in his day.

He published in 1855 a *Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, the Galatians, and the Romans*. His great work is a translation, with an elaborate introduction, of the *Dialogues of Plato* (1871; second edition, in 5 vols., 1875). He has also put forth a translation, with copious Notes, of the *Politics* of Aristotle. From 1882 to 1886 he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

PLATO'S "VISION OF ER."

This vision of another world is ascribed to Er, the son of Armenius, who is said by Clement of Alexandria to have been Zoroaster. The tale has certainly an Oriental character, and may be compared with the Pilgrimages of the Soul in the *Zend Avesta*. But no trace of acquaintance with Zoroaster is found elsewhere in Plato's writings, and there is no reason for giving to Zoroaster the name of Er, the Pamphylian.

The local arrangement of the Vision is less distinct than that of the *Phædrus* and *Phædo*. Astronomy is mingled with symbolism and mythology. The great sphere of the heaven is represented under the symbol of a cylinder, or box, containing the orbits of the planets and the fixed stars; this depends upon a spindle which turns on the knees of Necessity; the revolutions of the eight orbits are guided by the Fates, and their harmonious motion produces the music of the spheres. . . . The description of the axis as a spindle, and of the heavenly bodies as forming a whole, partly arises out of the attempts to connect the motions of the heavenly bodies with the mythological image of the web, or weaving of the Fates. The giving of the lots, the weaving of them, and the making of them irreversible, which are ascribed to the three Fates—Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos—are obviously derived from their names. The element of Chance in human life is indicated by the order of the lots. But Chance, however adverse, might be overcome by the wisdom of man, if he knew how to choose aright; there was a worse enemy to man than Chance—and that was Himself. He who was moderately fortunate in the number of the lot might have a good life if he chose with wisdom. And as Plato does not like to make a statement which is unproven, he more than confirms this statement, a few sentences afterward, by the example of Odysseus, who chose last. But the virtue which is founded on habit is not sufficient to enable a man to choose; he must add to virtue knowledge, if he is to act rightly when placed in new circumstances. The routine of good actions and good habits is an inferior sort of goodness; and, as Coleridge

says, "Common-sense is intolerable which is not based on metaphysics," so Plato would have said, "Custom is worthless which is not based on philosophy."

The freedom of the will to refuse the evil and to choose the good is distinctly asserted. "Virtue is free, and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her." The life of man is "rounded" by Necessity. There are circumstances prior to birth which affect him. But within the walls of Necessity there is an open space in which he is his own master, and can study for himself the effects which the variously compounded gifts of Nature or of Fortune have upon the Soul, and act accordingly. All men cannot have first choices in everything. But the lot of all men is good enough, if they choose wisely and will live diligently.—*Introduction to Plato's Republic.*





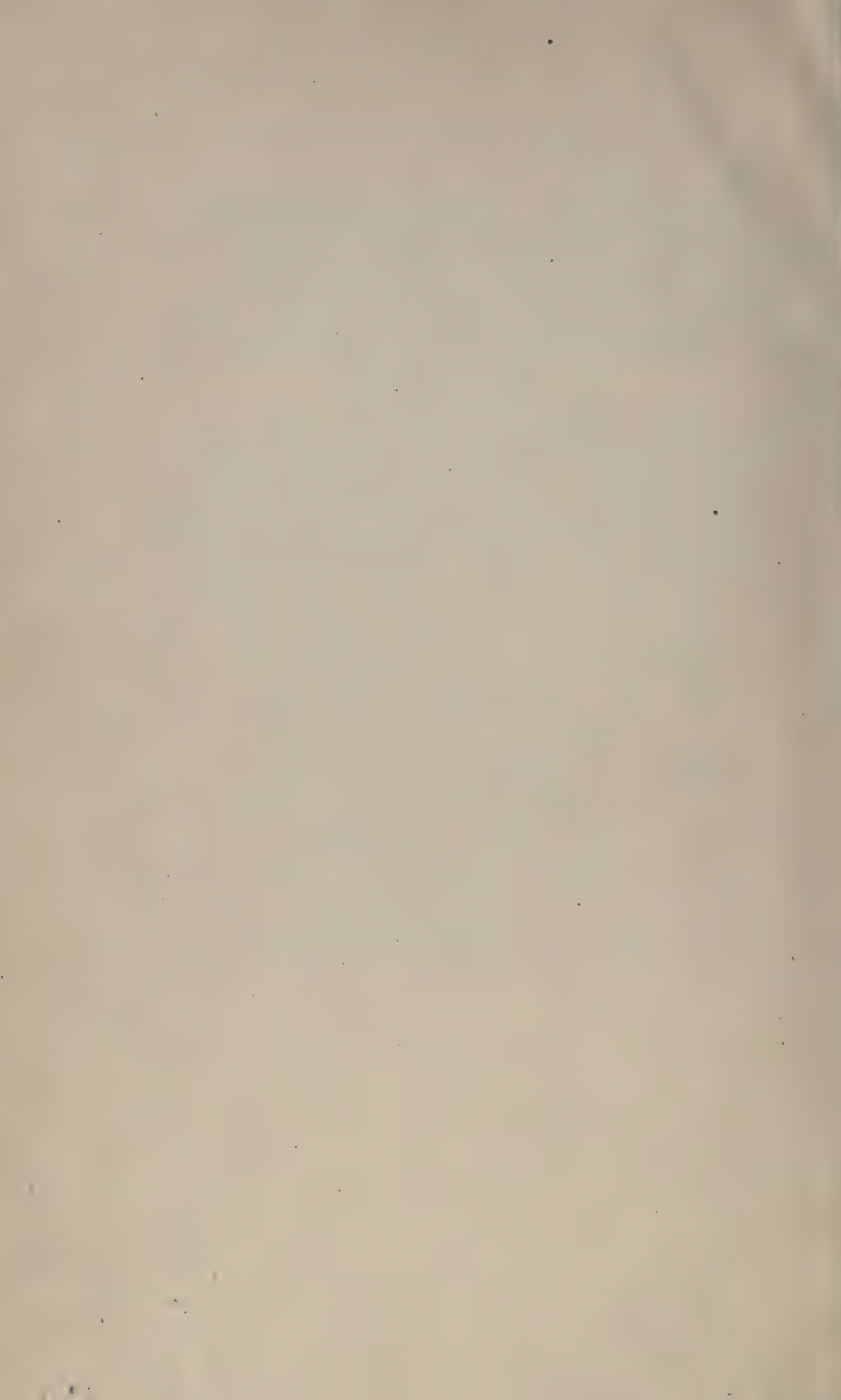
JULIANUS, FLAVIUS CLAUDIUS, a Roman Emperor, noted in literature as an epistolary writer, was born at Constantinople, November 17, 331; died in Persia, June 26, 363. He was educated as a Christian; but upon becoming Emperor he embraced paganism, and is therefore commonly known as "Julian the Apostate." In 355 he was declared Cæsar, and sent to Gaul, where he obtained several victories over the Germans; and in 361 the troops in Gaul revolted from his brother Constantius and declared for Julian. On succeeding to the throne he attempted to restore the heathen worship in all its splendor, and to induce the Christians to embrace paganism; failing in which, he closed their schools, prohibited them from teaching, and published an edict that the name Christian should be abolished. He undertook an expedition into Persia, and having crossed the Tigris, was killed by a javelin. He was a learned writer, and an encourager of letters. His narrative of his Gaulish and German campaign is lost; but an edition of his *Letters*, about eighty in number, was published at Mayence in 1838.

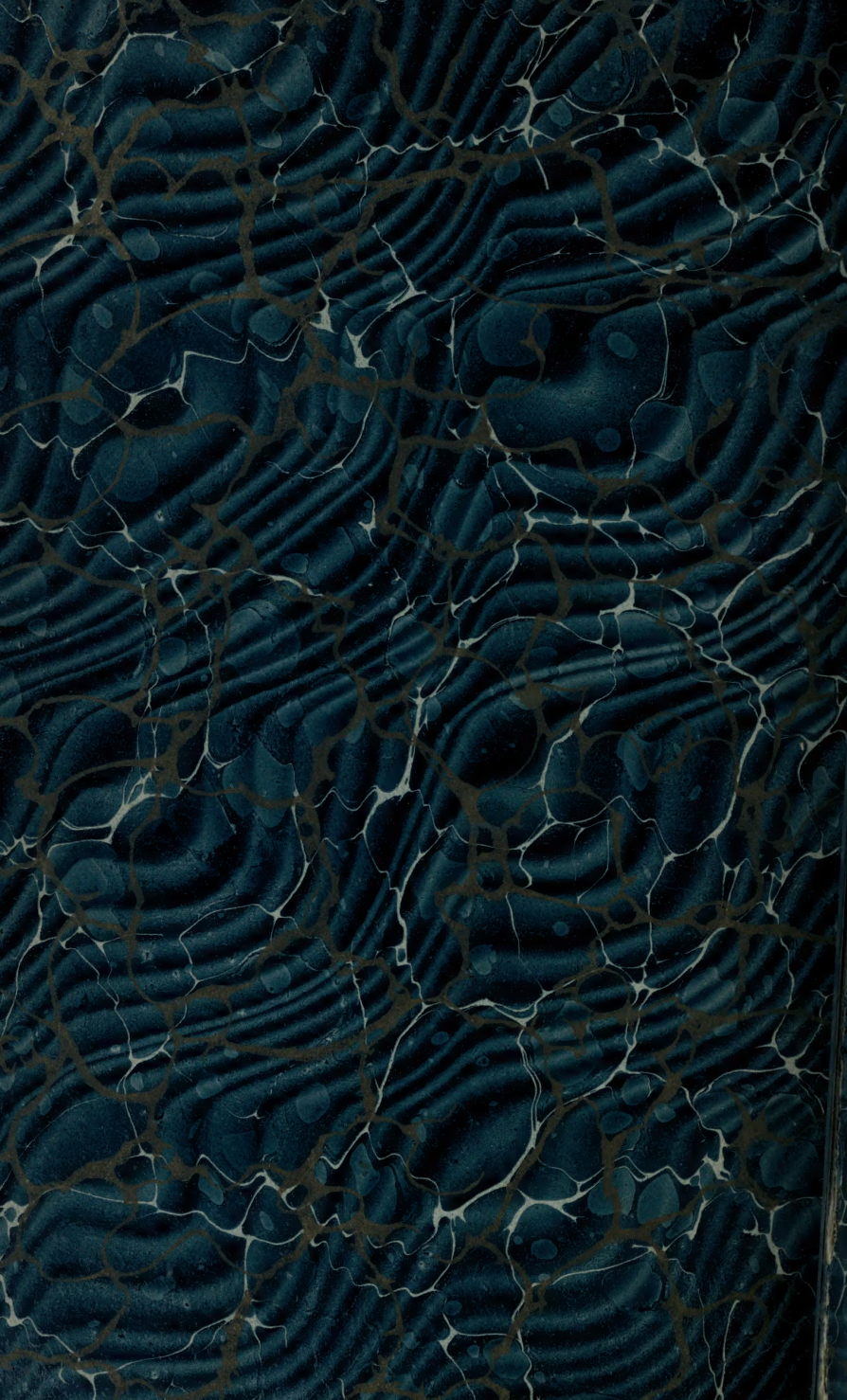
"The Emperor Julian," writes William Roberts, "was deservedly distinguished as an ingenious and agreeable letter-writer. His letters are, in general, colloquial and easy in style, clever and full of comment, and upon the whole, entitled to rank

with the best specimens of familiar correspondence in the Greek language." In a letter to a friend he thus pleasingly describes a little farm, of which he makes him a present. It does not appear to whom the letter was written. The "city named from a noble prince" was probably Cyzicus.

DESCRIPTION OF A FARM.

The farm is distant from the sea not more than twenty stadia, and neither trader nor the noisy vulgarity of sailors disturbs the quiet of the place; and yet it is not destitute of the favors of the sea-god, for it can always supply a fresh and gasping fish. You have but to ascend a little hillock near the house, and thence you command a view of the Propontis and its islands, and also the city named from a noble prince. In proceeding thither you do not tread on moss and sea-weed, nor are you in the smallest degree annoyed by the nameless things which are thrown upon the shore and sands; but you walk upon a fragrant surface of ivy, thyme, and odoriferous plants. It is delightful to recline here in quiet with one's book, and ever and anon to look off and enjoy the prospect of the ocean, and of the vessels riding upon it. It was to me, when a very young man, a charming retreat. It is well supplied with springs, a pleasant bath, garden, and orchard. When I grew up I still retained my fondness for this scene of my early days. I visited it often, and my intercourse with it was not unattended with instruction. . . . I make this present to you, my friend, sensible that it is but little in itself, but valuable as coming from a friend to a friend.—*Translated by WILLIAM ROBERTS.*





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